The Saturday Evening
POST
August 3, 1957 — 15¢

JUL 30 '57

An Amazing True Adventure:

SECRETS OF THE UNKNOWN WAR

By David Howarth

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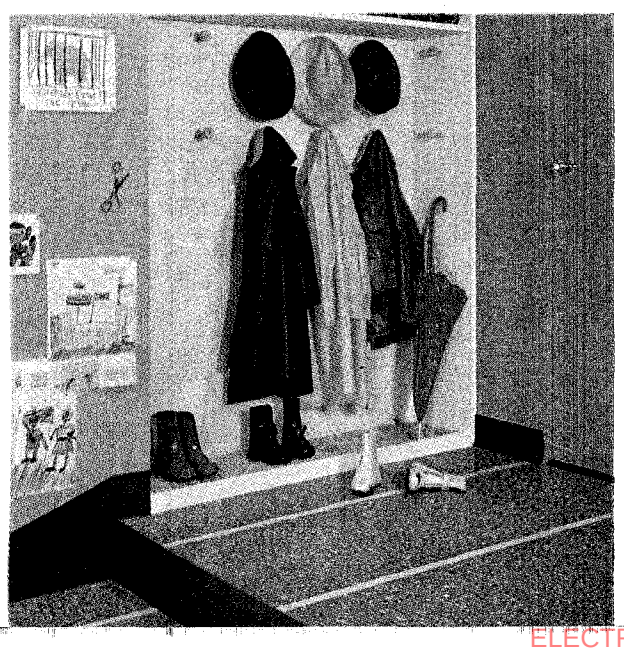
Plastic floor is Armstrong Excelon Tile, Spatter Series, Style 744, with strips of plain yellow, Style 793.

this plastic floor paves the way for fun

When little feet track mud indoors, you'll especially appreciate *Armstrong vinyl-asbestos Excelon Tile. A damp mopping will whisk away* footprints without a trace. If you're rushed for time, this smart Spatter design will hide dirt until you can clean it up. Really convenient!



From a junior cowboy's morning gallop to the end of the grownups' late-late show, there's relaxation for everyone in this versatile playroom...and no "Don't do that!" or "Careful, John!" to spoil the fun. It's the floor of Armstrong vinyl-asbestos Excelon Tile that makes this room so wonderfully carefree. The smooth surface will stand up under hard wear, and spilled things can be wiped away in a moment.

Excelon Tile is one of the lowest-cost floors you can buy, and a do-it-yourselfer can put it down with just scissors and brush. See the many fashionable designs and colorings in Armstrong Excelon Tile, a modern floor for every room in your home.

SEND 25¢ FOR BEAUTIFUL NEW BOOK, "SUCCESSFUL DECORATING." Tells you how to begin, how to give rooms style, comfort and personality. Color schemes for every room in full color. You also get sketch plan of this playroom and list of furnishings. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5708 Madison St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN

FLOORS

LINOLEUM • INLAID VINYL CORLON® • EXCELON® VINYL-ASBESTOS TILE • LINOTILE®
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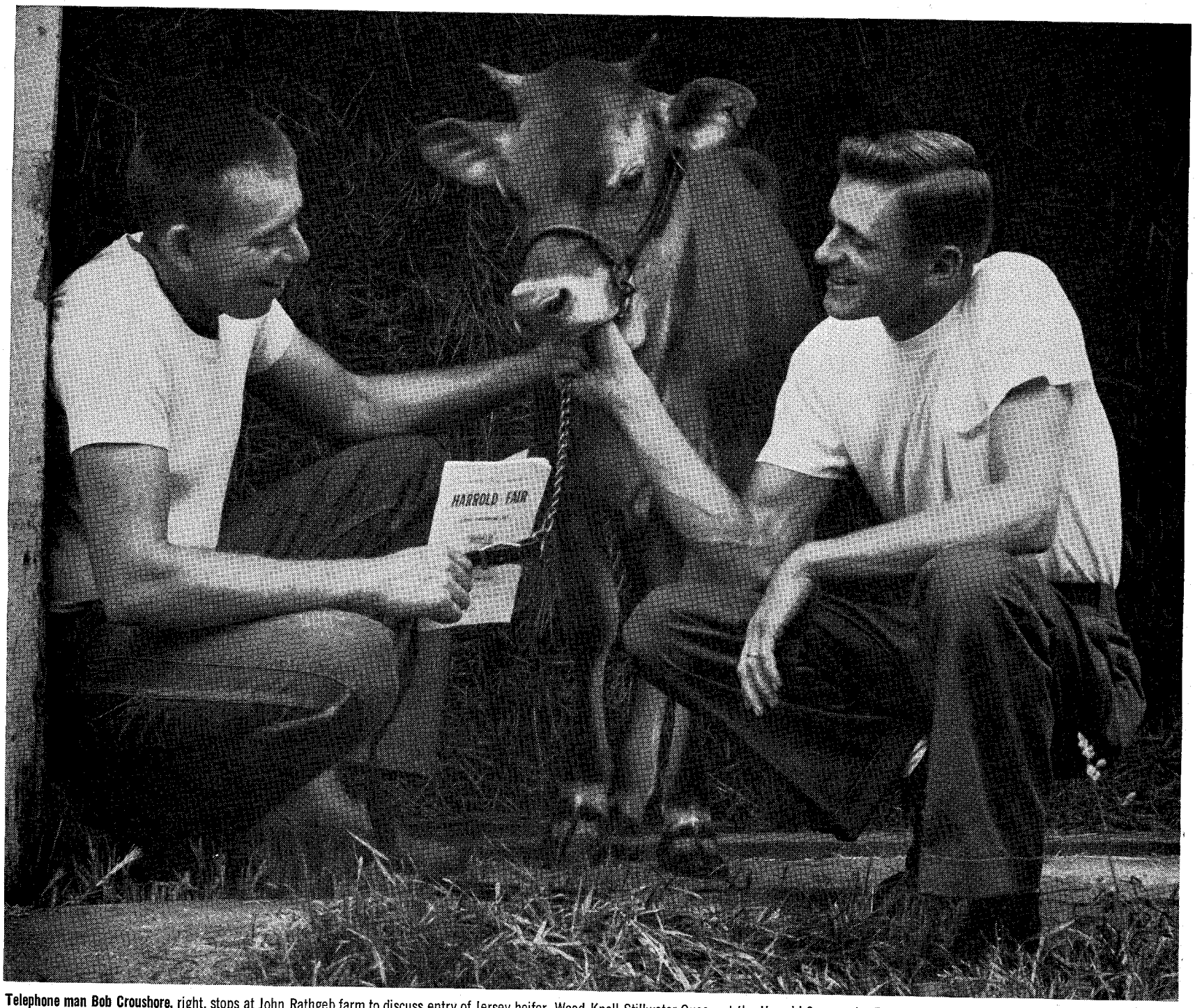

Telephone man Bob Croushore, right, stops at John Rathgeb farm to discuss entry of Jersey heifer, Wood-Knoll Stillwater Queen, at the Harrold Community Fair near Greensburg, Pa. Bob is a director of the fair.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS

Telephone Ambassador-at-Large

He serves his community on and off the job

Tall, rangy Bob Croushore is a mighty familiar figure in Greensburg, Pa. As a telephone man, he gets to meet and talk with people all around town. And that suits Bob right down to the ground because his big interest in life happens to be people.

Bob says, "I like to think that the folks around here count on me for good dependable telephone service." He takes professional pride in putting in new telephones and in providing additional telephones wherever they are needed.

Bob Croushore's job and his spare-time activities both revolve around Greensburg's community life. He is a charter member and president of the fire department, a deacon in his church, and a member of the Greensburg Lions Club. And his friends in the farm areas made him a director of the fair.

It seems that the telephone business was partly responsible for bringing Bob and his wife Elizabeth together. Mrs. Croushore, before her marriage, was a telephone operator.

All over the country, people like the Croushores are helping to make your telephone service even better and more convenient.

TESTING HANDY NEW PHONE. Bob Croushore checks an additional telephone which a customer wants for her bedroom.

Working together to bring people together ... **Bell Telephone System**

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LIBERTY MUTUAL

The Company that stands by you

Collision at the crossroads

POLICYHOLDER DISCOVERS WHAT LIBERTY PROTECTION MEANS

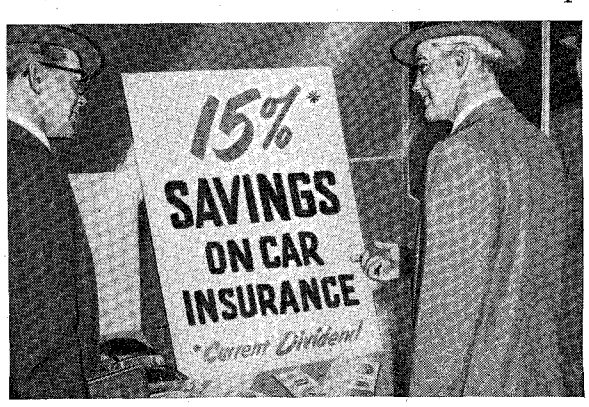
MR. P., the Liberty policyholder, followed the car ahead. Part way across the intersection, out of the corner of his eye he saw a "blur." Next he felt a broadside crash. His car almost rolled over.

Who was to blame? Did Mr. P. run through a red light? Did the woman driver jump a signal? How severe were the other driver's injuries? These questions figured in the possibility of heavy financial loss for Mr. P. How well Liberty Mutual protected Mr. P. is best told by him:

"Thanks for the fine way you took care of me when this accident happened. I could not ask for more diligent attention. When a person is away from home and among strangers, he appreciates that a great deal. I shall recommend Liberty Mutual to all my friends."

When you insure your car with Liberty you can depend on quick, efficient claims service throughout the U. S., Canada and Hawaii. A phone call brings you help from Liberty, day or night.

IT'S EASY TO SWITCH to Liberty Mutual and get the famous direct service that gives you such excellent protection. 70% of Liberty's policyholders have switched to Liberty Mutual from other companies. Just phone the Liberty number (*or write*) and say when we may call. Liberty Mutual will take care of the rest.



IT'S GRAND TO GET SAVINGS! Hundreds of thousands of car owners all over the U.S.A. have enjoyed receiving their Liberty Mutual dividend at the end of the policy year. This saving (*currently 15%**) is real evidence of the way Liberty Mutual's efficient operation has benefited policyholders.

*Except on Massachusetts Compulsory Coverage and Assigned Risks.

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: Boston

Insurance for: *Automobiles, Liability, Group Accident and Health, Fire, Workmen's Compensation, Marine, Crime*

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Bobby Firstborn has come to visit his grandfolks, and they love him, and he'll turn on his 100-watt smile for them when he is more conditioned to their looming faces. Accompanying Bobby is his furniture, a restaurant, and the face and legs of a papa. The rest of Bobby's stuff is in the car, with room to spare, let us hope, for papa's toothbrush. Well, during his visit the baby will be as good as gold, partly because he *is* good, partly because if he even knits his brow, grandma or grandpa will stage a variety show of odd grimaces and odder double talk. He'll miss this vaudeville when he gets home and shriek for a while, for which his grandparents should be spanked. If Amos Sewell has mamma looking mighty proud of this whole deal, who's got a better right to be?

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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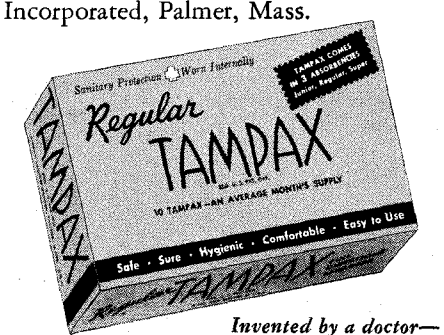
Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

The weather's fine, the forecast's bright, the time is ripe—to get up and *go* where you want to go, *do* what you want to do! What in the world should keep you from having a wonderful time, *any* time you choose? Surely not monthly difficulties, not when Tampax is so available.

Tampax® is the *modern* sanitary protection that helps you live your life without worry about "problem days." It's so *comfortable,* because there's nothing to chafe or bind . . . so *cool,* because it's worn internally . . . so *sure,* because nothing can show and no one can know! Not even telltale odor can form!

Tampax is the last word in daintiness! Light as a powder puff, it's made of pure surgical cotton, compressed into smooth, easily disposable applicators—so that your hands don't ever have to touch it!

You can tuck away a whole month's supply of Tampax in the side pocket of your grip—and off you'll go on your unscheduled flight to *freedom!* Do it now. Try Tampax. You'll never want to use anything else! Choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.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Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

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Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Absorbency is checked below.

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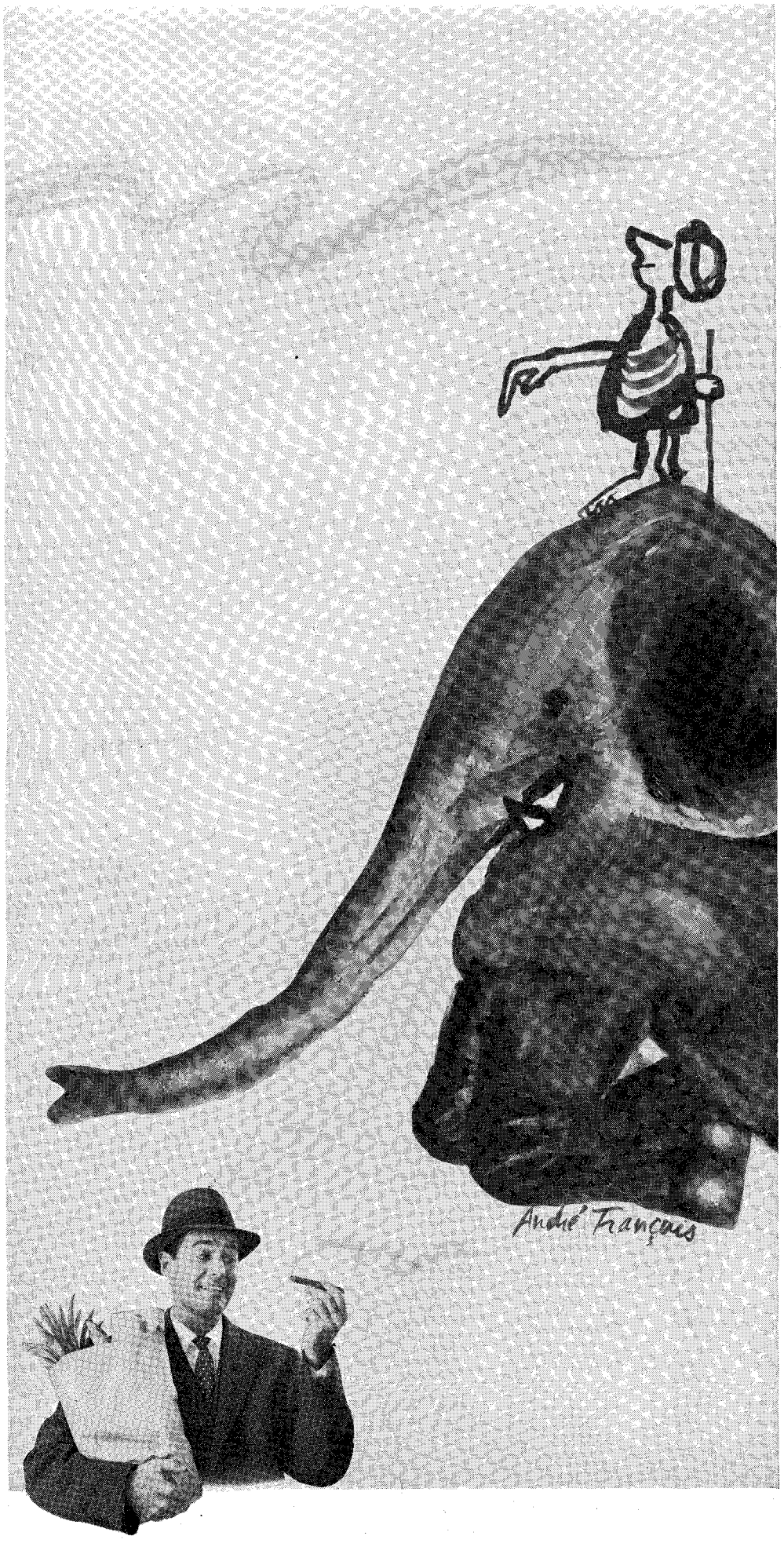


TRAFFIC STOPS...for the man who smokes

Dutch Masters®

Of course, traffic stops, tension drops, everything's tops for the man who smokes The Fine Cigar. Yes sir, all's well for the man who smokes Dutch Masters! Put a glow in *your* life with this tastefully mild, fine cigar. Seven smart shapes to suit your taste —*from 2 for just 25c to 25c each.* Will wonders never cease!

Copr. 1957, Consolidated Cigar Sales Co., Inc.

Letters

SHRUNKEN CITY

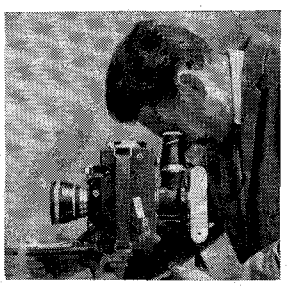
Dear Sirs:

Okay, so what have you done with the old town? I have lived in and around Los Angeles for 40 years and have prided myself on knowing the place inside out, but after studying the picture of the young lady checking traffic (BOOM IN PART-TIME JOBS, June 15) I find myself wondering if I'm a candidate for the psychiatrist.

The traffic checker sits under a "Spring St." sign and the view is west on Seventh Street. Shown across the street and apparently just a few feet west is Warner's Theater. In reality this is *two full blocks* beyond the young lady. And shown just past Warner's is the Brack Shops sign. Actually . . . the Brack Shops are *four blocks* beyond the checker. And the building shown dimly in the background . . . is the Hotel Statler which is *seven blocks* west of Spring Street.

I know it's bitter medicine for you Philadelphians that Los Angeles has edged you out of third place among the nation's cities, but you'll never regain the lead by trying to shrink us photographically.

HERBERT O. MAAS
Los Angeles, Cal.



● *Reader Maas has sharp eyes. The picture we published (upper left) was taken with a telephoto lens. The same scene, photographed with a conventional camera, restores the familiar landmarks to their proper relationships (upper right). Photographer Don Ornitz used a Speed Graphic with a telephoto lens and a modified 35-mm. back to take the original picture.—ED.*

The Furniture Business

Dear Sirs:

HERE'S HOW I GYP YOU by Lee Nugent—June 29—should be read by every American family. I had no idea dealers would go to such lengths to defraud customers who think they are getting a good buy. It is like leading lambs to the slaughter, they are all so unsuspecting.

But how are we to be certain which furniture store is on the level?

MRS. FRANK GIBERSON
Mapleton, Me.

Dear Sirs:

There is no other type of merchandise that has so many hidden values as furniture. Nor is there any other business where the customer is more dependent on the dealer, and his honesty, than in the furniture business.

Select a good reliable furniture dealer, select him with as much care as you do your doctor or lawyer, and buy quality, not price—for a good piece of furniture, when figured over its years of dependable service, is the cheapest buy. Buy in the price bracket you can afford, but be sure you are buying the best that is available in that bracket.

WILLIAM A. CAINE
Versailles Furniture Co.
Versailles, Missouri

Dear Sirs:

Whatever the Post says, the "gyp racket in home furnishings" is not typical of furniture merchants' merchandising methods. There have been and are flagrant abuses, to be sure, but thousands of honest, sincere merchants, working together in co-operation with the National Retail Furniture Association, the Association of (Continued on Page 6)

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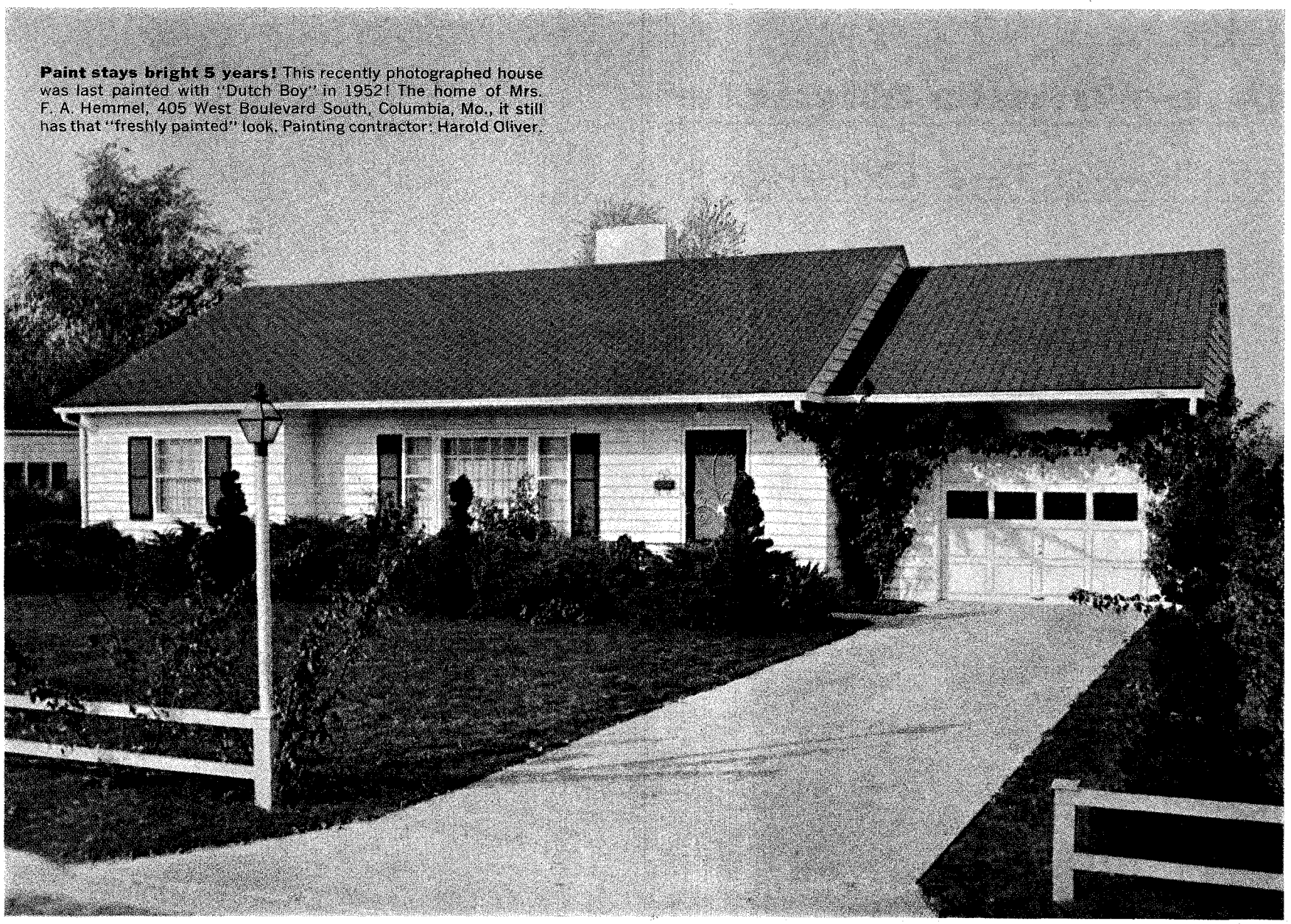

Paint stays bright 5 years! This recently photographed house was last painted with "Dutch Boy" in 1952! The home of Mrs. F. A. Hemmel, 405 West Boulevard South, Columbia, Mo., it still has that "freshly painted" look. Painting contractor: Harold Oliver.

All over America, homeowners are saying:

"Dutch® Boy is the 5-year house paint"

Give *your* home the longer-lasting protection and enduring beauty of a "Dutch Boy" paint job. See how "Dutch Boy" forms a shining, sturdy finish that stands up handsomely for years and years. See how thoroughly even *one* coat covers the surface. See how easily, evenly and smoothly it brushes on.

Although it's priced slightly higher than ordinary paints, "Dutch Boy" actually *saves you money*. You paint *less* often because "Dutch Boy" safeguards and beautifies your home so much longer.

Find out for yourself why homeowners call "Dutch Boy" the "5-year house paint." See the complete line in white and new fade-resistant colors at your dealer's. He's listed under "Paint" in your classified phone book.

FREE BOOKLET!
Tells how to give your home new personality with color!

National Lead Company
Dept. 438, P. O. Box 98, Brooklyn 1, N.Y.
Please send FREE copy of "Color Scheming with Dutch Boy Paints"

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ **Zone**_____ **State**_____

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New!

"One-Minute Miracle"

for Iced Tea Drinkers

The best iced tea you ever tasted—ready in a minute or less

Pure tea crystals do away with brewing and drippy tea bags

Never anything *like it before!*

Dissolve a spoonful in a little boiling water—instantly you release the flavor of finest tea. The only 100% pure tea in instant form!

All the flavor with none of the fuss!

Fill up the glass with ice and tap water—and that's all. No brewing, no drippy tea bags with Instant Tender Leaf Brand Tea.

In seconds enjoy sparkling iced tea!

Tastes like real tea because it *is* real tea. No added dextrose and maltose to dilute the flavor. Quick, slick, *delicious!*

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS INC.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Better Business Bureaus, and their local newspapers and radio and television stations, have been making steady progress to clean up home-furnishings advertising and selling practices.

ROSCOE R. RAU
Executive Vice President & Sec'y,
National Retail Furniture Assn.
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

As a furniture salesman of over 35 years' experience, and with knowledge of stores stretching from Pittsburgh to Los Angeles, I can assure you that there are more "borax" stores of the type than the article mentions; yes, far more of them than there are of the morally upright, ethical and honest type. In practically any community of over 20,000 population, with anywhere from 8 to 18 furniture outlets, you will find that there are only 2 to four of them who operate on honest merchandising principles, and the other 6 or 14 operate on even far more reprehensible and dishonest tactics than your article exposes.

HARRY COROT
Corot's Furniture House
Urbana, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Having been in the home-furnishing business for the past 28 years, we know that every statement made is true. This is something we cannot fight as a small group of retailers, but as an organized group it can be successfully done.

We are calling attention to this article in our radio spots, our special announcers who put on programs for us, newspaper displays and also in our window.

MRS. VIOLA DUSEK
Dusek's Furniture Exchange
Rapid City, S.D.

Dear Sirs:

Lee Nugent's article does a great injustice to a major portion of furniture merchants in that it refers to the exception rather than the rule. In the entire article only a few short paragraphs point out that there are some legitimate furniture retailers.

To combat unethical practices, 250 ethical and legitimate dealers in Chicago created the Better Home Furnishings Council and we are doing something about it. We have established and support a separate home-furnishings division with the Chicago Better Business Bureau which has for its sole purpose the elimination of the practices which Mr. Nugent refers to.

HOWARD R. JOSEPH
President,
Better Home Furnishings Council
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

The article is enlightening, but omitted one important fact. Since 1936, the Association of Bedding and Furniture Law Officials, a national organization, has been working diligently to protect the purchasers of articles of bedding and upholstered furniture from fraud, and to protect the honest manufacturer from unscrupulous competition.

W. C. BOYD
Secretary-Treasurer,
Assn. of Bedding and Furniture Law Officials
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

I think I can safely speak for an overwhelming number of dealers throughout the country who are as glad as I am to see some of the tricks of the gyps exposed.

HARLEY NIESTRAHT
Allapattah Furniture Exchange
Miami, Fla.

Mail Rescuers

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for the article in the June 22 issue, THEY RESCUE THE MAIL, by Robert M. Yoder.

All postal employees are glad to know that someone appreciates the loyalty and devotion to duty that so many of them possess.

ROBERT L. POLLOCK
Polo, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

It would be interesting to know how author Yoder explains the following, ". . . the three headed out of Denver on a lonely road, without so much as a village for a hundred miles," when Longmont, Colorado, is only 34 miles north of Denver, and many towns can be seen from highway 87.

R. H. BEAL
College Park, Md.

● *Our error, sorry.—ED.*

Stock Swindles

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to the Post and Arthur Baum (BEWARE THOSE PHONY STOCK SALESMEN!, June 22) for an excellent public-service article on stock swindlers. The public needs to be constantly reminded that it cannot be protected from its own folly when it falls for get-rich-quick stock schemes.

The securities industry, through the National Association of Securities Dealers, Inc., is constantly at work weeding out those who take advantage of investors, be they "boiler shops" or otherwise unethical operators. In 1956, the Association expelled 27 members for violating its Rules of Fair Practice, and in the first four months of 1957 expelled 14 more. These figures testify to the fact that the legitimate dealers in stocks and bonds are earnestly trying to keep their business clean.

WALLACE H. FULTON
Executive Director,
National Assn. of Securities Dealers, Inc.
Washington, D.C.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4—Two by Don Ornitz; Globe. • 13—U. S. Air Force. • 14—Center Studios, Karin Ritter. • 15—Von Haven (PIX), Kurt Olsen, two by Von Haven (PIX); Kurt Olsen. 16, 17—Stewart-Larson. • 18, 19—George Burns. • 20—Fred Otnes. • 21—International, Camera Press (PIX). • 22—Two by Gus Pasquarella; International. • 23—Carl Wellinger (Cincinnati Enquirer), Gus Pasquarella, United Press, International. • 24—Ollie Atkins, Eugene Kammerman. • 25—Bernard D'Andrea. • 26, 27—Mike Shea. • 28, 29—Mac Conner. • 30, 31—Jack Zehrt. • 32, 33—Robert Moore. • 37—Amos Sewell. • 76—United Press, Wide World. • 80—Tony Garnet, Harvey Studios, Owen Studio.

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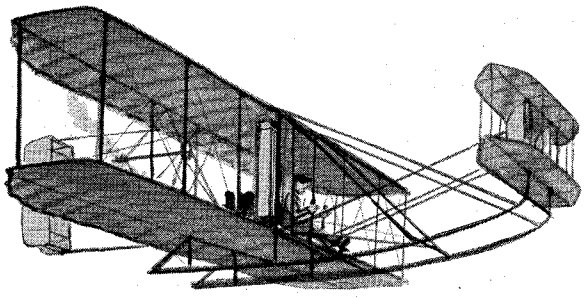
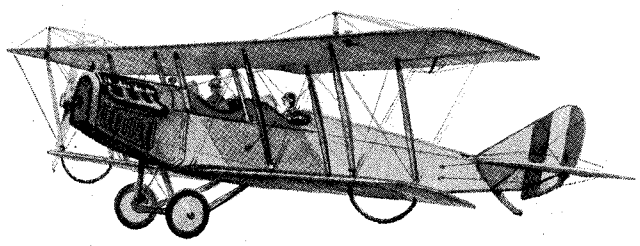


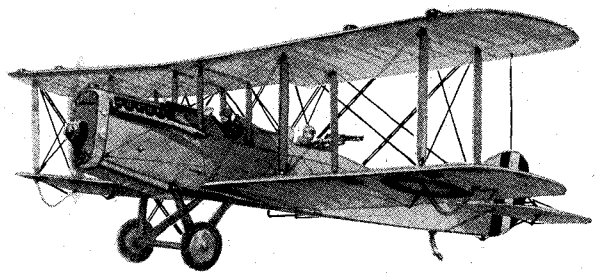
WRIGHT A FLYER

Procured in 1909, this was the Army's first plane. It rose from a track, landed on skids Top speed 44 MPH, ceiling 400 feet, 30 HP engine. Warping wing, two seater.



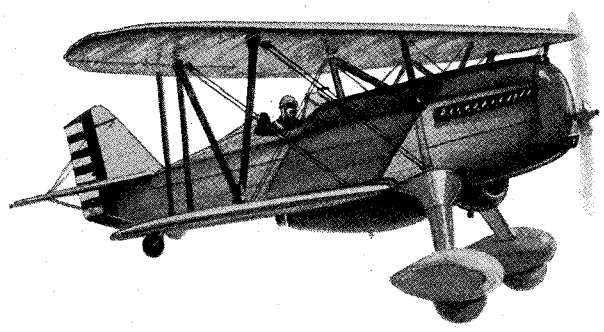
CURTISS JN-4D

The famous "Jenny" trainer. Its name derived from a combination of J and N. Used by an estimated 95% of U. S. pilots trained during World War I. Top speed 73 MPH, ceiling 6500 ft., 90 HP engine.



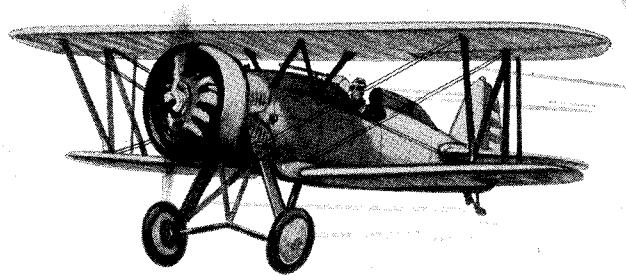
DE HAVILLAND DH-4

The only American-produced battle plane to reach the front in World War I. Later converted for air mail after Post Office took over service. Top speed 125 MPH, ceiling 20,000 ft. Powered by famous 12 cylinder Liberty engine.



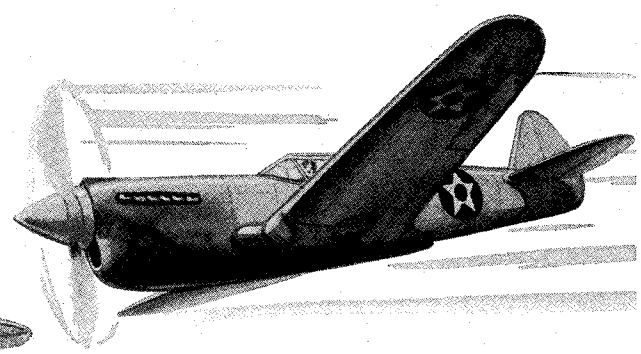
CURTISS HAWK P-6-E

These fighters were the first to be ordered in quantity. The P-6 series was flown from 1932 to World War II Top speed 198 MPH, ceiling 25,800 ft., 600 HP engine. Could carry 250 lb. bomb load. Had a range of 460 miles.



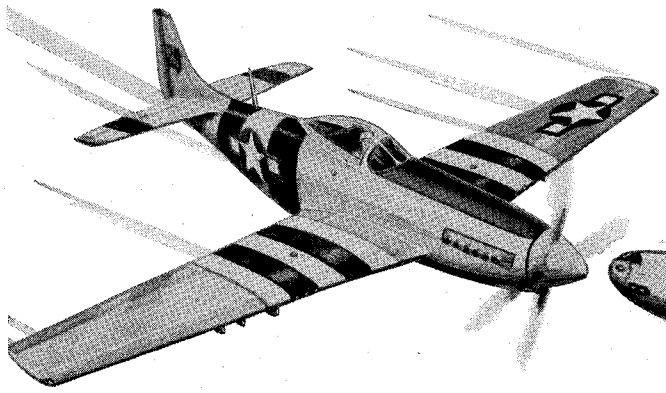
BOEING P-12D

This fighter was an outstanding acrobatic plane and was used by Air Force pilots in air shows during the thirties. Top speed 189 MPH, ceiling 27,900 ft , nine cylinders 500 HP engine



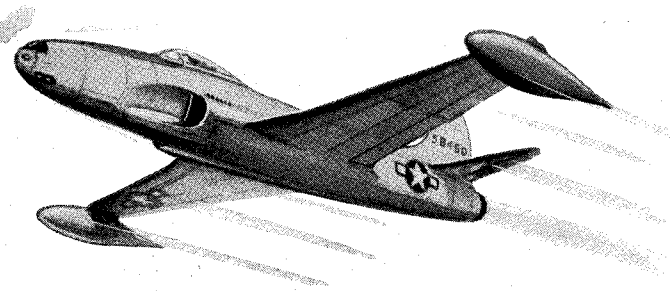
CURTISS P-40

This famous fighter did yeoman service for the Allied cause during the early days of World War II in both theaters of the war. Top speed 365 MPH, ceiling 36,800 ft., 1000 HP.



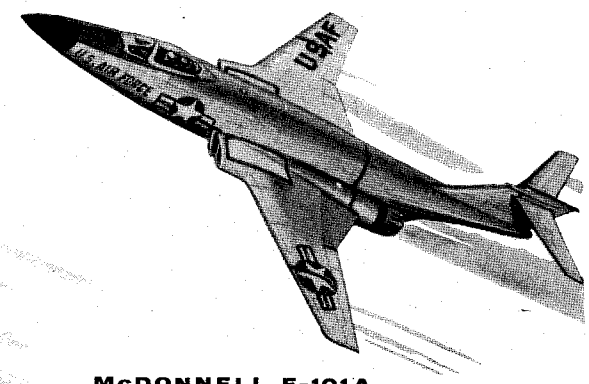
NORTH AMERICAN P-51

Another, but later World War II plane was this low altitude fighter that bore the name of the "Mustang". 15,576 of them had been built when production ceased in 1946. Still in use by many foreign air forces. Top speed 437 MPH, ceiling 20,000 ft., 1490 HP.



LOCKHEED F-80A

The first U. S. jet fighter to be produced in large numbers. Called the "Shooting Star". Used extensively in Korea. Still in use by many Air Force training units. Top speed 594 MPH.



McDONNELL F-101A

The "Voodoo", one of the latest U. S. military jets. A two-engine supersonic fighter. No performance figures have been released but has been credited with a speed in the region of 1300 MPH.

From 42½ to 1300+ mph

During the fabulous 50 years of the United States Air Force

AVIATION PIONEER Orville Wright met government "endurance and speed requirements" by flying America's first military aircraft (above) for 72 minutes. Average speed, 42½ MPH. Today, just 50 years after the founding of what is now the United States Air Force, some of America's jets fly around the world non-stop. Others exceed speeds of 1300 MPH.

America's air arm, which was founded as part of the U. S. Army, August 1, 1907, has made amazing progress to help keep us safe. Thompson Products is a pioneer member of the U. S. A. F. team. Thompson has supplied . . . and is still supplying . . . many vital parts for piston-powered aircraft. And today, every American jet contains Thompson assemblies or parts that help it fly faster, farther, higher, and safer.

Pioneering aviation progress is an all important activity of Thompson Products. Thompson is proud to have played a part in the first 50 years of the United States Air Force. Thompson Products, Inc., General Offices, Cleveland 17, Ohio.

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This is what we work fo

... the better health and longer life that come with better medicines

Whenever we see a picture like the one on the opposite page, it's a happy reminder of what we really work for at Parke-Davis.

Our business, of course, is the making of medicines. Our determination is to produce the finest medicines in the world—Parke-Davis products that your physician and your pharmacist can rely on completely. But there's more to this business than that.

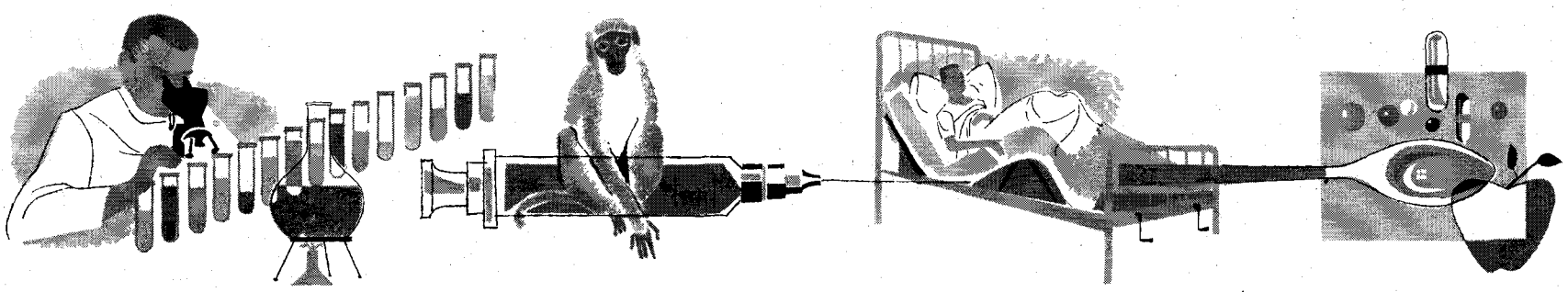
Every day, we're working with doctors, hospitals and medical centers all over the world—working untiringly to *develop* the specific medicines they need to fight every kind of disease and sickness. Their great objective, and ours at Parke-Davis, is better health and longer lives for all of us.

A baby born when your parents were growing up had the prospect of living to the age of 48. Today, thanks to medical progress, your boy babies can expect to reach 66 . . . and your girls can expect to see 72.

Just thirty years ago, the big "killers" were pneumonia, smallpox, tuberculosis and diphtheria. Today, they are virtually under control, and inquiring medical minds (including those at work in Parke-Davis laboratories) are constantly edging closer to the answers to heart attacks, cancer, nutritional diseases and many other vital problems.

All this, we feel, is what we really work for at Parke-Davis—the better health and longer life that come with better medicines.

TYPICAL STEPS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF A NEW PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

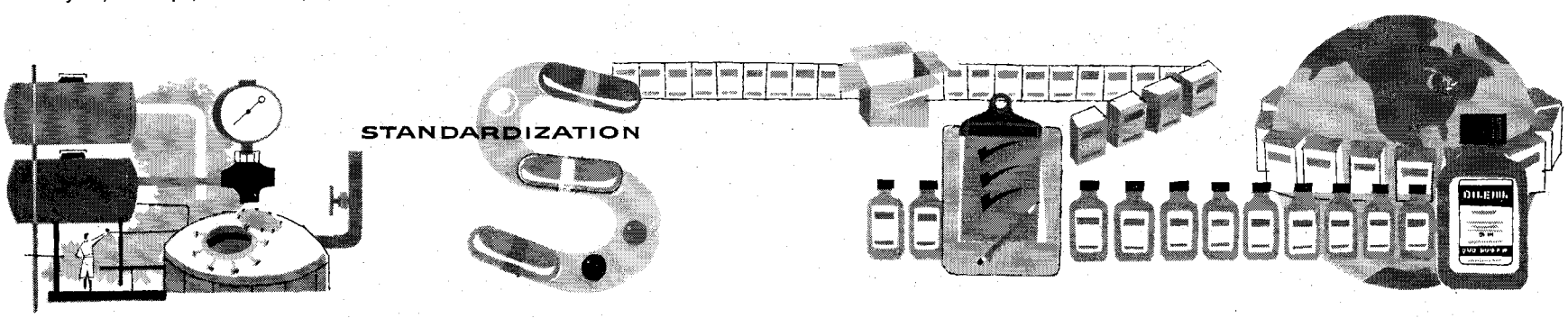


WORLD-WIDE RESEARCH—Parke-Davis often spends years developing a new medicine; 18 years, for example, on one of our epilepsy drugs.

LABORATORY TESTING—To make sure a new medicine is safe for you, it must pass a variety of tests, including animal studies.

CLINICAL TRIAL—Leading medical institutions, and physician-specialists, next determine therapeutic value, dosage, and efficacy in humans.

PRODUCT DEVELOPMENT—Here we determine what form this product should take (pill? capsule? bottled liquid?) and such things as taste.



PROCESS DEVELOPMENT—Careful studies of manufacturing procedures lead to most efficient production and consequently lower prices.

QUALITY CONTROL—Parke-Davis was the first to develop standardization in manufacturing—assuring uniform potency of P-D products.

THE FINISHED PRODUCT—Final checks for accurate labeling and protective packaging are made before a product leaves our laboratories.

DISTRIBUTION—Our world-wide distribution system has one purpose: to make our medicines available whenever and wherever needed.

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Editorials

Where the Chips are Down, Nobody is Disarming!

The paradox in the disarmament picture is that, while abstract discussion at what might be called the Stassen level deals with reduction of armed forces, military strength is actually being increased at the points where Soviet pressure meets free-world resistance.

In Korea, where the Chinese Communists have been steadily building up their military strength in defiance of the 1953 armistice, the United Nations has finally decided to meet the competition by adding atomic weapons to the equipment of U.N. forces. In the Mediterranean, Soviet submarines appear in increasing numbers, as they have been doing along our own South Atlantic coast. There are plenty of reasons to think twice before expecting too much from Mr. Stassen's efforts to bring about an agreement with the Soviet Union.

Along with this bristling of military preparations on the frontiers between Communism and freedom there is what appears to be a countervailing movement. Great Britain has announced a drastic reduction in its ground forces, and the United States is to withdraw most of its combat troops from Japan. But before assuming that either of these moves represents the millennium, or even a relaxation of the cold war, it might be well to ask whether their real significance may not lie in the extraordinary progress recently made in the development of long-range missiles. In short, the trend could be not to disarmament, but to new and more frightful weapons of war.

This very possibility steps up the general dread of atomic war, which in turn puts pressure on political leaders to go farther than their own instincts might dictate in seeking agreements on arms reduction. Mr. Thomas E. Murray, upon retiring from the Atomic Energy Commission, pointed to the danger of making agreements upon atomic weapons with other nations without understanding their implications. He declared that an agreement to stop testing the smaller weapons or to stop the flow of fissionable material into weapons production "would betray an appalling heedlessness of the basic and imperative security interests of the United States."

Worse than no disarmament agreement at all would be one which left the free world at the mercy of Communist superiority in manpower, while depriving the free world of the advantages of superior techniques. The Soviet-Chinese effort to secure an end to atomic preparation is designed to produce such a situation. Too few people are asking why the Soviet is so anxious for a deal on arms reduction. It is not Soviet practice to make concessions from strength. Khrushchev's *coup d'état* has not changed the basic realities.

Of course, every effort is made by Moscow and its American dupes or agents to stir up new and more terrible alarms over "fallout" and the terrible fate in store for any country which opposes the Red colossus. While recognizing the fearful consequences of hydrogen war, we must shy away from the real objective of the Communists, which is to win the world by frightening the rest of us into abandoning our most effective weapons.

Our Young People Haven't Been Told the Romance of Science

By CHARLES W. WHITE

One hears a lot these days about the failure of our American educational system to produce qualified scientists—while Russia, we are told, is turning them out by the millions. These accusations against our public schools have been challenged. Nevertheless, authorities are in general agreement that we need twice our present annual output of engineers and scientists.

Fortunately, the public is being made aware of reasons for our deficiencies in scientific education—lack of adequately trained teachers and low pay, for example—and many communities are trying their best to meet the challenge. Yet it appears to this writer, after reading a large number of speeches and learned reports on the subject, that to date scientists and teachers have been berating each other and lecturing to themselves, instead of carrying their story to the young people, who, it is hoped, will become our scientists of the future.

Not long ago, for instance, an engineer for a leading glass company told me disgustedly how a high-school freshman adviser told his son that "you don't have to take all that science stuff if you don't want to; we've got a general-science course in our senior year that covers it pretty well."

The opportunities in science for young people are tremendous—not only as to pay but as to working conditions, advancement, security and, perhaps most important to youth, the chance to do something big and exciting in the world. Top-level discussions and surveys are all right, but are we telling our young people enough about these opportunities? The General Electric Company, for example, puts out a fascinating series of comic books, such as Adventures in Electronics, Man-Made Magic, The Story of Light. These might not lure a ten-year-old boy immediately into math and physics, but they could awaken his interest by showing him the romantic side of science.

"Don't think young folks can't be interested in science," says Robert N. Huff, of Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana, where they keep their museum open to youngsters and put on science movies for school-age groups. "The kids come out here on their own, after school, and spend hours looking at fossils, stuffed birds, snakes and things. The biggest thing about a kid, of course, is his curiosity bump."

All of which indicates we may be missing a bet. Our imaginative and practical youth will come through if we help them enough and give them their heads.

Our Conservation Policy Should be in One Package

The House Appropriations Committee recently made a creditable try to bring some order into the governmental confusion in the natural-resources field. It combined the various soil-and-water-conservation activities of the Department of Agriculture in a single appropriation. This brought together, at least so far as funds were concerned, the new Soil Bank conservation reserve and Great Plains Program, the soil-conservation districts, the Agricultural Conservation Program—carryover of the old Triple A—and the water-utilization programs.

This is only a small step toward clearing the jungle of disconnected programs and projects and scattered authority that now exists. As the second Hoover Commission's task force on Water Resources and Power observed, twenty-five different agencies strewn among six Federal departments plus five independent establishments have something to do with water alone.

This administrative disorder is largely due to the congressional practice of adopting measures in response to emergencies. Most of the laws are enacted for a single purpose and are seldom co-ordinated with existing programs. Also, the legislators have neglected to pay heed to the laws of nature. Water, soil, forests and the wildlife that lives in and upon them are inseparably bound up together. As conservationists have learned the hard way, it is impossible to manage one resource independently of the others.

The object of a bill introduced by Sen. Frank Carlson, of Kansas, is to establish the conservation, orderly development and sustained use of the nation's renewable natural resources as a declared policy of Congress and the joint responsibility of the Federal Government, the states, their subdivisions and the public, and provide that the policy should be carried out on a co-operative basis. A twelve-member commission would be set up to study the present condition of these resources and the probable future demands on them, and then to recommend a comprehensive long-range program to carry out the policy.

Some definite arrangement by which the Federal Government, the states and local divisions can work together in common programs could be worked out under the terms of Senator Carlson's proposal.

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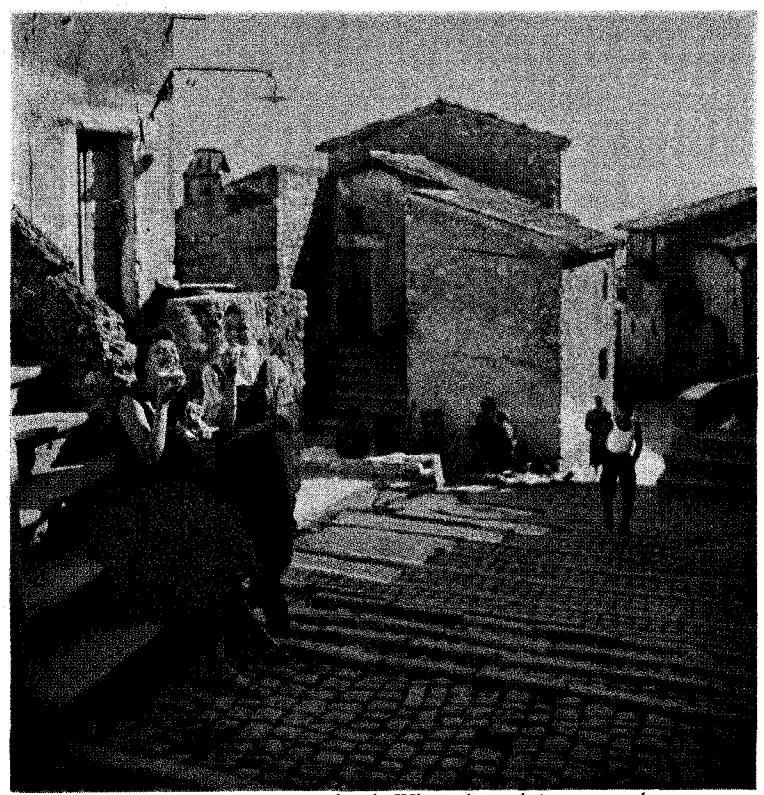
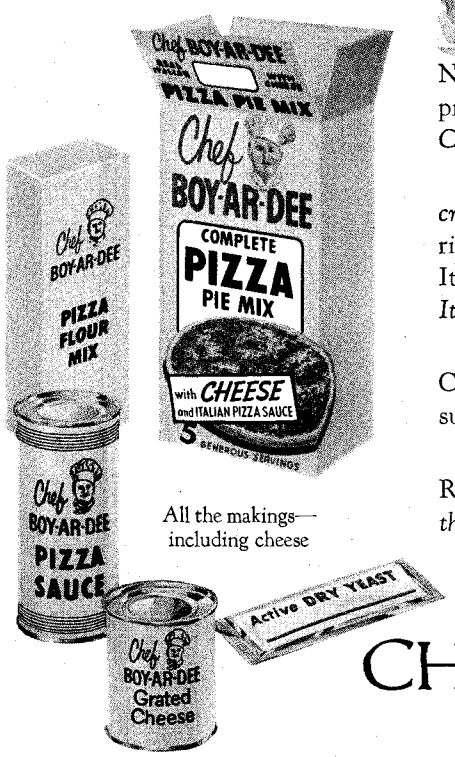
"Sizzling good Italian pizza—in minutes!"



ITALIAN GIRLS enjoy a pleasant pizza break. When it's snacktime at your house—you can enjoy the same treat so easily with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Pizza Pie Mix.



All the makings—including cheese

Shh! Just listen to it sizzle . . . sniff the warm, delicious fragrance of tomatoes and cheese . . . sink your fork into the crispy, golden brown crust . . .

Now . . . taste real Italian pizza—as they make it at a pizzeria in Naples . . . or *as you make it at home with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Pizza Pie Mix.*

Everything you need comes in one box: a package of *crust ingredients* . . . a can of ready-to-use *Pizza Sauce*, rich with tomatoes and cheese, spiced as only an Italian chef knows how . . . *and* a can of *luscious Italian-style cheese* to melt on top.

Let it bake about 15 minutes . . . serve bubbling hot. Chef Pizza makes wonderful munching at snacktime or suppertime—cut appetizer-size or in wedges.

Whenever you have it—it's pizza at its Italian best. Remember *Chef Boy-Ar-Dee* Pizza Pie Mix—*the one that includes cheese.*

real Italian-style

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE®

Pizza Pie Mix

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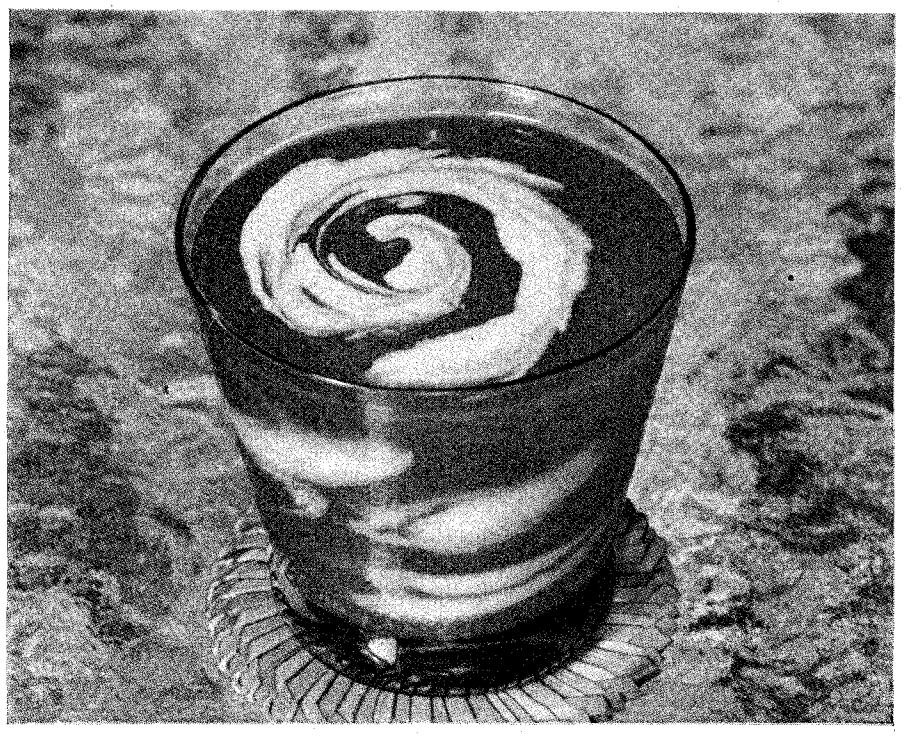
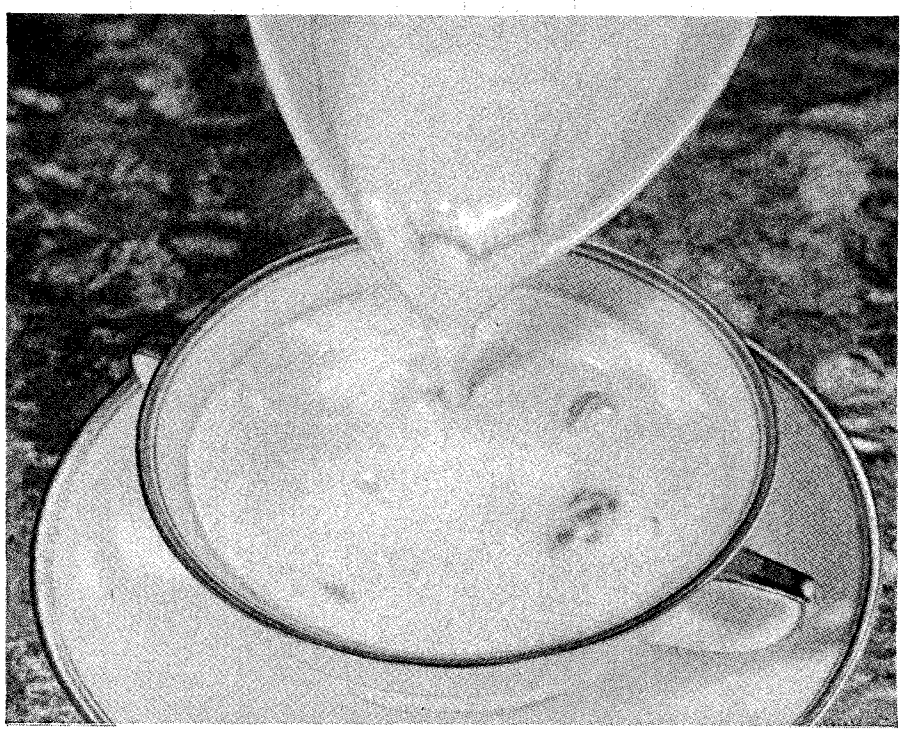
NEW IDEAS: fresh from the Foremost Dairy Kitchens!

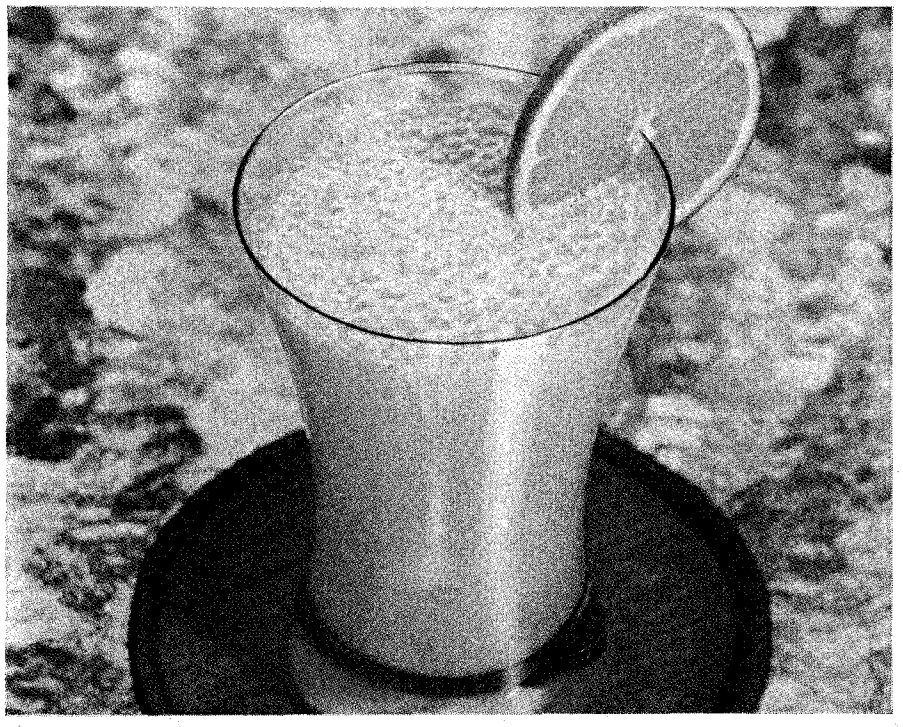
4 cool ideas for people who think they don't like buttermilk



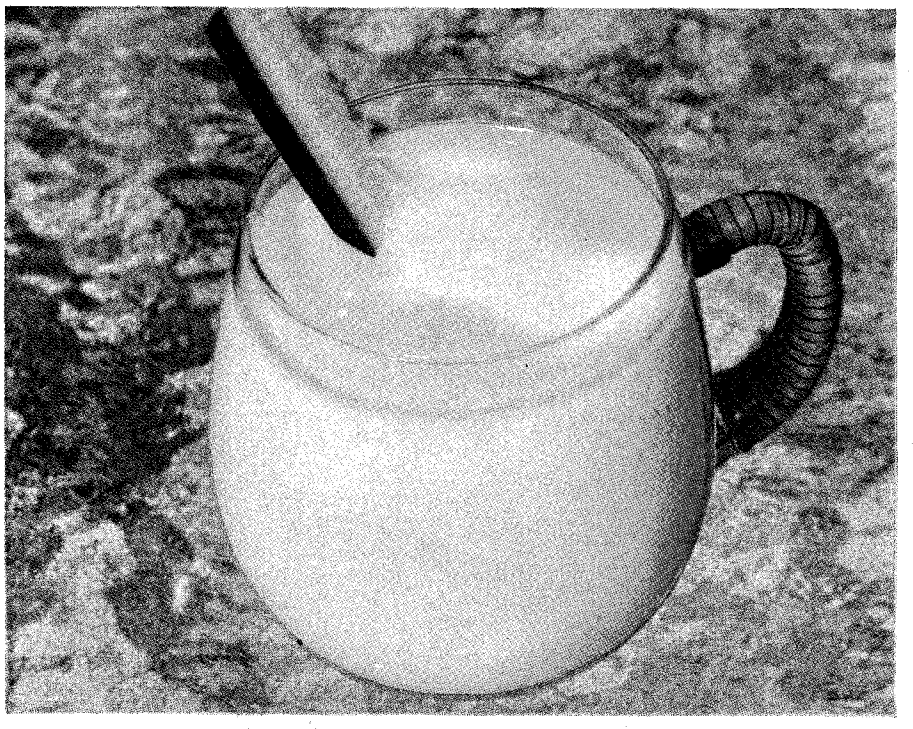
Bet you'll like TOMATO SWIRL! Tangy and terrific! Fill glass half full with tomato or vegetable juice, then add Foremost buttermilk. That pretty swirl? Easy—all you do is run a spoon once around the inside rim.



Bet you'll like FROSTED SOUP! Take a can of cream of asparagus soup, stir in 1½ cans of Foremost buttermilk—and enjoy a really new kind of chilled soup. (Try this one with pea soup or canned beef broth, too. Good!)



Bet you'll like ORANGE FOAM! Bright new way to start the day—and it couldn't be easier! Just pour a quart of Foremost buttermilk in a pitcher, add a small can of frozen orange juice concentrate; beat 'til frothy.



Bet you'll even like it STRAIGHT! Come on—try it! Say with a tiny pinch of onion salt or curry powder . . . and maybe a cool, crisp sliver of cucumber. Now take a sip—and surprise! See what you've been missing?

P.S. to people who already like buttermilk:
You'll love Foremost buttermilk! It's smooth and tangy,
with a freshly-churned flavor all its own.
Low in calories, too . . . so you can cool off often,
with all you want. Right about now, maybe?

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In some areas Foremost buttermilk comes to you under these other Foremost family names

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The Saturday Evening
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
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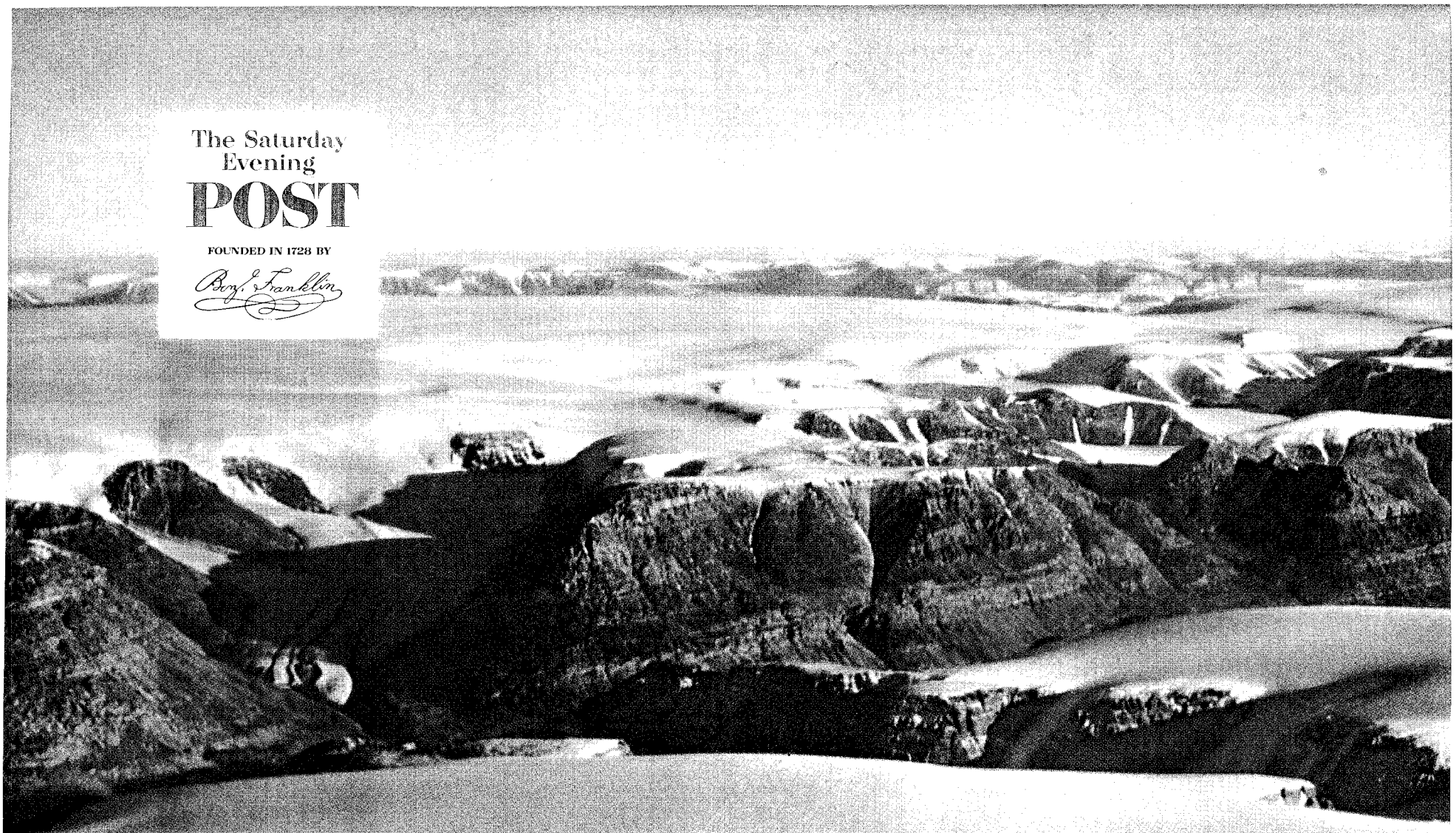

Secrets of the Unknown War

Beginning a remarkable literary achievement—the never-before-told account of a handful of brave men pitted in desperate combat across one of the most desolate regions on earth.

By David Howarth

On the northeast coast of Greenland, on a point of land called Eskimoness, about 600 miles beyond the Arctic Circle, there used to be a wooden house. It is burnt down now, and there is nothing left there except a small outbuilding which escaped the fire. The house was built as a scientific station, but in the early spring of 1943 it became the center of a fight—a fight which began near the house and then ranged for 400 miles up and down that beautiful desolate coast.

There were seven men using the house at the time, four Danes, one Norwegian and two Eskimos. They were cut off from the rest of the world except for the radio, and their nearest neighbors, so far as they knew, were in another house on an island called Ella, a 200-mile trip to the southward. North of them, there was nobody at all. But they were not oppressed by their isolation. Each of them, in his own way, was in love with the arctic. They were aware of its beauty and its peace

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Pants never wore a skirt
or lipstick, and she was
the principal's daughter.

I didn't have a car
or sharp clothes, and everyone
thought I was a drip.

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DOUBLE DATE

We were the two biggest creeps in East High – until we put our heads together...

By ROBERT C. ACKWORTH

As mom said, sixteen going on seventeen was too young to be in a state, but I was in one anyway on that day I went into the stacks looking for the way to maturity and personality development. And don't tell me guys can't get in a state. There are girls to get them in one, you know. And there was one Flame Higgins who was very good at disrupting a guy's life—namely, mine. And not only had little old Flame frozen me out with a couple of well-placed insults. She had also got Zac Wendell good and burned up at me, and there was no more double dating for Zac and me in his 1939 car that still had the original fender skirts on it. In fact, things had been going on like that for one solid month on the day I asked Miss Heeriff for a stack permit.

Miss Heeriff almost dropped her lorgnette when I asked for the permit, because I was strictly not the stacks type. You see, in East High they keep the regular books right out on the shelves in the library and the deep items back in the stacks. In other words, the smart kids use the stacks—the ones, as Miss Heeriff put it, who want to know everything. Well, I didn't want to know everything, but I sure wanted to know how not to be corny and ordinary. It's something when anyone at all tells you you're corny, but when one Flame Higgins does it, it really digs deep.

I figured I'd head for the psychology section, so I turned a corner and ran smack into Pants Brooks, who was leaning against a wall and browsing in a light little tome called The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Well, if Pants just hadn't happened to look up at me that day, and even smile, I guess nothing would have happened the way it did afterwards.

You see, I was planning to brush right by Pants, because if there was anyone in the entire school you didn't stop to chitchat with, it was old Pants. Her real name was Eileen Elizabeth Brooks, but we all called her Pants behind her back. You see, she always wore pants instead of dresses. Good pants or slacks, I mean; not just jeans. That set her aside from the other girls, of course. That and the fact that she was Frogface Brooks' daughter—old Frogface was the principal. And, too, Pants was smart and kept digging at the old books all the time, and didn't seem to want to get acquainted with anyone. We were both in the sophomore class, but Pants was in Section A, the smart section, and I was in Section C, so we didn't see much of each other, which was swell with me.

Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather when she smiled at me instead of just going right on with the Roman Empire. I guess it was the first time I'd ever seen Pants smile, and I noticed right away that she had good teeth. All the rest of the girls at East kept up with things—I mean when short haircuts were the style—well, they had short haircuts. Pants didn't pay any attention to such things. As long as I could remember, she'd worn her black hair tied in a knot behind her head, like an old mop.

Well, I sort of half smiled at Pants and prepared to shoulder through, but Pants actually put out her hand and stopped me. She was still smiling and she said, "Do you like Proust?"

"Well, sure," I said, even though I didn't know Proust from the man in the moon. "He's great."

"H'm'm'm," said Pants. "I didn't think you would, Don."

I shrugged and prepared to pass on.

"The books on love, psychology and personality development are around that corner," Pants said, nodding a powderless, rougeless, lipstickless face in a certain direction.

Again one small feather could have knocked me over. "I'm here to do some research on—on the Battle of Hastings," I managed to falter out.

"Here, I'll show you," Pants said, and before I could bat an eyelash, she was leading me right to the section on love, psychology and personality development. "We can be perfectly frank with each other," Pants said, as she pulled a book off the shelf called Love: The Strongest Emotion. "You see, I've been watching, and it's perfectly obvious what Flame Higgins has done to you. And at our age, Don, it's necessary to take corrective measures at once or there's danger of warping. We're still in the formative stages, of course, and what we do with ourselves now is going to dictate what we'll be like in our adult years."

Pants stopped and I sort of gasped, thinking I was off my rocker or something, but I looked at Pants' eyes—they were green, I noticed—through those big horn-rims she wore, and I saw she was serious.

"Well, look, Eileen Elizabeth," I started.

"Oh, you can call me Pants," she said. "You see, Don, I think we have sort of a mutual problem—and perhaps we can get together and discuss it. The thing is, you must conquer Flame Higgins or you'll surely end up warped. How about eight tonight under Colonel Seabright's statue in the park?"

For the life of me, I couldn't see how Pants Brooks and I could have a mutual problem. "Well, I don't know," I said, not wanting to be rude, because, after all, Pants was Frogface's daughter.

"See you at eight," Pants said, and took off, and I stood

(Continued on Page 50)

The next thing I knew
Zac and Flame Higgins
were going steady.

Illustrated by Stewart-Larsen

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Why I Went Back to Nursing

The author had given up her profession
for her family, but
when a hospital called desperately
she could not refuse.
She tells what serving means to her.

By REGINA S. JACOBSEN

Mother goes back to work: Her husband, John, and daughter, Pat, see the author off to nursing duty. At first, John was adamantly opposed ("I want my wife at home"), but he soon yielded.

The colorless hand of the old lady reached out and brushed against my cheek and then fell limply to her side. Her eyes, dilated, were the dull gray of inland waters when storm clouds gather. Her breath was labored, sobbing at times, yet between pauses she managed to make herself understood.

"God will bless you for taking care of the sick," she said.

With her mouth she did not ask for anything, but with her eyes she said, *I am not afraid to die, but I do not want to die alone.*

I sat down on the arm of a chair, close to her—on the arm so that she could see me without effort, and close, so that I could hold her hand. I thought about her words. She had not said, "God bless you." That would have been a prayer, a petition. She had said, "God will bless you period." That was a statement. She accepted that as fact. She was not of my faith, but she was closer to God right then than I was.

I smiled at her and held her hand more securely. Her children had sat through hours of waiting in the beginning, and the hours had gone into days and into weeks and into months. Now there was no time to call them.

Except for the heaving chest and the gray eyes watching me, her body was motionless. There was little proof of life. She spoke once more.

"Just like a daughter," she said, and died.

Like a daughter, I wept for her. That was the temporal end of an emaciated incurable.

Behind every story there is another story that often never gets told. Sometimes the reasons for a thing's happening are as fascinating and exciting as the results. If some member of your family, dearer to you than life, is suddenly and seriously stricken with illness and rushed to the nearest hospital, you may be in for a number of surprises. The first shock to you will be that money, an item recognized as necessary for economic security, will be, at this exact moment, of little immediate help. You may easily find your dear one occupying a bed in a corridor and, after the initial shock, you will feel thankfulness flooding thickly through you to the bottom of your toes. Because even in a bed in a corridor you have for your dearest one the full facilities and complete care of the modern hospital. Today this is the best you can secure, regardless of who you are or what you have.

Since no family and no human being skips blithely through a lifetime without some brush with illness or accident, at what moment will prevailing conditions affect you? What is happening in hospitals today?

Overcrowding in rooms and wards, a waiting list for a bed, a waiting list for surgery other than emergency, and an acute shortage of the registered professional nurse are plain fact and have been for a long time. But usually until a situation hits personally, until the knowledge that money, per se, cannot buy some service, and will never buy kindness, the average person merely listens while such acute problems are discussed.

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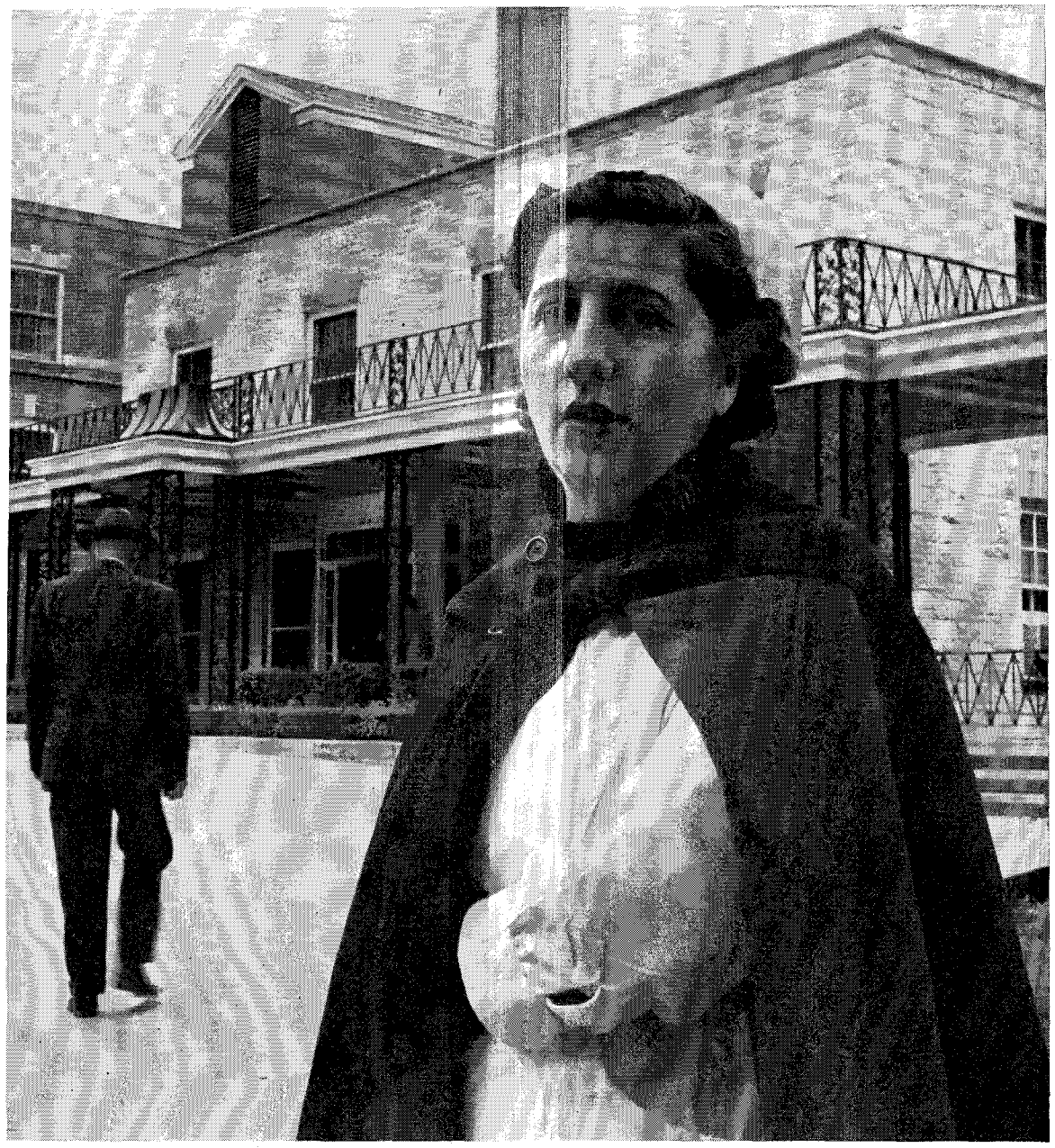

At first, Mrs. Jacobsen worked on a one-day-a-week, volunteer basis at the Highland Park (Illinois) Hospital to fill the urgent need for registered nurses. Some 400 other volunteer workers serve the hospital in different ways.

Photographs by Mike Shea

Nurse Regina Jacobsen's typical day at Highland included signing a young patient's "autograph hound."

Or, on a more serious visit, she would give medicine to a patient under treatment for a slipped disk.

Perhaps there would be time for a coffee break. Mrs. Jacobsen now works at a home for aged men and women.

In every event there must be a starting point. Our community of 20,000 people in Highland Park, Illinois, was painfully alert to hospital conditions. Our community hospital serviced not only Highland Park but Highwood, Deerfield-Bannockburn, Northbrook, Glencoe, part of Skokie and part of Winnetka. News came that a small hospital unit would break ground just north of our town, in Highwood. There was Protestant, Jewish and Catholic representation on the newly chosen board; and, in view of the acute shortage of skilled trained workers, each board member was asked to screen those of his own faith in the community for any available help. My pastor, Right Rev. Mngr. Joseph P. Morrison, came to me.

"How about giving one day a week at the new hospital?" he asked.

I looked at him. Most of the time I like him. "I'm loaded," I said. "Which you know."

"Just eight hours."

"Where am I going to get eight hours?"

"We're desperate."

"I know," I said. "But it's fifteen years since I worked in a hospital."

"You're a registered nurse. The general floor is running on a prayer, and we can't even open the obstetrical department because the state requires a registered nurse supervising, and there just aren't any."

"Johnny will hit the ceiling," I said.

Johnny is my husband, and he did hit the ceiling. He had some right to do so. He had dated me through my student-nursing days, shoving me in the front door at ten so that I would not be locked out. He had dated me through my state-board examinations, when I walked around and never saw him. He had dated me as a registered nurse when I had stood him up and walked off dates to answer registry calls. Nursing left Johnny very cold. Besides, when marriage loomed for us, Johnny was on the step below the bottom of the business ladder and I was making four times his salary. In addition to the usual marriage vows, there was one more for me. I would not work after marriage!

But Monsignor Morrison came to dinner. Between refilling plates, letting the cat in and the dogs out, and answering the door for neighbors, I did not hear much of the conversation. But I heard the end.

"It's not a question of money," monsignor said.

"I want my wife at home."

"You're so community-conscious. I can't understand it."

"I want my wife at home!"

"This is an acute emergency," monsignor said. "Besides, it's only temporary."

"Well"—Johnny said slowly—"well, if it's only temporary, I'll agree."

So it was decided by them for me. I was to go back to hospital duty for one eight-hour day a week, starting as soon as possible.

The directress of nurses called me the next day. My cleaning (Continued on Page 43)

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She glanced toward him, and then stifled a scream, because he was holding an automatic in his hand, and he was pressing it against Jonny.

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By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

HITCHHIKER

The unsuspecting police let them go through the roadblock at the state line.

To all the other drivers on the road, they were just another couple. Only she knew her passenger was an escaped murderer . . .

Anne Langley, at the wheel of the heavily loaded station wagon, felt as though a carpet were being unrolled before her. A three-thousand-mile carpet, stretching from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific. It would not all be as smooth or as easy as the parkway she was traveling, but she did not care. She had not been home in three years.

She was not making the trip alone. She glanced down at the basket in which Jonathan Langley was sleeping, and her amber-colored eyes softened. Jonathan Langley was four months old; it was six months since his father had crashed his jet on a Massachusetts hilltop.

She would not think about Bill, she told herself. She began to sing softly, "*California, here I come, right back where I started from,*" and in that instant a gray roadster with red leather upholstery passed her, and she saw the yellow California license plate on the rear.

I wonder if he's going home too? she thought, and impulsively gave a couple of honks on the horn. She had a flash of his face in the driver's mirror as he looked up, and his horn sounded an answering toot as he sped on.

She had left Concord early that morning. Massachusetts was behind her, and the May sun was high in the blue sky. Jonny awoke and made conversational noises, and Anne said, "How right you are! I'm hungry too. Let's eat." She turned off the parkway at a gasoline station and lunchroom; the gray roadster was stopped at the pumps. The driver was standing beside it.

He looked at her and said, "You're the girl who honked at me."

Anne laughed. "Not at you. At your plates. I'm a native daughter, and I'm going home for the first time in three years."

"Where's home?" he inquired. He looked the way Californians like to believe all their male citizens look, broad-shouldered and tall, with a tanned face and friendly eyes.

"Carmel," she answered.

"Practically a neighbor of mine," he said. "I have a ranch halfway between Carmel and Santa Barbara. I'm Tom McLane."

"Any relation to Jeff?" she asked.

"It's a big state, but a small world," said Tom McLane. "My kid brother."

"No!" she exclaimed. Jeff McLane had been a beau of hers when they were both in their teens. "I was Anne Parrish. I'm Anne Langley now." It was good to talk to someone from home. "Are you on your way back?"

He was spending the night with friends in New Haven, he told her, but he would be heading west in the morning. "Perhaps we'll meet again," he added. "What route are you taking?"

She had mapped it out carefully, days before. "Forty to St. Louis. Then southwest to Oklahoma City and west on Sixty-six. I thought I'd cross the state line at Needles instead of Yuma. I don't want my copilot to get prickly heat." She looked down at Jonny, and Tom McLane leaned over to look too.

"Nice that you have a man along," he murmured. "In case of tire trouble."

"He's a born mechanic." She smiled at Tom McLane and took up Jonny's basket. "Good luck," she added, and carried the basket into the restaurant.

That night she and Jonny stayed in a motel just off the New Jersey turnpike. They both slept deeply.

She was driving straight into the sun on the Pennsylvania turnpike when the gray roadster passed her and stopped. She drew up behind it, and Tom McLane got out and walked back to her car.

"There's a good motel with a really excellent restaurant a little way across the Ohio line," he told her. "Would you like to have dinner with me?"

"I'd love to," she accepted.

They were both even drivers, and the yellow license plate was still just ahead of her when the Pennsylvania turnpike turned into the Ohio. They registered at the motel and picked up their keys.

"I'll give Jonny his bath and his supper," she told Tom. "He goes to sleep quickly. Say about an hour from now?"

"Can't I help you with your luggage?"

She smiled. "That's the one thing Jonny hates to do," she admitted.

She had packed the station wagon alone, and she had packed it efficiently. The portable icebox, the basket of baby foods and an electric plate were easy to reach. But it was nice to have someone reach for her and carry her things.

"Anything else?" Tom asked.

"I'd like that blue suitcase," she said. She was wearing the same suit she had put on in Concord, but she decided to wear a dress for dinner.

After Jonny was tucked in for the night, she took a shower. It was a warm, soft evening, and she chose a yellow linen dress. Her short brown hair was curling tightly from the steam of the shower; brushing it, facing her reflection in the mirror, she thought that it was going to feel good to be tanned again.

There was a porch outside her door, and she sat down in one of the metal chairs. When she saw Tom McLane's tall figure moving toward her, she smiled. It was pleasant, meeting a fellow Californian. The trip seemed less lonely.

"You look like a daffodil," he said. but he said it in a voice so matter-of-fact that it seemed natural and right.

Jonny was asleep, secure in his basket on top of one of the beds, and she locked the door before they walked across the patio to the dining room.

"Is your husband in California?" he asked.

"Bill was killed in a plane crash last December," she said. (Continued on Page 64)

Illustrated by Mac Conner

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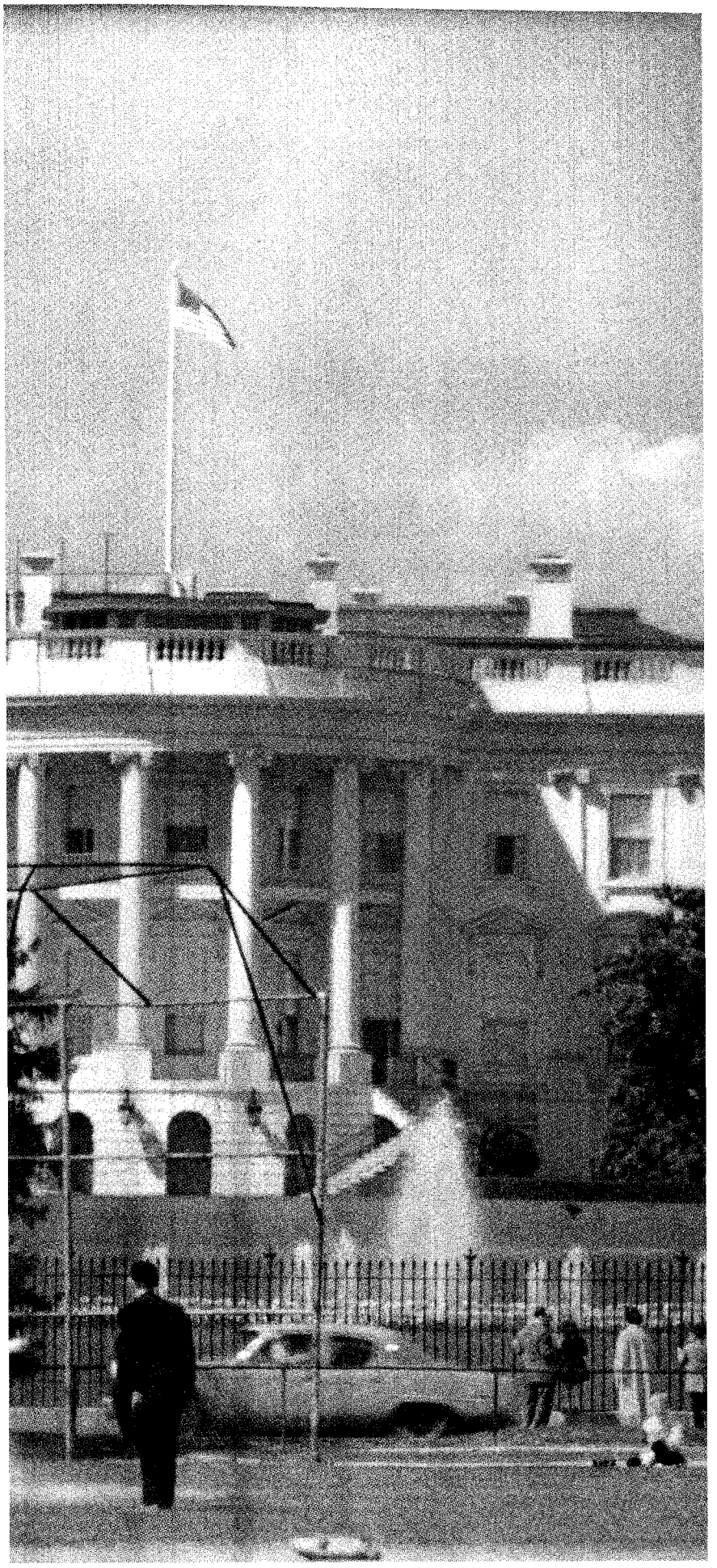

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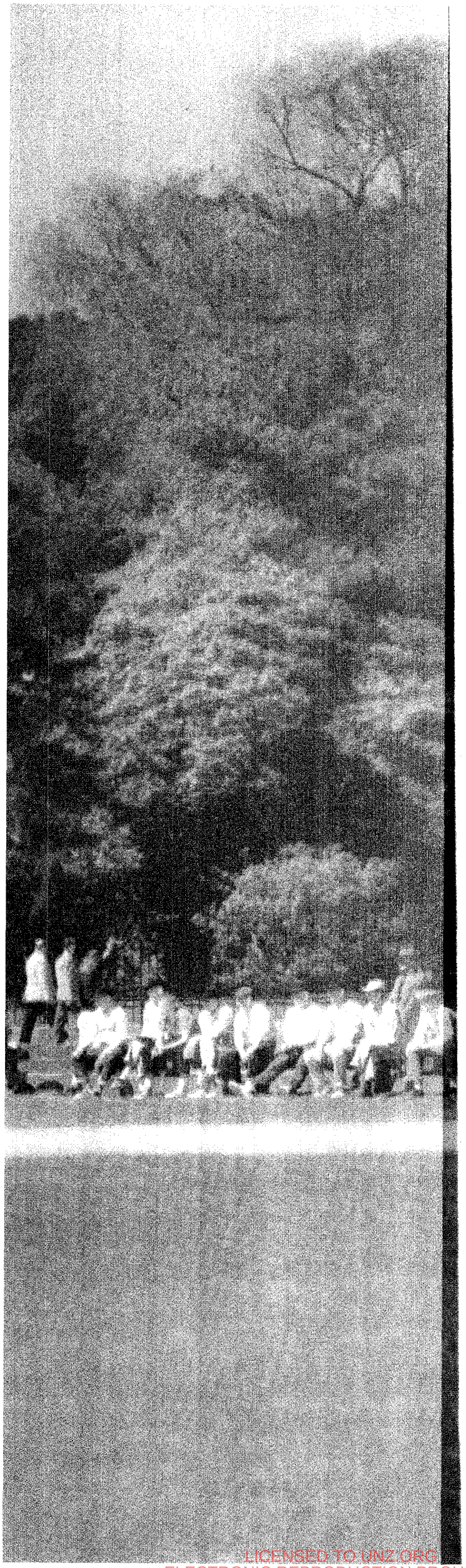

The Face of AMERICA

Backdrop for Ballplayers

On sand lots and city ball parks everywhere, leaguers big and little are slugging it out. But here, in the nation's capital, 153 local teams play in the shadow of the most distinguished dwelling in the land. Most people know this egg-shaped, 16-acre field as the Ellipse. Yet its real name is The President's Park. For in the early 1790's, when the gifted French engineer L'Enfant laid out Washington's broad radial avenues, he intended this plot to be a part of the White House lawn. But baseball enthusiasts in the District of Columbia appropriated the tract for their favorite sport nearly half a century ago. Now, on four well-kept diamonds, scores of young athletes wage hot contests daily, oblivious of the tourists who peer through the wrought-iron fence at the home of 32 American Presidents. ● Photograph by Jack Zehrt

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The Ordeal of Sally Duncan

He was a madman, but a calculating one. He would kill Sally only when she ceased to be useful to him.

By DAVID WALKER

Dad, Sally wrote: *Taking canoe down to Marten to catch mess of trout in Nut-Brown Pool. Back later. Sally.* That single, tiny clue—"Nut-Brown Pool"—was Sally's only hope. If her father didn't spot it immediately she would die at the hands of her abductor, Smiler Lank.

Lank was Canada's Public Enemy No. 1. He was a clever, fearless escaped convict who killed without passion or compunction. The Mounties lost track of him until an illiterate half-breed named Albert Parcorn recognized his picture on a poster. Parcorn had brought supplies to Lank in the wild Killick country. The Mounties believed Lank now would return to his wilderness hide-out. Sgt. John MacRae, who had captured Lank once before, had sworn to track the man down again.

MacRae had fallen in love with Sally Duncan years ago, but had parted with her after an argument over her acting career. When MacRae stopped at the cabin of game warden Colin Duncan, he learned, to his surprise, that Sally was the warden's daughter. MacRae explained his mission and Duncan offered to go as far as Birchmill with him.

Sally was asleep in the cabin, alone, when Smiler Lank entered. He picked up an ax, forced Sally to write a note telling her father she had gone fishing, and ordered her to go along with him. When they reached a treacherous falls called the Devil's Slide, Lank made Sally abandon her fishing gear in such a way that it would appear she had fallen into the water. Then the killer and his actress-hostage began their trek into the wilderness.

CONCLUSION

MacRae and Duncan stopped first at the ford, the only one in this whole stretch of river. There was soft sand along the water's edge. No one had been here. They drove two miles north, up beside the Picquisit, to the confluence of Hermon Brook. A man had recently walked down the trail from Hermon Lake. He wore hunting boots of a common type, with a V pattern on the sole.

They drove the last five miles to Birchmill. The surface of the road was hard. A man would leave no tracks. They reached the deserted camp. The man had gone round the cabins and the stables. He had been to the empty store hut. Searching for something, they agreed; last evening before the dew. But the man had not crossed the Picquisit by the bridge to take the old lumber road which was the only route from here to the beginnings of Killick country.

"I thought he had everything up there." MacRae waved his hand at Killick Mountain in the distance. "Albert Parcorn has an illiterate man's memory. He remembered that list—food, blankets, clothing, lamps, oil, even a thirty-thirty carbine. But if these are Lank's footprints, Lank must have been short of something. And that something can't be food, because Albert took in enough canned staples to last a man six months."

"A bucksaw?" Duncan suggested. "They leave things lying around. He could have picked one up here any night if the camp had

MacRae's rifle followed them as they passed by. He was sweating. "Couldn't risk it," he said.

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Lank hit her with his open palm across one cheek, and with his knuckles back the other way. "Next time I'll clench my fist," he said.

still been open. It was open last time he was here."

"Albert bought a bucksaw and an ax." MacRae frowned. He looked at the woods around them, at the river, at forest rising again from the farther bank. Duncan watched him.

"An ax," MacRae said slowly. "I wonder if he took out the ax that Albert brought him two years ago. Forgot to buy one this time. Or didn't dare to buy one. Could you spend from now to Christmas in the woods without an ax?"

"I could not," said Duncan. He looked at the sky. "With my rheumatism, I wouldn't fancy the notion of from now until tomorrow."

"We'll drop down to your camp."

They drove again, and fast. There were no camps along the river until Duncan's, thirty miles downstream. A man who must have something to survive has no choice but to go out of his way to the nearest place where he thinks he will find that something. There was a chance —— But Sally was not there; she had gone to town.

They drove the thirty miles in forty minutes. Duncan's car was in the shed beside the road. MacRae turned in and stopped. Thunder rumbled beyond the river.

"Sally!" Duncan called.

The map lay on the table. A sheet of paper lay at the near corner of the table. Duncan read the note aloud: "'Taking canoe down to Marten to catch mess of trout in Nut-Brown Pool.' What pool does she mean? The backwater? I don't know a Nut-Brown Pool."

"No pool named the Nut-Brown Pool? Never heard the name?"

"No." Duncan looked up at Sgt. John MacRae.

"See if anything's missing," said MacRae. "I'll get the canoe off the car. Quick!"

"Spare ax gone," Duncan said outside, finding speech difficult. "My rod. She never takes my rod." The canoe was on the ground. A man's bootmark was on dusty earth.

MacRae was trying the radio, loud hums and violent static. "Can't wait," he said, and switched off. He took a rifle from its canvas case, slung it. A small rucksack.

The rain was heavy. It hissed, pocking the Picquisit.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Duncan."

"A man must gamble," said Colin Duncan. "How could you know?"

And how could I know that I would see a new life in my daughter's face one night, and lose my daughter in the morning? He grunted; he couldn't help it. Then he grunted at each paddle stroke, pretending his grunt had been of effort.

"What did you get about the Nut-Brown Pool?"

"Nut-brown maiden," said MacRae. "Sang it last night. Sang it before."

The rain was stopping when they reached the backwater above Marten Brook. Nobody fishing here; no other canoe here. Six feet of nylon leader to a line and into the water and curving round downstream. MacRae pointed to that, his face expressionless. He ran.

They stood, looking over the junction to the lip and down the Devil's Slide. The canoe had not gone far; it was spiked on a gray rock above the white, tossed up and holed and held.

"Anyone ever get through that alive?"

"Impossible," said Duncan.

"Bodies always found before?"

"Three went over in my time," Duncan said. "One went through."

"There's a chance Lank took her with him. It's a hundred to one against, far more vulnerable with her. But we must search. Where does the trail run?"

"Beyond where we beached at the backwater. I'll show you." Duncan ran on his heavy legs. He reached the trail up Marten Brook. No v marks on the trail. Heavy rain, puddles drying. He shook his head. "Down the Slide. Funny—I dream about that slide some nights."

"Lank did not go down the Slide," MacRae said. "Lank (Continued on Page 72)

Illustrated by Robert Moore

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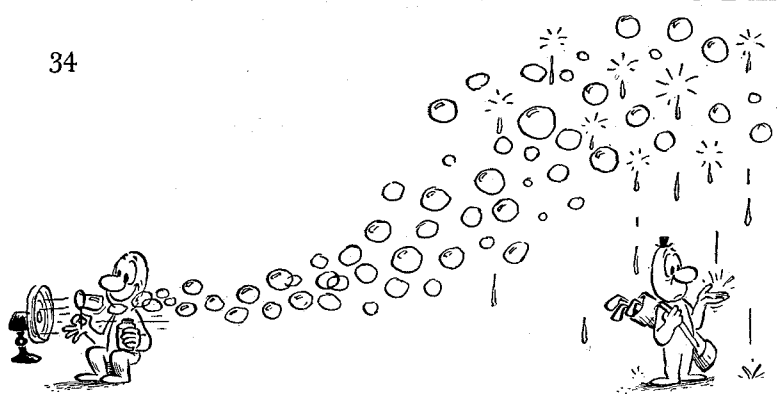


Post Scripts

Ish Story

The time our hostess mentioned
  For the dinner date was "eight-ish,"
And our plans were well-intentioned:
  Neither early-ish nor late-ish.

The proper-timed incursion,
  As we knew, was in-between-ish,
So we managed a diversion
  And we stalled till eight-fifteen-ish.

Our hunger pangs were awful
  And our appetites were swinish,
But we never got a jawful
  Till a quarter-after-nine-ish.

So my patience met its finish,
  And my helpmate I admonish
That we'll do our eating in-ish
  And on-time-ish from now-on-ish.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

Great Stories of Famous Artists

The celebrated painter, Raphael Corot Gainsborough Sassafrassio, was born on a small farm in Southern Italy. The dates of his birth and death are not known, and they are usually written: "18—— to 18——." Or, sometimes (since the century is not known, either): "—— to ——."

Raphael's young boyhood was spent in studying art, and so was his old boyhood. By the time he was fourteen he had finished two pictures—BRINGING IN THE COWS and TAKING THE COWS OUT TO THE PASTURE—and was at work on a third picture: LOCKING THE COWS UP IN THE BARN.

Like Michelangelo, Raphael—or "Raph," as he was known to his friends—was able to draw a circle with one sweep of his hand, which, upon being measured, would prove to be mathematically exact.

One day Raphael's father took him to the studio of the great artist, Cigarro di Panatello. Seizing a piece of chalk, Raphael drew a number of circles on the floor.

The master quietly laid down his brushes. "I shall never paint again," he declared simply.

"Why not?" asked Raphael's father.

"Not until you get that kid out of here. He's driving me crazy with his circles."

Raphael went to Pisa and accepted a position driving a streetcar. Little is known of his life during this period. He produced many paintings, but because he sometimes signed one of his names and sometimes another, we are not sure which paintings are actually his.

We do know that when he was seventy-three he went to England, where he signed his paintings, "Gainsborough." Experts point out that many of these paintings are probably forgeries, because when he returned to Italy paintings continued to appear in England signed, "Gainsborough." Meanwhile, forgeries of his work, signed, "Corot," were appearing in France.

Opinions differ as to which of these paintings are actually the work of Raphael, although most experts agree that none of them are. The art critic, Osbert Reuster, says that of eight hundred canvases examined by him, only one—a pastoral scene entitled, CALLING THE COWS—might have been painted by Raphael, but he doesn't think so, because it is signed, "Sir Joshua Reynolds."

In his opinion, Raphael never painted anything, but devoted his full time to driving his streetcar.

Perhaps it is just as well. If Raphael had turned out a big bunch of masterpieces, our museums would have even more rooms to walk through. You wouldn't be able to get through a museum as fast as you can now.

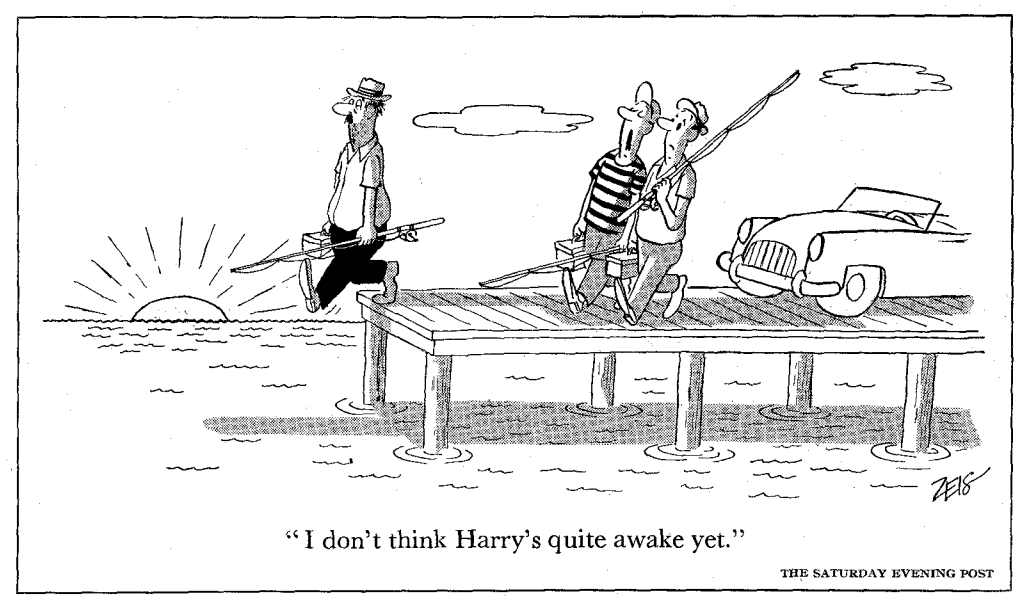
Anyway, we already have more than enough pictures of cows standing in the water, not counting the ones on loan from the Louvre.

JOHN BAILEY

Time on My Heels

Morning's when I waken surly;
It always gets so late so early.
And evening's when I also hate
To see how early it gets late!

MAY RICHSTONE



"I don't think Harry's quite awake yet."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The 7 Ages of the Married Joke

"Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Boo-Boo lambie, that's a wonderful story! How does it go now? 'There was this great big Saint Bernard carrying this little tiny cask of brandy, and he walked into a bar and there was a little tiny fox terrier with a great big cask of brandy and ——' Listen, everybody! Boo-Boo's—Hank's going to tell it again!"

"Ha-ha-ha-ha! Honestly, Hank darling, that Saint Bernard story of yours knocks me out every time! Really, that's one of your best!"

"Ha-ha-ha! I like that Saint Bernard story."

"Ha-ha! I always did like that Saint Bernard story."

"Ha."

"Hank, dear."

"HENRY!"

PEG BRACKEN

And Then He Says ——

(My favorite movie speeches.)

"Put the knife away, Harv. We'll find out whether he's lyin' or not when Slade gets back from town."

"There's just one thing I don't quite understand, inspector. What led you to believe the nursery was just a cover-up for the smuggling ring?"

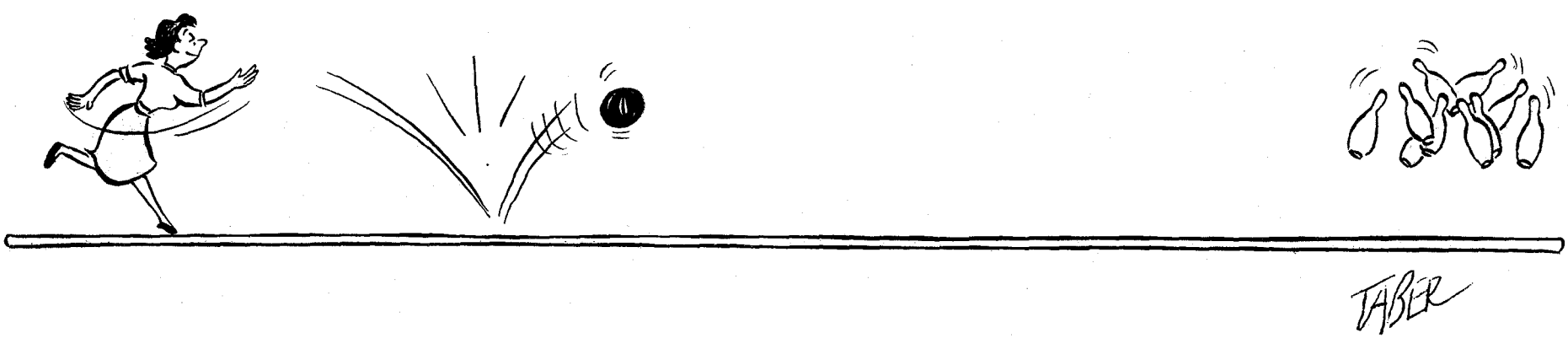
"You mean you let the Americano get away? You stupid, blundering idiots!"

"There's only one man in the world who could perform such an operation. Unfortunately, he's in Europe."

"Helen, I can't fight a—memory."

"But, Tom, there are folks who are decent and honest. They haven't let you down."

PAUL C. LAW



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Step into the Super— it's the dream car to drive!

Now step out in room—big-car room—SUPER room—room and to spare for the whole blessed crew of you.

Room for your arms, shoulders, heads, hats—most especially for your legs and your *feet.*

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Above all, room that even stretches your dollars. That makes this car your biggest buy today. *That simply can't be surpassed in cars costing up to $1,500 more than the '57 Buick SUPER.*

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For here's an all-new V8 engine with the "power-pack" built in at no extra cost.

Here's an utterly *instant* new Variable Pitch Dynaflow.*

Here's a new deep-nested ride—new kind of ball-joint steering—powerful new straight-line *levelized* braking—ingenious new Safety-Buzzer* that helps you drive more safely—vast new super-panoramic windshield—more new features than we can mention.

But they all add up to one overwhelming conclusion that we'd like you to prove for yourself—

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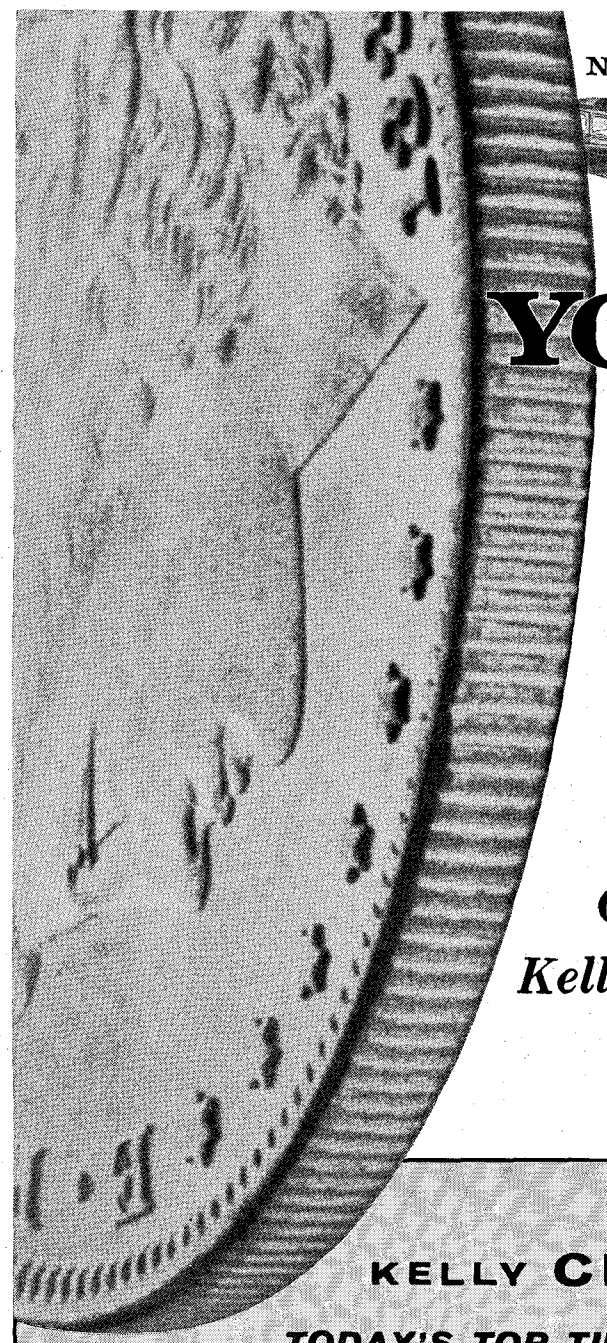
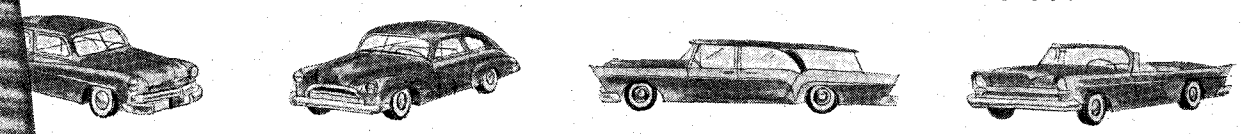


NO MATTER WHAT THE MAKE OR MODEL OF YOUR CAR...



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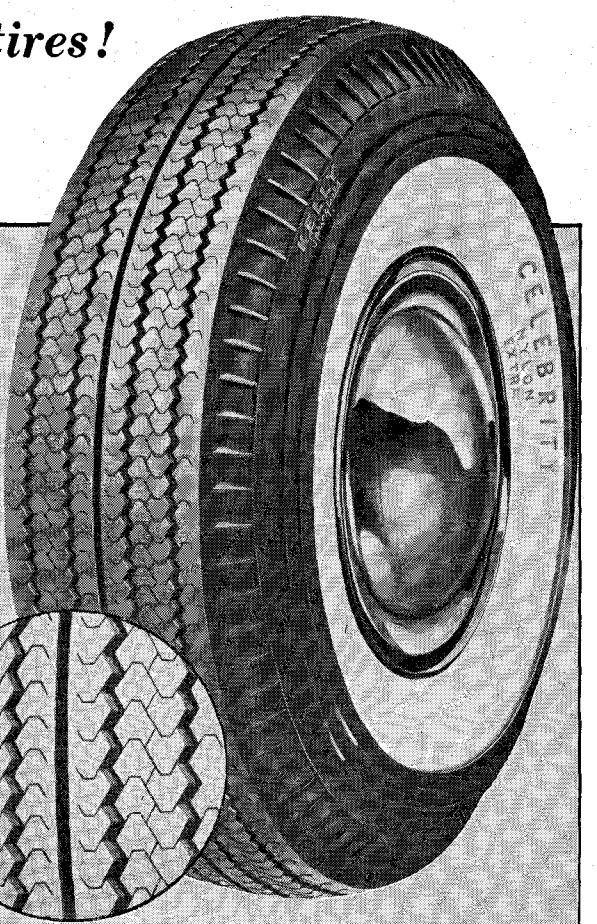

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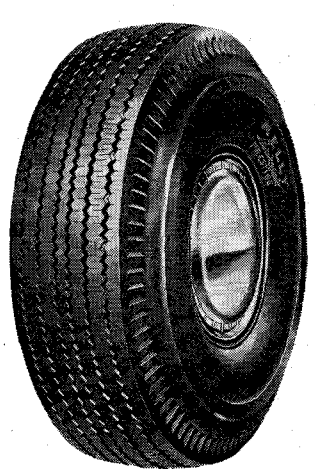

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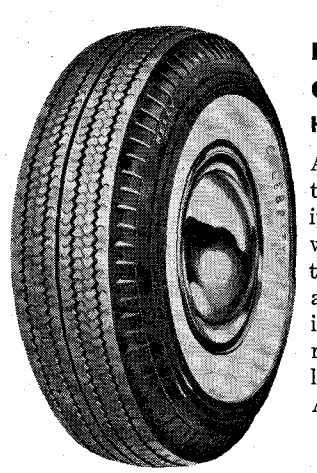

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Another outstanding Celebrity that surpasses every tire in its price class for safety, long wear, durability. Features the famous six-rib tread and a body made of a new, improved rayon cord that's remarkably stronger! Tubeless. Whitewall and blackwall. All sizes including '57 models.

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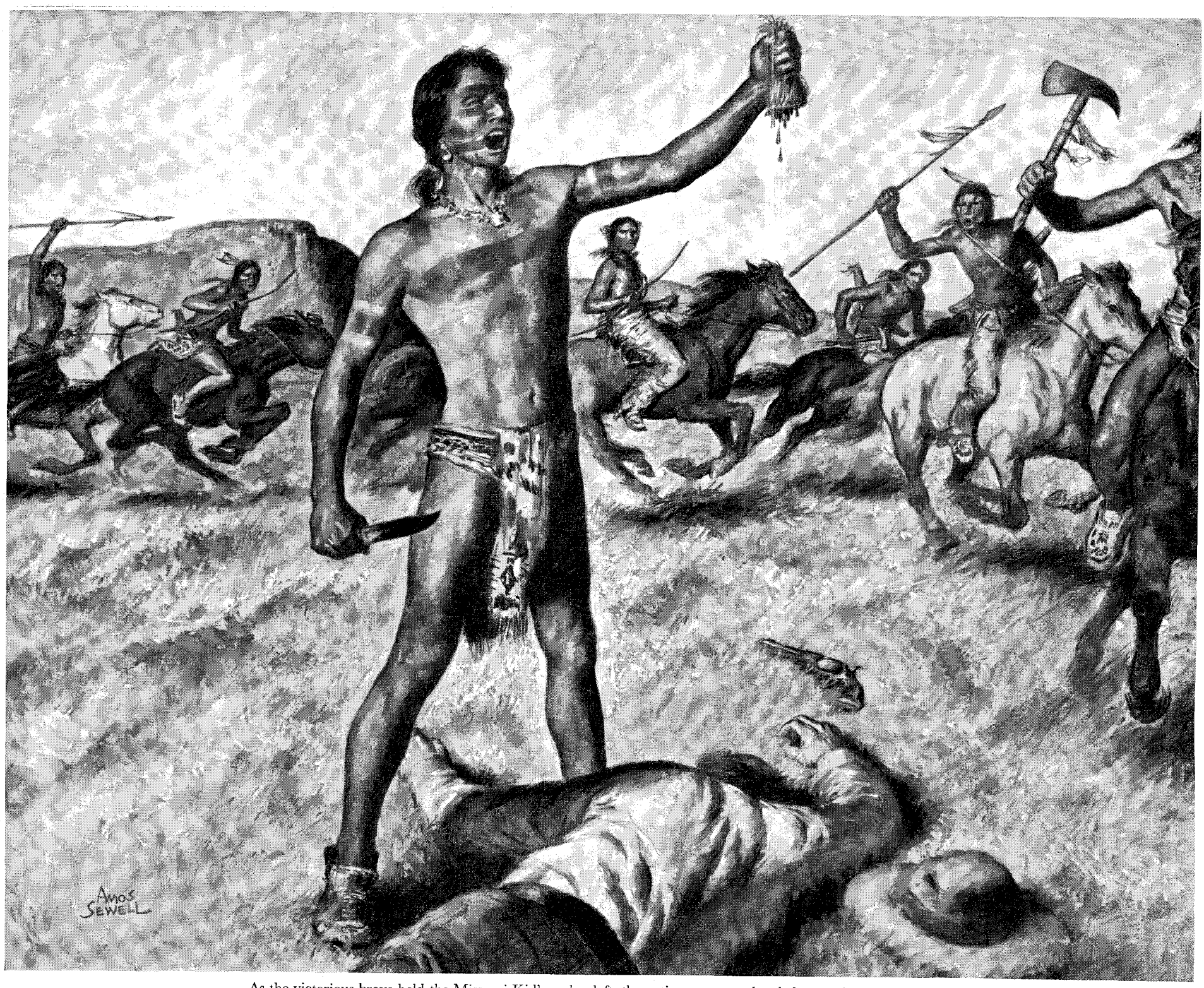

As the victorious brave held the Missouri Kid's scalp aloft, the entire war party howled savagely.

California Passage

Would one scalp satisfy the Cheyenne war party's lust for vengeance?

By CLIFF FARRELL

Luke Storm agreed to guide Ellen Jessup to California although he knew that the young woman was wanted in Baltimore for the murder of her fiancé in connection with a $200,000 bank embezzlement. Her secret was also known to caravan boss Menafee and his henchmen, who vowed to kill Luke because he stood in the way of their plan to follow Ellen to the loot. As the wagon train pushed westward in a race against the impending mountain snows, Luke could only speculate on the real truth behind the well-bred young woman's strange mission.

Now he eyed the Cheyenne war party that circled warily about the ring of wagons. The Indians were determined to avenge the death of a brave who had been shot by an unidentified member of the caravan. The warriors promised to spare the band only if the killer were handed over. Despite the protests of some of the men, the wagoners reluctantly agreed to draw straws to determine who should be sacrificed. If anyone backed out, the caravan faced certain annihilation at the hands of the angry savages. "The chances are that none of us will be alive by sunrise," said Luke.

VI

Ellen shook her head. "Luke Storm and Mr. Cameron are right," she said. "It would be better to fight."

Evans turned to Abbie. But he saw refusal there also.

"Hell!" Al Thorne snorted. "Poker chips will do."

He walked across camp to the wagon where he and the others of Menafee's crew had been playing cards and gathered up the chips from the spread blanket. (Continued on Page 52)

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We Spent Our Vacation Down on the Farm

(Continued from Page 19)

then on, the farmer and the guest are on their own. The vacationer chooses his farm, writes directly to the farmer, and carries on all business arrangements with him. In the same way, the most effective advertising of the idea has been by word of mouth from satisfied vacationers to their friends.

It's easy to understand why former guests turn into farm-vacation missionaries, for, an hour after our arrival at Butternut Hill Farm, Charley and Ruth Parker had us settled in a large corner bedroom—"The highboy was brought here by a bride 160 years ago." Anne, our two-year-old, was fascinated by her crib in the next room, for there was a huge white Teddy bear propped up in the corner. No Swiss-trained innkeeper had ever made us feel so much at home.

At five that first afternoon we strolled down to the lower pasture with Charley, a craggy-faced New Englander who owns the dairy farm and stubbornly operates it without help. We walked the dirt road, taking time to let Anne stop, squat and fondle rocks—smooth, round, red or gray, streaked or pied. Crouched close to the earth, she found a hundred wonders—a twig, a purple clover, the tickly tassel of a long blade of witch grass.

My wife investigated the coming blackberry and raspberry crop, the ripening blueberries, and discovered wild caraway plants growing along the roadside. We all stopped to watch a bird loll in graceful loops, all over the sky; to see squirrels play hide-and-seek in the branches of the tall maples. Charley was not just patient. He shared our wonder with us. There was time to worship in this way. My city shoes were soon covered with dust, and I turned my ankle twice on the rough, humpbacked dirt lane, but that really wasn't me. I was really nine years old, in sneakers, able to race the wind, scale stones at the hawk high in the sky and stalk the bear to his mountain cave, Indian style.

After the contrary, lumbering cows were in the unpainted, weathered barn, we washed up at the kitchen sink and sat down to a farm dinner at the long dining-room table. Ruth, the seventeen-year-old daughter, had to eat and run; she had a summer job at a roadside food stand. Marilyn, her older sister, was working at a religious camp and would be home for the weekend.

There was no tearoom chatter about calories here. Family-style, the Parkers served a platter of beefsteak, rich gravy, bowls of mashed potatoes with a lake of melted butter in the middle and fresh-picked peas, a vegetable salad, crusty bread still warm from the oven, milk in a crockery pitcher which sweated cold, coffee, and a heaping plate of butterscotch cake cut in huge squares with the thick frosting rounding the edges like snow on a cabin roof. Seconds were offered and taken; thirds offered, but everyone, somewhat glassy-eyed, refused.

When dinner was finished, there was time to talk; then we went off to the barn to watch the cows being milked. Anne's wide-eyed wonder at the rich milk foaming into the shiny buckets was worth the trip. After she was bedded down, still chattering of the cows to the Teddy bear, my wife and I took a walk. The Parkers were built-in baby-sitters, and we had Skipper, the bounding, tail-wagging black dog to show us the way.

We could almost feel ourselves slow down, a drugged relaxation that strangely did not dull our senses, but made them more sensitive. We saw the sky—strange how we never see the sky in the city—and felt the cool night air. We absorbed the smell of pine and new-mown hay, felt the grass already wet on our legs when we left the road. We strolled, something we hadn't done for years, and we held hands. We felt a wonderful aloneness, a being away from people, that was not at all lonely. Soon we wandered back to the house, planning to read in bed. Instead we turned out the lights and were asleep before ten.

Our vacation had actually started the winter before when we saw a small newspaper advertisement and wrote for the farm-vacation booklet. It gave us many an evening of exciting reading. Right away we realized a special charm of the farm-vacation idea, for we had hundreds of vacations to choose from.

In the booklet each farm family describes in a special code and eighty added words what it has to offer. For a sample: "Two-hundred-acre dairy farm. High elevation overlooking Blue Ridge Mountains. . . . Cows, saddle horses and ponies for children." That one is in Pennsylvania, "170 miles from N. Y. City."

There's another only "45 minutes from Nation's Capital." A North Dakota advertiser: "Farm cooking includes buffalo, elk, venison." A farm in Michigan specializes in diets for diabetics and others with food problems; still another promises Indian Sun Dances.

Listen to this Iowa farm wife: "We are famous for our excellent food—charcoal steaks, smoked pork chops, fried chicken, hot biscuits and honey, buttermilk pancakes, homemade ice cream." Several farms boast fish ponds stocked with trout, and a Maine farmer writes, "Our home overlooks picturesque lighthouse, and farm borders on Blue Hill Bay. Explore nearby islands. Deep-sea fishing trips. Own private beach and woodland trails for berry-picking."

Turn the page, and a Massachusetts farm specializes in *smörgåsbord*, offering the famous Tanglewood music and Jacob's Pillow dance festivals as neighbors. "Log fires in living and dining rooms," writes another farmer. "Huge living room with hundreds of books. Sheep, cows, steers, chickens, shepherd dog and registered Persian cats." A Montana farm invites you to go "big game hunting—elk, deer, antelope."

In Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Blue Spruce Farm promises: "Will give rides in model 1912 Overland antique touring car, Harmon Speedster and Auburn roadster which is a classic. Hi-wheeler bicycle." Another lists hobbies—painting glass and textiles; and a Texas rancher says, "Can teach horseback riding and roping." From Maryland "hot rolls, chicken and dumplings, fried chicken . . . running stream in meadow . . . hammocks for relaxing." A Wisconsin listing even tells of a "private airstrip on farm."

The farm-vacation idea offers variety in other ways. Foreign students and U.N. officials want to see the vast, far-from-Broadway America and go down to the farm. The seasons change. Men come up for the hunting season, and their city wives come to see the fall foliage, or to pitch in and put up some old-fashioned bread-and-butter pickles. Winter vacations are becoming more popular, and even Christmas visits by lonely schoolteachers have been welcomed. The latchstring is always out.

These opportunities are just as exciting to the farmer as to the visitor. Although the rates are low—we paid $125 for three of us for twelve days—the farmer is able to make a healthy profit from idle bedrooms and bountiful gardens. In eight years the Parkers, for example, have used their farm-vacation profits to buy a washing machine, drier, dishwasher and freezer; to pay part of the cost of installing central heating, new bathrooms and Marilyn's college tuition.

But the county agents and Grange officials who promote farm vacations see another benefit—a social one. Farmers are tied to their land; by having guests they can bring the world to them. The Parkers have had visitors who were born in Germany, France, Austria, Switzerland, Sweden and Denmark. They come from all over the United States and represent a host of professions. Doctors, a truck driver, an editor, U.N. workers, dentists, schoolteachers, a writer, bankers, a popcorn concessionaire and a loan-company executive have all come to Butternut Hill Farm. Says Ruth Parker, "I can't get Charley away from his blooming cows, so I get people to come to us."

No two guests are alike, therefore no two vacations are alike, even on the same farm. Visitors are free to stay underfoot in the house, haunting the kitchen or pitching in with the farm work. Some men relax best from the strains of memo writing by engaging in a frenzy of haying, plowing, fence mending and before-breakfast fishing. Other visitors prowl the auction and antique circuits, seek out museums or summer playhouses. With the car, the wonders of a whole area are available. Painters and photographers find plenty of subjects for their art; readers are led to a shady hammock. On rainy days youngsters can romp in the haymow or explore the wonders of the attic—spinning wheels, stocking dolls, trunks of old hats and fur pieces.

Once the guest is well hammocked, however, he is expected to take care of himself. A farm is a busy place, and there's no time to fuss over guests. Vacationers are free to get in the act and work hard, to go off on a walk, or to do absolutely nothing. Farm folks are bred to an independence which assumes that every person, male or female, can both entertain and take care of himself. Those who are bored with an afternoon by themselves will receive little sympathy from the average farm host.

Mrs. Parker has a stern New England idea of just how much hospitality is good for her guests, but it hasn't hindered her in making everyone from honeymoon couples to convalescents feel at home. Only one family has bolted before the Parkers got to know them. The head of the family was a New York executive who twitched through the nonexistent cocktail hour—the Parkers are strict Baptists and nondrinkers—picked at his food, and paced the living room after dinner. Suddenly he could stand it no longer. Asking the way to the liquor store, he took his family with him, and they haven't been seen since. A French couple from the U.N. saw the lay of the land and drank their before-dinner wine in their bedroom.

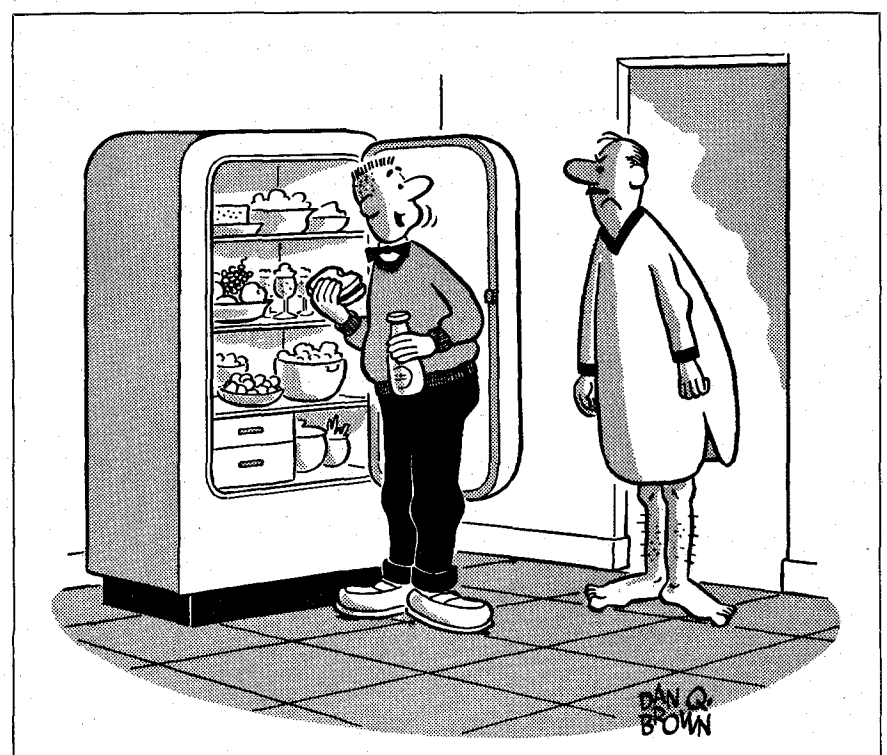
Coming from the high-pressure magazine world back to the New England we love, we found the change of pace a delight. We had time before supper to watch a pair of chipmunks play on a wall, to sit in the kitchen and tell the Parkers what we'd seen that day, and to hear their news.

There was time to enjoy life. We even took naps in the afternoon without feeling we had to apologize to anyone—including ourselves. One Sunday afternoon while Anne slept, we took a long walk up the old logging road that was a memory in the woods, a road shown by a line of sky left by the absence of tall trees. Underfoot the ground was soft with half a century's carpet of leaves, and the sun cast a dappled design on the brown forest floor. It was quiet and cool and a long time from today. We passed the stacked cords of wood where Charley had spent last winter chopping a season's supply. Now the farm has central heat. His is the last generation of the family to spend a winter in those woods working alone, sweaty in spite of the cold, to supply a dozen hungry fireplaces.

Other afternoons and evenings we explored the countryside by car. In first gear we ambled along country roads, never driving so fast that we missed the line of cows outlined against an evening sky as they marched along the crest of hilltop pastures. Still driving, we crept up on a family of foxes stalking down the road. One evening we stopped by a chicken farm for an hour as Anne stared in delight at literally thousands of chickens parading for her in their pompous ceremonial gait.

During these twelve days, indeed, all the farm animals in Anne's picture books came to life—sheep, goats, cows, horses, chickens,

(*Continued on Page 42*)



"Oh, your daughter went to bed an hour ago, sir."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Don't miss the fun of smoking...

pleasure

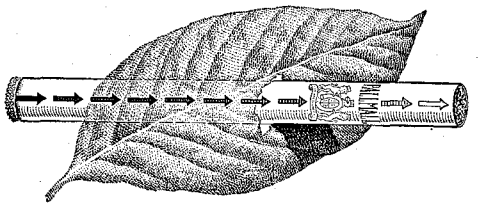
Your appreciation of PALL MALL quality has made it America's most successful and most imitated cigarette.

COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY—"TOBACCO IS OUR MIDDLE NAME"

Pall Mall filters the smoke — but never the fun of smoking

Mildness is a *pleasure* with PALL MALL because PALL MALL's greater length filters the *smoke*—but never the *fun* of smoking. You get every bit of the flavor that makes smoking a pleasure while PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke further, filters the smoke and makes it mild. So don't miss the fun of smoking. Buy PALL MALL Famous Cigarettes in the distinguished red package today!

Don't miss the fun of smoking



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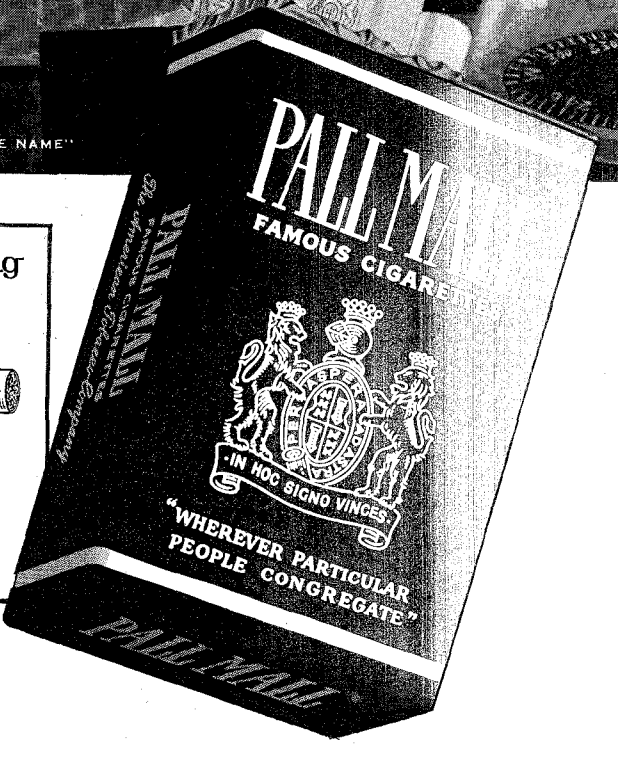

Outstanding...and they are Mild!

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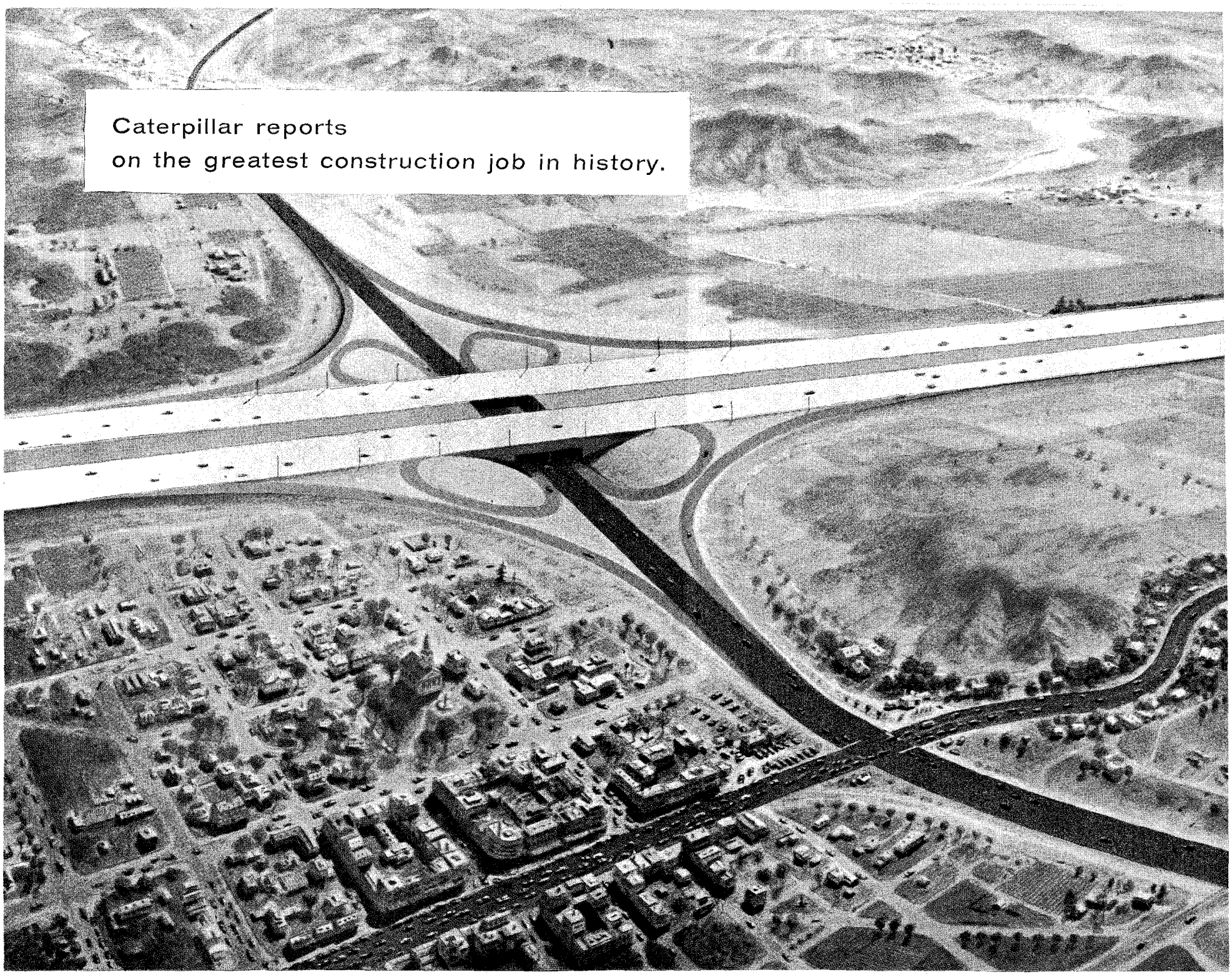

Here's what a typical portion of the magnificent Interstate Highway System is going to look like.

[Colors refer to section of road in picture above.]

INTERSTATE SYSTEM FREEWAY

Depending on traffic demands, a Freeway will be 2, 4, 6 or 8 lanes—each lane at least 12 feet in width. Shoulders will be at least 10 feet; center strips, in rural areas, will be a minimum of 36 feet wide. States will set speed limits, but, to provide a margin of safety, the Freeways are designed for 50 MPH in urban areas to 70 MPH in open, flat country. These super roads will go around most towns to speed your trip and to give townspeople relief from dangerous congestion caused by through traffic. The Freeways will be of "Controlled Access" design. That means there will be no intersections. No railroad crossings. Not even driveways. This safety design is expected to save thousands of lives a year! When the Freeways cross a road like this—

STATE HIGHWAY

—either an underpass or overpass will be built, eliminating a dangerous intersection. State highways like this, and farm-to-market roads (dark gray

This is no dream! We're building 41,000 miles of Freeways like this

Work has started! Money's authorized!

It's the Interstate Highway System—part of the nation's gigantic $50 billion road building program. Here's what it means to you.

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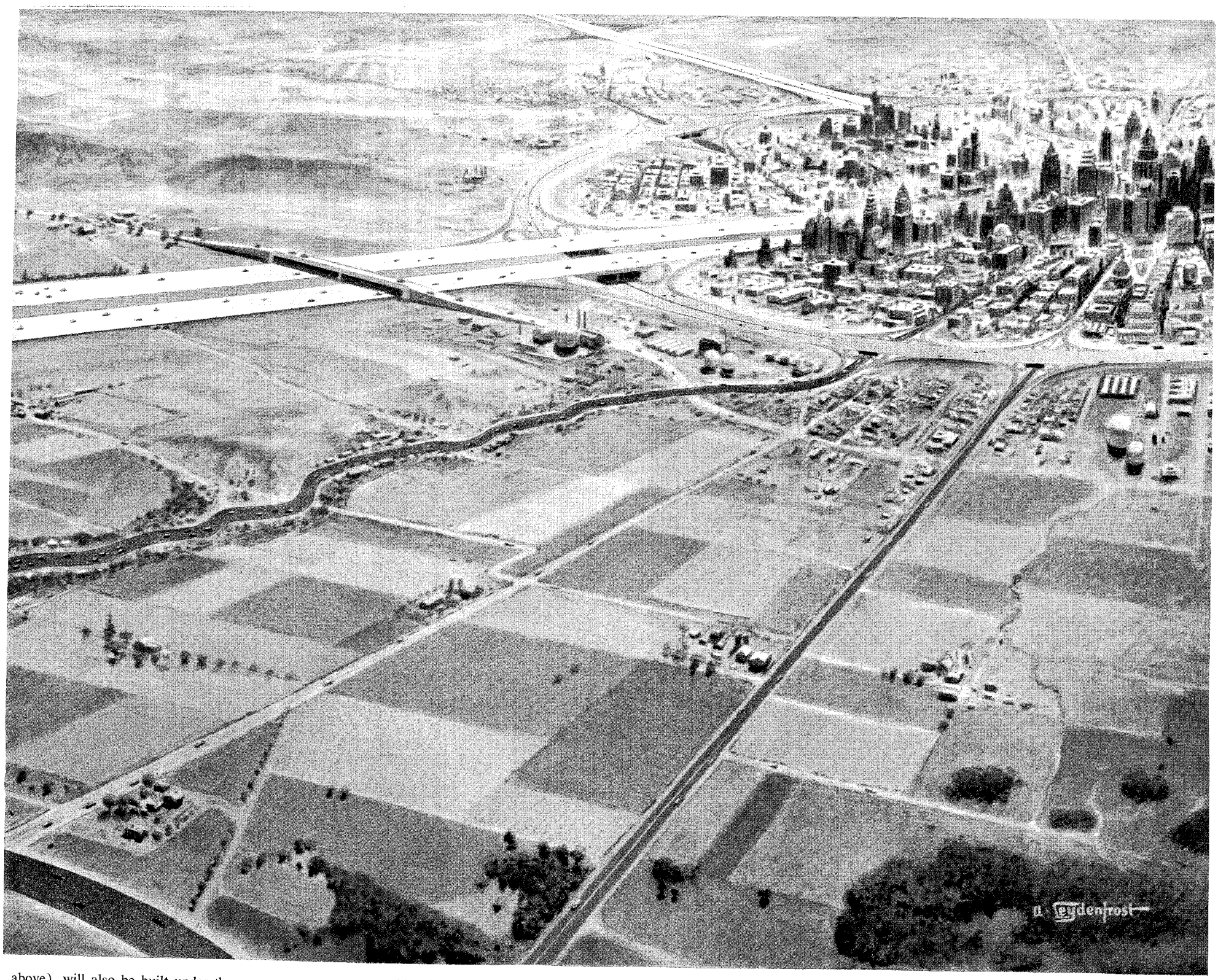

above), will also be built under the new program. You will get on and off the Freeways by means of—

ACCESS ROADS

They will permit you to merge safely with through traffic by means of a speed-change lane and to leave the same way. Access points will be placed where traffic requires them. But for safety's sake, they should be *at least* one mile apart to give traffic sufficient time to merge smoothly. Many access roads will lead to—

FORMER MAIN ROUTE

Not built to Interstate standards, it goes through towns, contains dangerous intersections and curves. Some roads of this type will be rebuilt to become part of the Interstate System. But two-thirds of the Freeways will be *new* roads. In many places, the old highway becomes a service road for the Freeway, offering gasoline stations, restaurants, stores and motels—none of which are permitted direct access to the Freeways. Large signs will notify travelers where they can turn off for such services.

Another part of the Interstate System will be the—

INTERSTATE BELT HIGHWAYS

They will take through traffic *around* big cities. At the edge of the city, motorists will have their choice of switching to the Belt highway or following the Freeway into the center of the city. Large cities will have many Freeways leading into the business area from different directions. They will speed local traffic—permitting you to drive downtown swiftly, and safely.

Hop in the family car and drive to practically any city in the nation without a traffic light to delay you . . . or a crossroad to endanger your life. You'll be traveling on the new Interstate Highway System—a network of multi-lane Freeways that will race through all 48 states, serve 209 of our large cities and many, many smaller ones.

This is part of the boldest construction job ever conceived by man—60 times greater than the Panama Canal. Yet our highway officials, engineers and contractors, working with giant Caterpillar earthmoving equipment, can complete the job in only 15 years with your help.

Construction men and equipment cannot do the job alone. *You* have an important part to play, if you are going to enjoy the benefits of this highway system on schedule. Your state may need your support to modernize its highway laws or to provide funds to share in the advantages of this Freeway system.

Get all the facts—free! Find out how near you will be to an Interstate Freeway. Get the latest list of all cities which will be served. See how thousands of lives will be saved each year. Send for "The Road Ahead," a free booklet giving you all details on the greatest construction job in history. You'll be proud of your nation. Write today to Dept. 6, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

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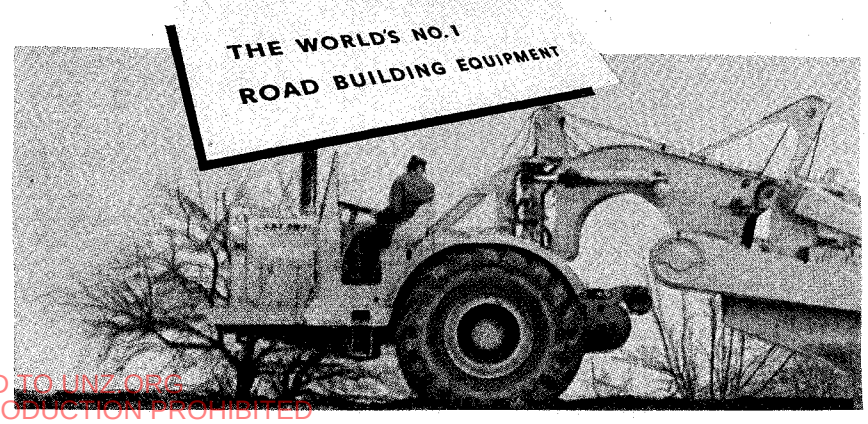

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"Well, they could hold their meetings here unless that would interfere with your visitors."

"I never had a visitor," he said evenly. "I live two thousand miles from here."

How do we miss these things? I talked to my husband that night.

"The only thing that I can think of that is better organized than the USO in this town is the FBI," he said.

"Well, the men could meet in his room and help him somehow, couldn't they?"

"One of these nights there is going to be a murder right here on Elmwood Drive."

Simply to keep him happy I said, "Who'll be the corpse?"

"You're so right," he said. "Your name is first on the list."

But the men went to the hospital—and that importer never used his drug order again.

When spring came, our family en masse attended a dance recital for the only possible reason anybody would—our daughter participated. At the end of the program an excited Italian woman dashed over to me and, throwing her arms around me, kissed me noisily and well. Her husband, laughing loudly, followed and he, too, gathered me close and kissed me thoroughly. Out of the corner of my eye I saw my husband, his Danish blood congealed, heading the family out a side door to safety. Only my daughter stayed, and, laughing, I said, "This is my girl."

The woman yanked Pat to her and kissed her many, many times, and then, talking excitedly in Italian, passed Pat on to her husband, who pulled her close and kissed her repeatedly. Pat, her father's daughter, would rather be beaten than kissed in public, but I watched as she accepted these kisses happily.

Driving home, she said, "Mom, what did those people mean?"

"Well," I said, "I took care of their little girl this past winter, and they feel that I helped her get home again."

"Well," Pat said, "of course."

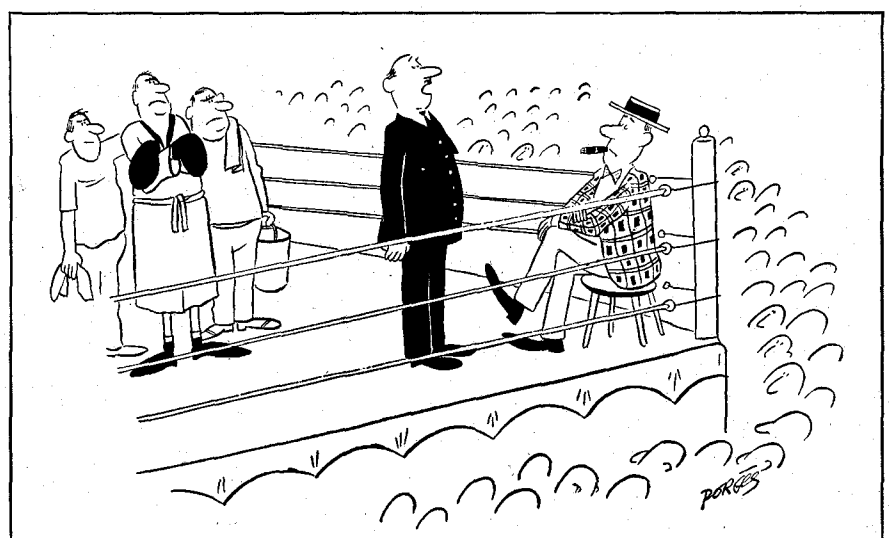
Johnny took his hand off the wheel long enough to cover mine for a few seconds. We have never had a seriously ill youngster, but we have held our breath, waiting.

One night I admitted a youngster the same size, age and coloring as my Pat, acutely ill, her eyes puffed completely shut with nephritis. My heart tied itself in knots and stayed that way. Driving home at midnight through a sleeping town, I asked myself the old question. Why so many blessings for me?

When I pulled into our garage I sat awhile.

Johnny's voice came from the front door. "You live in here, remember?"

I got out then and started to shut the garage door.



"May I have a look at your ticket stub?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Leave it open," Johnny said. "The barn swallows are back."

"No," I laughed. "How did we get around to this time of the year?"

"They started carrying mud tonight."

"A new nest?"

"Nope. Just making repairs."

Just like me, I thought. We went into the living room, and Johnny snapped off the TV and I kicked off my shoes.

"Ever hear of a word that sounds like 'temporary'?" he asked.

I looked up to see if he was laughing. He wasn't.

"I'm a dead duck," he said. "I made a drink. Let's celebrate."

"What?" I asked.

"Do you have to have something to celebrate?" he asked coldly.

"No," I said.

Still there seemed to be something special between us, and I expected him to say words that I could remember forever, but he lifted his glass and said the same thing he has been saying at intervals to just anybody any time: "Mud in your eye!"

Well, the barn swallows have repaired their nest for a number of springs, now. Highland Park Hospital has integrated Highwood Hospital, renamed it the Medical Pavilion, and gained forty beds. Four hundred volunteer workers gave 33,000 hours to our town hospital last year, and Administrator Herbert R. Rodde estimates this payroll saving at about $53,000.

Last year, 4923 patients were admitted, 759 babies born, 2196 emergencies handled, 1835 patients had surgery performed, 18,686 physical-therapy treatments were given, 61,972 prescriptions filled. With seventy-one on the medical staff and 125 on the nursing staff, President Edward A. Ravenscroft reports the year 1956 the busiest year in the history of the hospital.

By crowding beds into the Doctors' Room, the Fathers' Room, the Visiting Room, at the end of the hall, in the center of the hall, and by eliminating private rooms, the total bed capacity, including the Medical Pavilion, has been raised to 172. We now service an area population of 40,700, which in three years is estimated to increase another 10,000. Overcrowding in the hospital is not only dangerous but it makes the handling of even a minor catastrophe impossible. Expansion is imperative, and a fund-raising drive opens this summer. The goal is a staggering $2,300,000. The sum will be met, because the men running the drive are determined, successful people in their own right, and because the appeal goes out to an alerted community that faces the cold fact that the facilities and services of their community hospital will be just as good as they themselves help to make them.

Meanwhile, life moves on in the Jacobsen family. Johnny has made the long trip from stock room to general manager of the F. W. Stewart Corporation. Pat, our girl, is just seventeen and a straight-A student at an all-girl high school, Convent of the Sacred Heart, Lake Forest, Illinois. Grandmother, my mother, died quickly and easily this past Palm Sunday, her last wish fulfilled—an Irish priest, Father Shea, anointed her. She died at the Medical Pavilion in the same bed that Joe's friend, the importer, occupied not long ago. I thought of him, of the son he lost in Korea, and of the dripping snowball.

And now something else is just beginning. The Home for Retired Railroad Men in Highland Park has been sold, because only twenty men were housed in space that would hold 100. The home is now the Villa St. Cyril, a home for aged men and women of all faiths, operated by the Sisters of St. Cyril and Methodius. The twenty railroad men elected to stay on, and twenty-six other men and women have entered in recent months, with more making steady application. Once again the call has gone out for volunteers.

My day of service is Wednesday. I pick up a friend. She is soft-spoken, gentle and kind. She answers the phone, does clerical work, fixes flowers and answers letters that stiffened fingers cannot write now. A beauty-shop operator who bowls with me cuts hair and gives permanents. Other busy women pitch in. Only a very few of them have even cleaning help, but all have husbands, children, houses to care for; many have careers, and many pay sitters so that they may be free to give this time. Active oldsters come in to talk, to play cards, listen to records. An organized group gives parties. Cub Scouts polish shoes, and Brownies and Girl Scouts sing and with shy smiles offer little handmade gifts. Pat and her age group carry trays, run errands, shop.

What do I do? Fill a pipe, take blood pressures, cut food into chewable pieces, give a bed bath, laugh often—especially laugh often, because laughter is an ached-for thing here, a flashback to remembered family living. There are things to learn here too. You leave a too-busy world and settle into the slowed tempo of the aged and infirm. There is a timelessness here that is good to absorb because, with the need to hurry removed, it is easier to know and remember basic values.

And as always for me, there are so many compensations. A hand, transparent with age, reaches out and pats mine briefly. Thin, dry lips decide to smile, and an aged face suddenly takes on the open look of the very young child. A fat robin, hunting a nesting spot, stops briefly on the window sill, but long enough for some to see. An apple tree tosses madly in the wind and shakes out thick white blobs that float downward in a springtime storm of pinkish petals.

So, in every worthwhile project, family by family we are involved and, family by family, united a little. But there is still a frightening shortage of specialists in all fields. No matter how many generous volunteers come forward—and without them many hospitals and convalescent homes could not exist today—the need for those professionally trained for supervision, medication, treatment and emergency is a very plain must.

That is why a growing number of married, retired registered nurses are reaching up to pin their caps on once again. They are going back to work for a few hours or a few days, giving time that is often hard to find. They are not going by choice nor for financial return. They are going because they're needed.

Secrets of the Unknown War (Continued from Page 15)

agreement with the United States which said that America would protect Greenland against aggressors; also, it gave the United States the right to establish military bases on Greenland.—ED.]

The very fact that Eske Brun had defied the Germans made it seem all the more likely that they would come there sooner or later. The populated west coast was quite safe from raids; the sea and the air on that side of Greenland were firmly under American control. But along the wild 1600 miles of the east coast there was nothing whatever to stop the Germans from landing.

Eske Brun, without a single soldier or any weapon more dangerous than a hunting rifle, consulted the Americans about this problem. They were not yet at war, but they were interested in the possibility of a German foothold in Greenland. However, short of committing a vast organization of ships and planes, they could not do much at that time.

Their first reaction was to ask Eske Brun to order everybody then on the northern half of the coast to come south to the settlement at Scoresby Sound. They pointed out that the coast would be easier to patrol if it was known to be totally uninhabited, so that anyone who was found there could be treated as an enemy on sight. After some hesitation, Eske Brun agreed.

At that moment, scattered along the 700 miles of coast beyond Scoresby Sound, there was a total of twenty-six men and one woman. There were twelve hunters, some Danish and some Norwegian. Each of them lived alone, except the one man who had his wife with him. These men very seldom saw one another. Besides the hunters, there were three Danish weather stations, which had radio transmitters, and one Norwegian one, and each of them had a staff of three or four men. By radio through the weather stations, the order was sent out. Gradually, in the course of the summer, all the hunters drifted in to the weather stations or to Scoresby Sound.

Eske Brun had invited the Americans to patrol his coast, and they had hesitated, so he offered to do it himself. Possibly, he thought, a few men who knew the arctic well could do more than an army and a navy and an air force. Armed only with hunting rifles, they could not prevent a landing, but they might be able to detect it, so that he could tell the

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Americans where it was. By radio to Scoresby Sound, he asked for volunteers, and chose fifteen. He called them the North East Greenland Sledge Patrol, and as their headquarters, because it was near the middle of their beat, he selected the red wooden house at Eskimoness.

The house at Eskimoness was on the south side of Clavering Island; its window looked out across a wide open bay to the mountains of the great headland with the curious name of Hold With Hope. From season to season, everything in this prospect alters except the outline of the mountains. In July and August, the waters of the bay are blue, the mountains brown and gray except for the snow on their summits and the glaciers among them. All through the summer, from the great glaciers at the head of the bay, a stately procession of icebergs drifts slowly toward the open sea.

The sea freezes quite suddenly in the autumn. Whatever icebergs are passing at that moment are frozen in and become part of the landscape. There is no movement then except the movement of the sky, and no sound except the sound of the wind. The birds have gone, the animals are seldom to be seen.

The seven men who had wintered at Eskimoness were members of the sledge patrol. The eight other members were stationed at Ella Island and at Scoresby Sound. Each man had a sledge and a team of dogs, and their assignment from Eske Brun was to patrol the coast from just south of Scoresby Sound up to the farthest limit which is ever navigable—that is to say, from seventy to seventy-seven degrees north. As the crow flies, their beat was 500 miles long. If anyone had the patience to measure the length of the coastline they had to patrol, along each of the fjords and round each of the islands, it might be 10,000 miles. But it did not seem to them an unreasonable task. Some of them thought it was unnecessary, but none of them thought it was difficult.

The leader of these men was a Dane named Ib Poulsen. He was a slightly built, quiet, self-contained young man, the son of a bookseller in a provincial Danish town. After he had finished his apprenticeship in bookshops, some latent spirit of adventure had made him take a temporary job in Greenland. He never went back to bookselling.

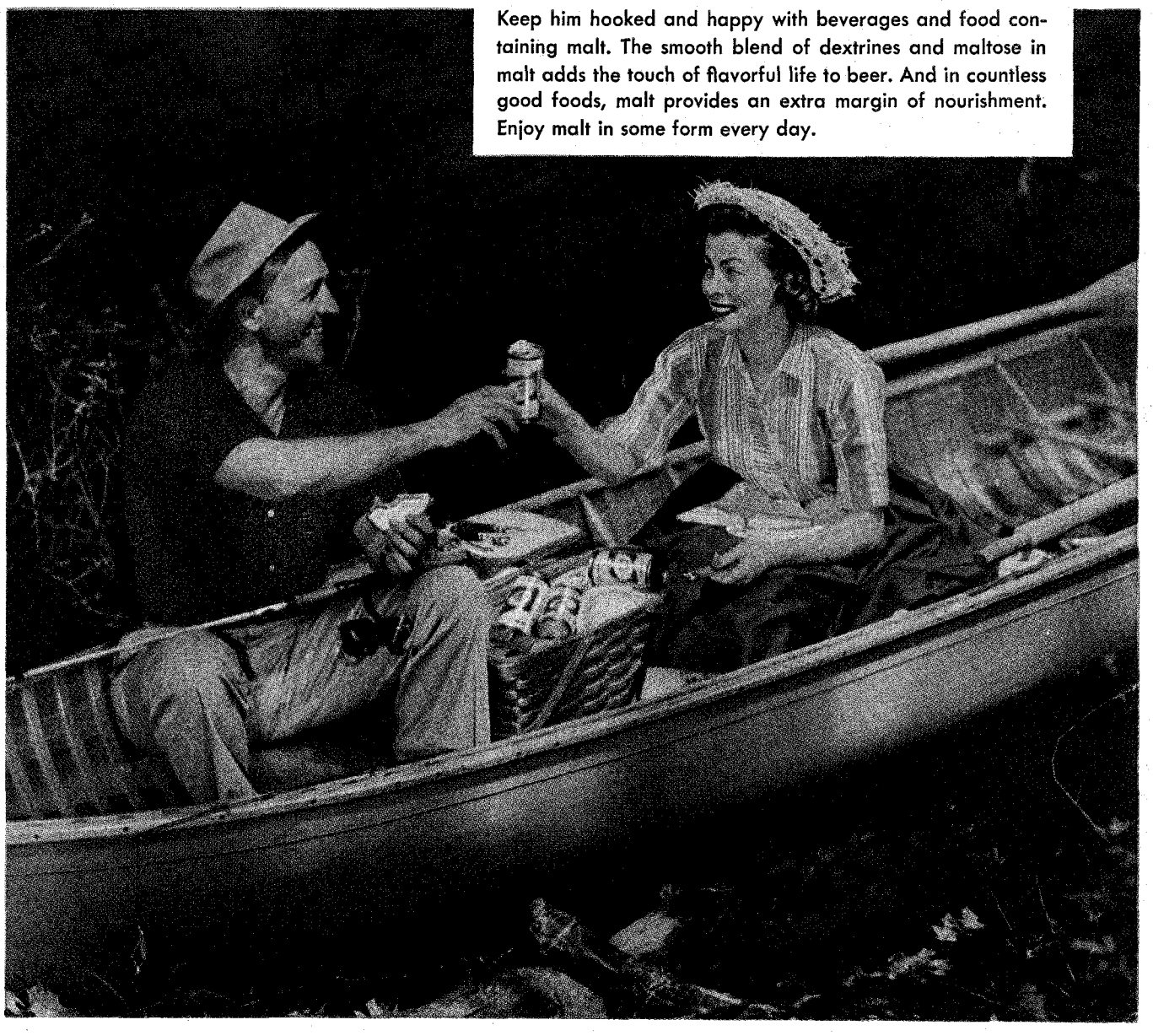
When the Germans invaded Denmark, Poulsen had been at home on leave. By then he had spent four years in Northeast Greenland, mostly as a radio operator in the service of Count Eigil Knuth, one of the great men of Danish arctic exploration. Count Knuth had an arctic station of his own, one of the four stations in Northeast Greenland which broadcast daily weather observations. Even in the summer of 1940, after the invasion of Denmark and after Dunkirk, all these stations were still transmitting in plain international code, simply because nobody had told them to stop. Accurate weather reports from Greenland were equally important to both sides in the battle between German submarines and British convoys. Anybody could pick up the Northeast Greenland broadcasts, and the British and the Germans were both using them. Yet the British seemed not to have thought of supplying the stations with secret codes, and nobody in Denmark could send them a signal without the Germans' consent.

The men at Count Knuth's station were due for relief. Poulsen and he discussed the situation and agreed that the open transmissions had to stop. Then the Count applied to the Germans for permission to send Poulsen back to Greenland, with two other men from Denmark: Kurt Olsen, a seventeen-year-old radio operator, and Marius Jensen, a man of about thirty who had been a hunter in Northeast Greenland before the war. Of course, the Germans wanted this free gift of weather information to go on as long as possible, and so they agreed to allow a small ship to sail from Norway to Greenland. The ship was supposed to bring back the men who were being relieved, but nobody on board had the least intention of coming back at all.

The ship could not reach Count Knuth's station, which was in seventy-seven degrees north, because the ice did not open that summer, but once Poulsen was clear of German control, he was able to send a radio signal which stopped the unciphered broadcasts. The ship eventually reached Greenland and in the following winter Poulsen reached the station by sledge. He was still there when Eske Brun gave the order for everybody to come south. So this former bookseller became the leader of the sledge patrol and, at the age of thirty-two, found himself in charge of 100,000 square miles of Denmark's colony. Nobody ever had a more isolated command than Poulsen or more tenuous authority. He had never met Eske Brun; he had no uniform or military status; nothing but a radio telegram in code to say that a sledge patrol was established and that he was the head of it.

Poulsen took his command very seriously. Certainly his position gave him plenty to worry about. When he had cut off the international weather reports, he had known that the German navy or air force might try to do something to fill the gap. In September, 1941, in fact, the United States Coast Guard cutter North-

How to land a fisherman



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land had captured a three-man German weather station that had just begun operating on the northeast coast. But in spite of this episode, Poulsen found it difficult to explain the danger to his hunters; nothing could quite persuade them that it was not a lot of nonsense.

By the time the sledge patrol had assembled at Eskimoness, Kurt Olsen, a tough, handsome young man, had impressed the old hunters as never being afraid of anything, and Eske Brun had appointed him second in command. Jensen, like Poulsen, was slightly built and extremely reserved. The other members of the patrol were two young Eskimos named William and Mikael; Peter Nielsen, a young Danish hunter; and Henry Rudi, one of the arctic's great experts on bear hunting. Rudi, a Norwegian, was a cheerful man in his middle fifties and he had lived in the arctic for most of his life. He was said to have shot more polar bears than any other man alive—somewhere in the neighborhood of 1000. These men may have had little in common, but at Eskimoness they felt the unspoken brotherhood which unites men in the arctic.

This brotherhood is not a sentimental fiction, it is real. Unless one understands it one cannot entirely understand why the men who got caught up in the extraordinary events at Eskimoness behaved as they did.

There is nothing to struggle for in the arctic, except to keep alive in difficult surroundings, and in this all men are in co-operation, never in competition; and so mutual distrust has almost died away. There is no crime worth mentioning in the true unexploited arctic. Nobody ever locks a door. A traveler may walk into anybody's house and stay there, whether the owner is at home or away. Political and social quarrels seem absurd, and nobody takes much account of nationality.

Besides this, nobody who has ever lived in the arctic for long has remained unmoved by its harmony and beauty. Even the least sensitive of men, alone in the arctic, feels nearer to whatever God he worships. So the arctic paradox arises: that, although a man must be physically tough, his relations with other men are gc le, trustful and peculiarly innocent.

With these traditions, the winter passed pleasantly at Eskimoness. The hunters were away most of the time and they were reasonably conscientious in carrying out the job which they had scoffed at. At Eskimoness the sun is seen for the last time about the end of October. After that, around the middle of each day, there is a sunrise glow in the sky above the mountains of Hold With Hope, but each day the glow becomes less, and in December, even on clear days, it is hardly discernible. The sun rises again at the beginning of February. But to say it is dark for three months does not mean one can never see. When the weather is clear there is starlight or moonlight or the light of the aurora, and the gleaming white country reflects all the light there is. There is no color at all in the nightlit landscape. The moon shadows on the ice are gray.

Poulsen and Kurt Olsen had to make weather observations and encode them and transmit them every six hours and, because they were the only radio operators, they could seldom leave the station for more than a few hours. They envied the others when they watched them go. There is something irresistibly exciting in driving a dog sledge out across the sea ice in the starlight and hearing the sledge runners hissing on the snow or rumbling with a deep bass echo on the hard ice.

At Eskimoness, there were sixty or seventy dogs, not counting the puppies, when all the men were at home, because each of them had a team of eight or ten. A dog team is driven by four Eskimo words of command and a twenty-five-foot sealskin whip. The signal to go or to hurry is an urgent "Ah, ah," like the bark of a dog. To stop is a more soothing, long-drawn "Ai." Right is a high-pitched, quickly repeated, "Illi, illi, illi." Left is "Yu, yu." Right and left are backed by a crack of the whip on the opposite side to the way the team is supposed to turn.

It is surprising that this archaic kind of transport, which Eskimos have used since before the beginning of history, should still have been the best kind in 1943, but so it was. A Greenland dog never suffers from the cold. It does not need anything which is not provided by nature on the Greenland coast, and it never breaks down. A ten-dog team can pull a weight of about 800 pounds. With a light sledge on hard ice, they are said to be able to gallop at twenty-five miles an hour for a short distance. With a normal load on a long journey, fifteen to twenty miles a day is an average, and forty miles is a good day's run.

There were two reasons why the members of the sledge patrol had tackled the job with so little misgiving; and one of them was that they knew the dogs would do most of it for them. Downwind, they can scent a man or a bear or a hut that is lived in, two or three miles away. They will always make towards the scent, unless the driver can stop them, to see what is going on. All the men had to do was to drive along offshore, and rely on the dogs to smell out an enemy.

The second reason why the job was not impossible was that nobody can move around in the arctic without leaving tracks. On the sea ice, the snow is seldom thick; the wind blows it away as soon as it has fallen. But a sledge or skis or even a pair of boots compress the snow so that it cannot blow away. Fresh tracks appear as hollows in the snow, but after a wind the loose snow collects in drifts and the tracks in wind-blown places are left as hard, raised ridges which often stand where they are until the spring. So the patrols did not look for human figures or for huts. They looked for tracks.

The men kept up their patrol all through the winter. Generally, in the dark time, there is between forty and ninety degrees of frost—about ten degrees below zero to sixty below—and appalling blizzards tear down the icecap to the sea. It is usually thought to be too dangerous to travel. But it can be done if the traveler is prepared to live as simply as Eskimos have lived for centuries, and if he is never careless. He carries a tent and two primus stoves—one for cooking, another for heat. He carries matches and primus prickers—fine needles used to clear the stove jets—in a very safe place of their own, such as a bag on a string around his neck, because a man once nearly lost his life by losing his primus pricker. His gear includes a sleeping bag and ground sheet of reindeer skin, and a rifle—besides, of course, his sledge and skis. With this primitive equipment, the patrol men sometimes journeyed for two months away from Eskimoness.

Usually, they slept in huts. Before Eske Brun's order had put an end to ordinary hunting, each hunter had had his own district, about sixty miles square, with a fairly elaborate hut called a hunting station in the middle of it. Also, he had a lot of smaller huts, about six feet square, spaced about ten miles apart, a day's march for a man who was working traps. In 1943, all the stations in the neighborhood of seventy-six degrees north were deserted, but the stations and some of the huts were still stocked with coal and driftwood, and in some the patrol had laid depots of dog food and paraffin.

The seven men on their tremendous winter journeys were physically isolated by hundreds of miles of utterly barren mountains, but perhaps their mental isolation was even more complete. That was the winter of Stalingrad, North Africa, Russian convoys, air raids on England, talk of the second front. Poulsen at Eskimoness used to hear of these things on his radio. Sometimes when the men came back to their base he remembered to tell them some odds and ends of news about the war, but for them there was no reality in world events. They never quite forgot that they were there to search for other human beings, but as the winter passed they could not believe they would ever meet anyone in that beautiful wilderness, or that if they did, the strangers would not be as friendly as all men had always been in Northeast Greenland. But in that they were wrong.

The German trawler Sachsen had sailed from Kiel in the summer of 1942, under orders of naval headquarters in Berlin. The ship had nineteen men on board. Her captain was Hermann Ritter, a reserve lieutenant in the German navy, and besides her crew, she carried a doctor, two radio operators and a team of meteorologists. When Poulsen and Count Knuth between them had put an end to the international weather reports, it had made a gap, as they expected, in the Germans' forecasts; the Sachsen's mission was to fill the gap. By 1942 Russia was in the war, and the British had started their convoys to the Russian arctic ports. Submarine warfare and long-range air reconnaissance had spread north to the arctic, and the convoys were being helped and the Germans hindered by the lack of German weather observations.

For Lieutenant Ritter, this voyage in the middle of the war was something like a homecoming. Ritter was a man of fifty, graying a little, very tall and thin and aquiline. He was a German only by a chance of politics. He came of mixed French and Italian and Scandinavian stock; his birthplace was in the part of the Austrian Empire which became Czechoslovakia after World War I. Then, in 1939, when the Germans invaded Czechoslovakia, his nationality was changed again. This time, he was simply told he was a German.

By then, Ritter had had several jobs, mostly as an officer in merchant ships of various nationalities. But about 1930 he had been one of the crew of the Prince of Monaco's yacht on a cruise to Spitsbergen, and Ritter was yet another man who had fallen in love at first sight with the arctic. He went back to Spitsbergen and lived there humbly for five years as a hunter. Those had been the only perfectly happy and carefree years he could remember since his childhood.

He had been delighted to be given command of the Sachsen, an appointment which would take him back to the arctic. As it happened, the appointment had also saved him from a difficult situation. He had been captain of a naval auxiliary vessel running between the North Sea and the Baltic ports behind the Russian front, but he had suddenly been removed from his command by the Gestapo. He did not know why he was under suspicion. A good many people knew he was not a Nazi, but he had always done his duty as an officer. Nobody had ever told him what went on behind the scenes, but it seemed to him afterwards that the navy had defied the Gestapo by quickly finding him a new command. When plans were made for the Sachsen's voyage, Ritter, who had been an arctic hunter, was an obvious choice as her commander.

The Gestapo affair had scared Ritter, not for himself so much as for his wife and his only daughter. But he had hopes of making a great success of the Sachsen. His orders were to establish the meteorological party ashore in Northeast Greenland. It was left to him to choose a place. If he could get his ship out of the ice again after the landing, he was to come home; if not, he was to winter there himself.

Ritter was the only man on board who knew the arctic, and the others were eager to listen to everything he could tell them, and he poured out his recollections of his years at Spitsbergen. He confided most in the senior meteorologist, Doctor Weiss, and the expedition's doctor, whose name was Sensse, and in a man called Schmidt, who seemed to be educated. Back in Germany, he had been worried about Schmidt, because he was a keen Nazi Party member. Now, in his own excitement at returning to the arctic, his doubts seemed unfounded.

None of these Germans had ever been to Greenland, and nobody in Germany knew very much about it. They had been given some excellent Danish maps, taken from Copenhagen, and in July, Doctor Weiss had flown over the northeast coast in a Focke-Wulf reconnaissance aircraft from Norway. On that flight, they had specially looked at the meteorological stations which were marked on the maps. At Eskimoness the Danish flag was flying, so they knew somebody was living there, but none of them knew whether the coast was patrolled or guarded.

The Sachsen passed well north of Iceland without being detected by enemy ships and then turned farther north to penetrate the ice before she closed the coast of Greenland. On August twenty-sixth Ritter sighted land. It was the southern point of Shannon Island, at seventy-five degrees north latitude.

He had hoped to go farther north than that, but between Shannon Island and the mainland he saw an unbroken mass of solid polar ice. So he turned south, determined to land wherever he could find a sheltered anchorage. The first point he approached was Sabine Island, and there he saw open water close inshore. On the northeast corner of this island, there is a tiny fjord called Hansa Bay. It was free of ice. He turned the Sachsen's bow towards it and steamed slowly in. In the middle of the bay she ran aground.

Sabine Island was not a place which Ritter would have chosen if the ice had not forced him there. It was only seventy miles from Eskimoness, the only place on the coast which he knew was inhabited—a next-door neighbor, as distances are reckoned in the arctic. But, in fact, it was a very lucky choice. It was notorious as a bad hunting ground, so the men of the sledge patrol never went there unless they had to.

The Sachsen was floated again without much trouble, and anchored farther in, near the head of the bay. But on their way north, in a storm, one of their lifeboats had been smashed, and with only one boat left, it was clearly going to take a long time to get all the meteorologists' gear ashore. Anyhow, the freeze-up was imminent. To make a thorough job, Ritter could only wait till the ship was frozen in, and then land in comfort across the ice. Besides that, the radio transmitter which the meteorologists had brought turned out to be inadequate, so the ship's transmitter had to be used to send the weather reports. Ritter was glad to have such a good excuse to winter there.

In the meantime, they covered the ship with white camouflage sheets to make it look like an iceberg, and began to explore

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Sabine Island. The island is nine miles square; it has several flat-topped hills about 2000 feet high, and Hansa Bay is surrounded by them. There are two huts on the island: a very small hunting hut on Hansa Bay itself, and an old Danish hunting station on the south end of the island, near a small bay appropriately called Germania Harbor.

Hansa Bay was a good place for defense. The steep hills protected it from the air, and anyone coming across the open ice from the north or south would be at the mercy of a sentry with a machine gun in a prepared position. But in any case, Ritter's first line of defense was simply to avoid being seen, and that was easy. His ship froze in and snow drifted over her till she was buried. The huts which were built on shore were buried too. By October there was nothing to be seen in Hansa Bay except a slender radio mast, some mounds of snow and a network of human tracks. By then the base was sending reports three times a day to the German navy.

It is hard to say exactly when trouble began up there on Sabine Island. There were too many men ashore and they did not have enough to do. It was dangerous to let them roam around, not only because they might have got into difficulties but because of the tracks which they would leave for any traveler to see, if there were any travelers. But after a time Ritter had to take that risk and let them go on short hunting trips toward the open sea, partly to provide fresh meat, but more in order to occupy their minds and give them exercise.

But that was not a very serious trouble; far deeper was the difference between the characters of Ritter and of Schmidt. At first he went on naïvely confiding in Schmidt. But Schmidt remained aloof; sometimes he even seemed hostile. It seemed that he must have thought from the very beginning that the expedition should be commanded by the senior Nazi Party member, not by the senior naval officer.

Ritter felt some sympathy for Schmidt and, to make things easier for him, he made a point of deferring to his wishes. The Nazis, for example, wanted to give a weekly political lecture to the men. Privately, Ritter thought it a ludicrous idea, but he agreed. Then, of course, he had to attend the lectures and to give the impression of endorsing what they propounded. They were embarrassing occasions. Ritter had heard it all before, but suddenly, as he heard it again in the arctic night, the doctrine of Nazism doubly nauseated him.

During the winter he fell into the habit of spending a lot of his time alone, trying to recapture his old feeling for the arctic. Ritter was a deeply religious man, a Catholic by birth and upbringing; and he was introspective. The belief soon began to crystallize in his mind that his duty as an officer and his duty to God could never be reconciled. Slowly, all through that arctic night, a suspicion grew clearer and clearer in his mind—the simple suspicion that the German cause was wrong.

It was later in the winter that Ritter began to be afraid. He was sitting in his cabin reading a book about the arctic when some of his men knocked on his door and came in. Looking at them, he realized that they were a Nazi deputation. When he put his book down, one of them looked at the author's name and said, "You know this man is a Jew." Ritter shrugged his shoulders. They took the book away.

As Ritter pondered over this incident, he was gradually overcome by a sickening sense of dread. He thought he had left the Gestapo behind in Germany, but he began, with horror, to suspect that he had not. He thought bitterly back over the last few months, of all the confiding things he had said to Schmidt, all he had told him about the friendship of the arctic, the liberal concepts he had tried to put into words, all the ideas which meant so much to him. And, now that he came to think of it, these ideas were the opposite of Nazism.

Now that it was too late, he saw how unwise he had been to let his enthusiasm carry him away. Schmidt had made no comment, but had he been carefully noting it down against him? Ritter was not afraid for himself, but the old fear rose up again for his wife and daughter. He made up his mind to be careful not to offend his Nazis any more. But a week or two later, the doctor, Sensse, came into his cabin.

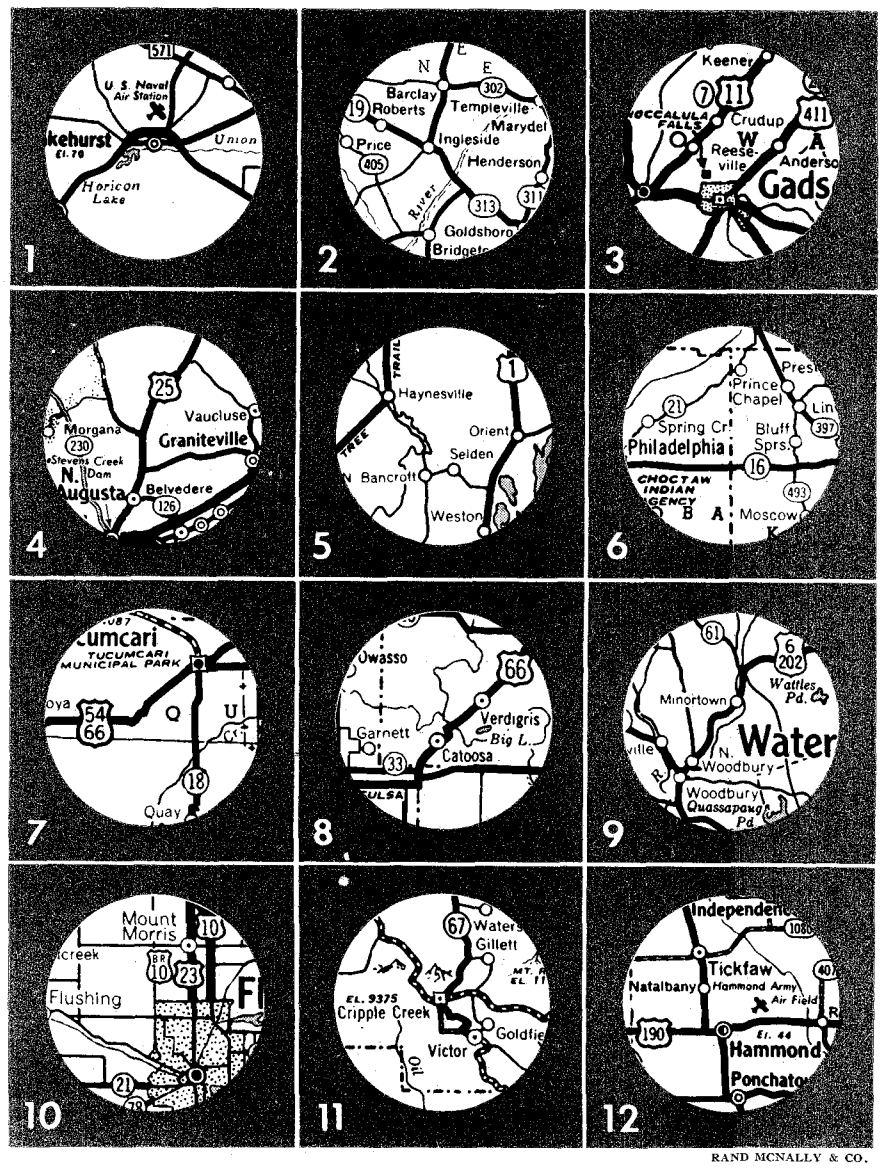
"Ritter," he said, "I think you ought to know that some of the men are trying to send a telegram to Berlin to say you are not to be trusted."

The doctor said that, so far as he knew, the telegram had not actually been sent. One of the Nazis, he said, had given it to the radio operator with instructions to send it without telling the captain. The radio operator, caught between two authorities, had asked the doctor for advice, and the doctor had decided that Ritter was in command and ought to be told. Ritter thanked him. He had always liked Doctor Sensse, and had never been able to believe he approved of the Nazi Party. Yet Ritter did not dare question him more closely.

Later, thinking about the telegram, Ritter took it for granted that Schmidt was at the back of it; but he wondered if Schmidt had really wanted the telegram to go. It was hardly likely that Berlin would have acted on it without any further inquiries. But on the other hand, if Schmidt had not meant to send it, but had planned that the doctor should tell him about it, then the thing had a point: it was a final warning to Ritter, a way of suggesting to him that he had better do as he was told.

Whenever Ritter tried to plan what he ought to say to Schmidt, he came up against a block: Schmidt suspected him of disloyalty to Nazism, and he was right. The difference was that, for Schmidt, that meant disloyalty to Germany, and for Ritter it did not.

By February, when the dark time ended, the German camp was confused by rival loyalties and distorted politics. Its commander was a lonely, bewildered and frightened man. He dared not confide in anyone. Nevertheless, for six months, the German transmitter in Sabine Island had been sending out daily reports, unknown to the British or Americans; they were guiding German submarines and aircraft in their attacks on the arctic convoys.



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Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 48*)

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It was about the beginning of March when Poulsen said to Marius Jensen, "You'd better have a look at Sabine Island."

This was the busiest time of the year for the sledge patrol. The worst of the winter storms were over, and the daylight was rushing toward the equinox, increasing by twenty minutes every day from the darkness of early February to the midnight sun of early May. Spring is the most brilliant of the seasons in Northeast Greenland. It is still very cold, and the thaw is still far away, but the land is deluged with light of superb intensity, and visibility is tremendous. On a clear day one can see at least 120 miles; mountains which are thirty miles away seem no more than four or five.

It is in this cold flood of light that conditions are best for sledging. It is not too cold for the men or too hot for the dogs. So in March and April, Poulsen had planned to cover the whole of the coast and patrol all the places which had been inaccessible in the winter.

In those early days of March, six of the seven men were at Eskimoness. Peter Nielsen had spent most of the winter alone in the district of Hochstetter Foreland, 100 miles north of Eskimoness, and at the end of April he had gone even farther north. Marius Jensen was to take three sledge loads of stores up to Peter, and it was on this journey that Poulsen suggested he should make a detour to Sabine Island, which had not been patrolled for nearly a year.

Marius did not want to go to the island. "You know it's a hopeless place for hunting," he said to Poulsen. "And the weather's bad out there. There's nothing but fog at this time of year."

But it was only a token protest. On March eighth Marius started on his journey with the two Eskimos, William and Mikael. Like all Eskimos, they were perfectly peaceable, easygoing and friendly. The idea of great nations at war was very difficult for them to grasp. To meet a hostile man was just as unlikely, in their experience, as to meet a friendly bear. Because of this natural limitation, Eske Brun had allowed the Eskimos to be enrolled in the sledge patrol only as assistants, to drive sledges and hunt, and lay depots of food. Eske Brun, from the very beginning, had decided never to let Eskimos be involved in anything so unnatural to them as fighting.

On their first day out of Eskimoness, Marius, William and Mikael made their way to an old hunting station called Sandodden, which stands on the shore of Wollaston Foreland. The patrol had used it fairly often because it was thirty miles from Eskimoness, a good first day's journey.

Each of the men was using a team of eight or nine dogs, and their sledges were more heavily loaded than usual. At Sandodden, where they spent the first night, it was a temptation to go straight on over the Kuppel Pass, the usual route to the north, instead of going the long way round the outside of Wollaston Foreland and Sabine Island.

Apart from the weather and the hunting, there was another bad thing about Sabine Island—just south of the island is one of the worst stretches of ice on the coast. The current from the north makes an eddy round the side of the island which breaks up the ice from time to time all through the winter. There may be leads of open water at any time of the year, and there are always pressure ridges where the ice has broken and buckled; so it is always a dangerous, difficult place to pass. But Marius had promised Poulsen he would try it, so that was that.

As the three men went on, all their thoughts were on a single subject: bears. The defect of Sabine Island as a hunting ground was that herds of muskox were not usually to be found there; but there were bears. The muskox is the main source of food for travelers and their dogs. It looks like a small buffalo, stands about four feet high, and is very good to eat. There is nothing exciting about shooting a muskox, but a bear is a very different thing. Hunting a polar bear from a sledge is exciting and fairly dangerous, and a bearskin is worth quite a lot of money; and a traveler may meet a bear at any minute on the outer coast, even around Sabine Island. This possibility shortens the longest journey.

But Marius and the two Eskimos, on their way toward Sabine Island, saw no sign of bears. For the third night of that journey, Marius had decided to stay in the hunting station at Germania Harbor, on the south side of Sabine Island. They approached it across the sound which separates the island from the mainland, after a hard day's driving between ridges and pinnacles of broken ice. The weather was still crystal clear, and from right across the sound, five miles away, they could see the black speck of the hut at the foot of the Sabine hills.

About halfway across, Marius saw his dogs prick up their ears. Their pace began to quicken. Marius thought, *A bear*. He could not see anything, so he called his dogs to a halt and got out his field glasses. He swept the horizon, searching for the slightly yellow speck which he hoped to see. But all he noticed was that Mikael, away to the right, had halted and was examining the ice.

Marius focused his glasses on the hut, and then he saw the quite incredible thing: in the still clear air, a small wisp of smoke was rising from the chimney. Marius stood there, amazed. It was years since he had seen a track in the snow or a sign of life in a hut without knowing at once who had made it. Then Mikael came dashing up, and he was shouting: footsteps—human footsteps—boots—boots with heels. Nobody Marius knew wore boots with heels, except ski boots, and nobody walked about in ski boots. Marius looked again toward the hut, and he saw two specks appear beyond it. Through the glasses they were two men, running. They climbed the hills at the back of the hut and disappeared over a col toward the middle of the island.

After they had got over their first surprise, Marius and the Eskimos drove up to the hut at Germania Harbor. There was nobody there. It was nice and warm inside. The stove was still alight, and there were two half-empty mugs of coffee on the table. Lying on one of the bunks were two daggers, and there was a jacket of an unfamiliar greenish color hanging on the door. Marius looked at it and on the breast of it he saw the swastika.

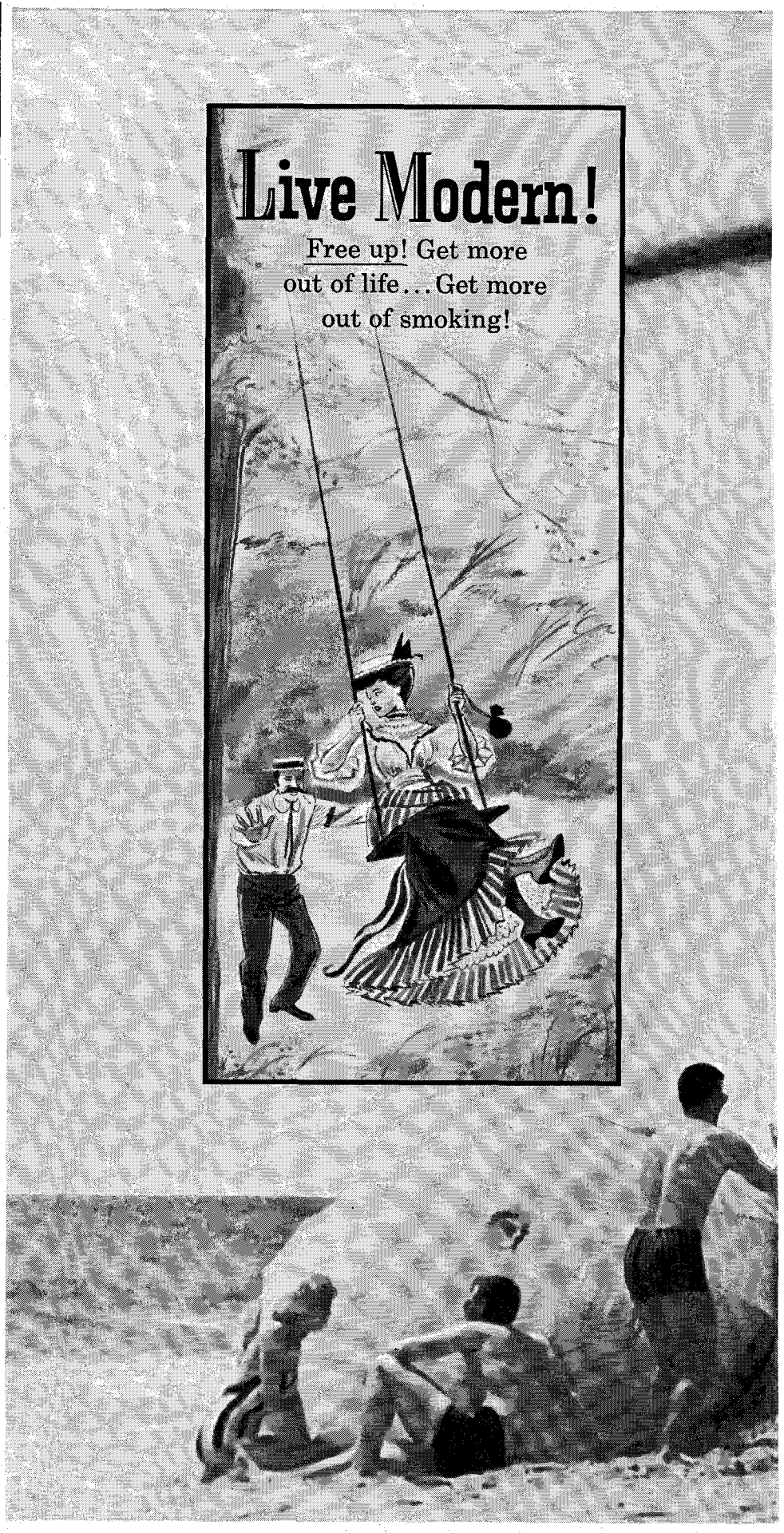
Editors' Note: This is the first of a series of five articles. The second will appear next week.

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Page 47)

1. N.J.	2. Md.	3. Ala.
4. S.C.	5. Me.	6. Miss.
7. N.M.	8. Okla.	9. Conn.
10. Mich.	11. Col.	12. La.



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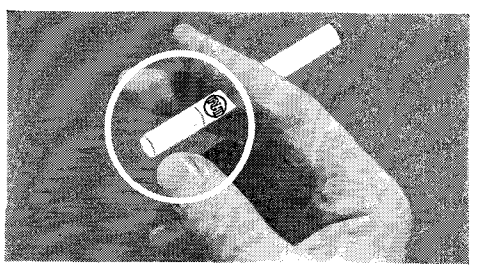

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Double Date (Continued from Page 17)

there for a moment trying to figure out how I could get out of meeting Pants under Colonel Seabright's statue. It just wouldn't do for me to be seen with Pants Brooks, because that would classify me as a creep of the first water. After all the disgrace I'd gone through with Flame Higgins, I was a creep of the second water anyway.

And lo and behold, who should I run into when I turned a corner in the hall but old Flame and old Zac? Old Flame was leaning against the wall laughing, and Zac was eying her as though she was a nice drink of ice water on a hot day. Zac was looking sharp. He was wearing his black Ivy League slacks, his black cashmere sweater and a white shirt and narrow black knit tie. He'd sure changed from the old T-shirt-dungaree days. I guess Zac started to change when everybody said he was beginning to look like Rock Hudson.

Anyway, I passed on down the hall without a word, which was the way things had been between Zac and Flame and me for approximately four weeks, ever since Zac came back to school after a two-week siege with bronchitis and found out.

Actually things weren't going too hot for a while between me and Zac before Flame Higgins. After all, Zac and I had been buddies practically ever since kindergarten, and I think your best buddy should tell you when your head shows signs of becoming as large as the moon. Zac showed definite signs of swelling after a few girls told him he looked like Rock Hudson and after it became evident that he was going to be just about the greatest basketball star East ever had. He did his darnedest to keep looking like Rock Hudson and acting like a great basketball star. Which would have been fine if all that stuff was natural with Zac. But I didn't think it was, so I told him so.

Do you think he took it like a buddy? No, he told me to stop acting corny. He said there was a time when boys became men and he was there already. And he told me he was sick of me making such dumb conversation when we were out on double dates together. And he said, too, that he was sick of going to those dumb kid places—like the Lake Delight Amusement Park and Mamma Emily's Ice Cream Specialty Parlor—on our double dates and that I'd better think a little about getting sophisticated.

Well, I didn't get mad, because, after all, Zac and I were buddies, and I figured he was going through a phase and maybe I hadn't caught up with that phase yet. And I'd sure had a lot of fun on our double dates. You see, the nice thing about it was that Zac and I discovered girls at the same time. That was about a year ago, and, boy, did we work out a system! We never went out with the same girls twice. We got to be known as the guys who were easy to get but hard to keep. Actually, it was all Zac's idea to begin with—he said a trapped man is an unhappy one. And even leaving out Pants Brooks, who never dated anybody anyway, there were a hundred and thirty-eight girls in our class, many of them far from being beasts, which gave us a large territory to feed in before coming to the end of the trail.

Maybe we were halfway down that trail when Flame Higgins transferred in from West High right after Easter vacation. And from the minute Zac and I stood in the hall gawking at Flame that first day, everything started to change, except we didn't know it then. And the next day Zac came down with bronchitis and was out of school for two weeks, and during that two weeks the decline and fall of one Don Miller—namely, me—began.

You see, right away I began thinking Zac was wrong about a trapped man being an unhappy one. I definitely wanted to be trapped by one Flame Higgins. Wouldn't Zac be surprised, I thought, when he came back to school and found I was going steady with Flame Higgins?

Miss Flame Higgins let it be known right away that she was pretty exclusive. Not only did she dress older and look older than the rest of the girls, she wouldn't go out with any of the guys unless she was formally introduced to them by Mary Bell Howell, whom Flame happened to know when she lived on the west side of town. Well, Flame went out with a few guys, and they'd always come to school the next day looking like somebody'd lit candles in their eyes, but she never went out with the same guy twice. I figured correctly that Flame was biding her time and sampling the field, and that when she made a choice it would really stick.

But when was she going to sample me, I wondered. I was kind of hoping it would be before Zac came back to school. And fate dealt me a kind hand, in a way, because who should come barreling up to me one day in the hall but Mary Bell Howell? And what should she tell me but that one Flame Higgins wanted to meet me? Wanted to meet me!

Believe me, I was floating, and when I met Flame I was so upset I couldn't say anything at first except wasn't the weather nice, spring and all?

But somehow I found myself sitting with Flame Higgins in Mamma Emily's Ice Cream Specialty Parlor that afternoon after school. The thing was, she'd practically asked me to take her there. All right, I told myself, get her trapped at Mamma Emily's and get a real night date lined up with her.

So I began it with, "The Lake Delight Amusement Park has already opened for the season." I figured I could borrow dad's car for an important occasion like this one.

"Amusement park?" Miss Flame Higgins let a peal of sweet breath out from those cherried lips. "How juvenile. I went to New York with mother at Christmas, you know. We saw all the shows. I think Tennessee Williams is fabulous, don't you?"

"Is he really from Tennessee?" I said blankly.

"Aren't you the corny one?" Flame said, and I didn't know until later that she wasn't kidding. "We saw Garbo on the street too."

"Do you like movies?" I said with real eagerness. I was thinking of the Tivoli, where it was nice and dark starting with the second tier of the balcony.

"I hate the films they show in this town," Flame pealed out. "But I adore foreign movies."

Well, that let the Tivoli out. And then I thought I'd ask her to take a nice long walk down by the river that night, but before I could get it out, Flame gave out a sigh that sounded like a dove cooing.

"That boy I saw you with the first day—that Zac," Flame said. "He looks interesting. Mary Bell doesn't know him well enough to introduce him to me, and I've been thinking perhaps you'd introduce us to each other. I think it's rather important that we meet—and you two seem to be good friends even though you're hardly each other's types."

The bells had started ringing in me about halfway through Flame's speech, and they were ringing so loud that I got confused. "Well, you wouldn't like old Zac," I blurted out, feeling much like a traitor already. "How about you and me taking a walk down by the river tonight?"

Miss Flame Higgins' nose seemed to narrow right before my very eyes. "So you don't intend to introduce us," she said, icelike. "I can't think of anything more crashingly boring than taking a walk by the river with you, Don Miller. You're corny and you talk in clichés."

With that, Miss Flame Higgins swept out. Her parting remark made me remember what Mr. Cooke, the English Comp teacher, who is bitter, said in class one day. He said that people who talk in clichés don't really talk at all, but are just repeating what a lot of clichéd people have said a billion times before. A clichéd mind makes for a clichéd personality, Mr. Cooke said. In other words, if you're corny and clichéd, you don't get anywhere with anybody or anything.

Well, I woke up the next morning wondering if I had a neurosis. When I got to school, Zac was back, and he was sure eager, after being holed up for two weeks, to go out on a double. He was all revved up and he said maybe I'd like to take Mary Beth Palmer out again if he asked Flame Higgins.

I guess love made me do it. "Look, Zac, old buddy," I said, "I hate to tell you this, but Flame Higgins doesn't like you already. In fact, she told me she couldn't understand why we're buddies because we're hardly each other's types. She is strictly not interested in meeting you."

Well, I regretted it already, because I knew it'd backfire on me. I guess I started praying right then that Flame and Zac would never be formally introduced, but I knew they would. Anyway, at that moment I told him, Zac looked pretty glum.

It happened two days later, after Zac and I had already had a double with Janet Paley and Mary Beth Palmer. Zac trapped me in the hall after History, and he definitely looked like one of those bulls they use in the fights in Spain.

"Look, old buddy!" he said very sneeringly. "I just met Flame Higgins!"

Well, Zac didn't say much more, and he didn't need to, but there were no more doubles after that. And Zac and Flame started going steady that very day.

You know what I did? I asked myself what an adult would do. An adult would, I figured, ignore the whole situation. Which was what I tried to do.

So I started dating every night. I even redated a lot of the girls I'd doubled with Zac on. But all I could think of was one Flame Higgins.

In the meantime, Flame and Zac kept the ice act going on me. And everybody at school was kidding me right and left, because Miss Flame Higgins, out of sheer spite, had spread my disgrace all over school. I was beginning to feel as if I were living as low-down as a groundhog. And that was the condition I was in on the day I went into the stacks and ran right into Pants Brooks.

After supper that night I sauntered into the park hoping that Pants wouldn't be there, but she was. Fortunately, it was good and dark that night, so I didn't figure anyone would see us if we chose a nice isolated bench under the willows near the pond, which we did.

"We'll get right down to business," Pants said in a voice I couldn't remember her using before. Maybe it was because it was so dark, but she actually sounded like Lauren Bacall. "We both need to work on ourselves, Don."

Well, I had to agree to that, but I didn't say so. I said, "I don't get this, Pants."

"I thought we might work as a team," Pants said. "You see, I've already read all the books on love and personality development, so I can tell you what we'll have to do without your reading them. It will be faster that way."

"Pants," I said in real amazement, "I can't understand why you would be interested in love and personality development."

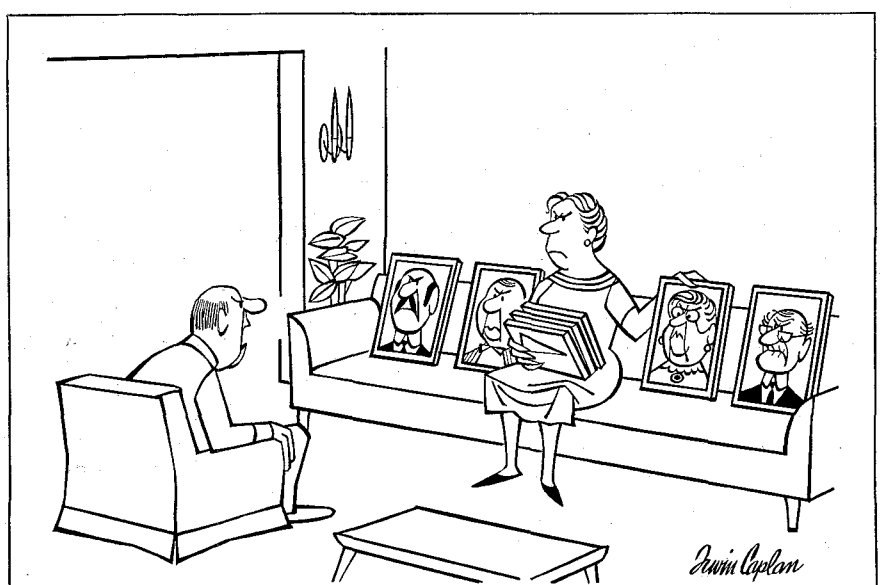
"You know why?" Pants said. "Because I discovered I wasn't living at all." Pants gave a very husky sigh. "You see, our classmates are much too used to thinking of me as a creep to take any interest in me as a living human being unless I do something. And I thought that since you are also interested in doing something, it would be better to work as a team. And no one would need to know we were doing it, Don."

I'll have to admit that when she said no one would know, I got interested. "Just what have you got in mind for us, Pants?" I said.

"Well, to begin with, our problem is to get people starting to think we're not creeps. You have been injured severely and are in danger of being warped, because of your fiasco with Flame Higgins, which has now become the Number One topic of conversation on the grapevine. In other words, you're gone, Don."

"Agreed," I said.

"As for me," said Pants, "I'm in danger of permanent warping unless I emerge from the withdrawal I've made from life. So let's get to work, shall we?"



"Can't we have an argument without you dragging your family into it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Pants had it all figured out that I should withdraw, in a very smart and mysterious fashion, because that would be a change that everyone would notice. As for Pants, she intended to emerge. And that would sure be a change too.

The next day, which was Saturday, I took the money I'd been saving for a car and went to Green's Men's Store. Among other things, I bought some black Ivy League pants and a black corduroy coat, which I wore to school Monday, and which startled everybody, because heretofore I had been anything but a dresser. Anyway, the first thing that happened was that Mary Beth Palmer trapped me and said I all-of-a-suddenlike looked like Tab Hunter, and why hadn't I called her lately? I just smiled smugly and said I'd been busy, that was all.

That first day was sure a good day. For example, in World Lit I made several brilliant remarks about why Henry James went to England to live, whereas the week before I hadn't even been able to answer who wrote David Copperfield. You see, Pants and I had spent Saturday afternoon in the public library gathering titbits of information I could spring in classes that would impress everybody. I had also drawn out a copy of Swann's Way from the library to carry around with me and to pretend I was reading between classes.

Well, Pants was sure right about the impact. I'd come out of class, after toppling everybody with the titbits of information Pants had given me, and walk down the hall with my nose in Swann's Way, looking very intellectual and just smiling vaguely when somebody said something to me.

The big question by the end of the day was: What had happened to one Don Miller?

And I sure made a great exit from school that day. I walked out buried in Swann's Way, and I went past Flame and Zac without even looking, though I could see them out of the corner of my eye. They were just standing there staring at me.

That night I borrowed dad's car and took Pants out to the Lake Delight Amusement Park. I felt I owed her some entertainment for what she'd done for me already. I actually felt different, and maybe I was just as amazed at my new personality as the kids at school seemed to be. And that night Pants fed me some new information to use the next day.

Well, it went on that way for a couple of weeks. Pants and I would meet somewhere every evening and I'd get primed for the next day. And every day Flame Higgins looked more and more as if she were bursting at the seams to speak to me. Very psychologically, I just ignored her. And I noted with some delight that trouble was brewing between Flame and Zac.

I began to worry about Pants, though, because it didn't seem to me that she'd really emerged. For one thing, she was still wearing pants to school. And I hadn't heard any comments, as I walked down the hall, that Pants Brooks had made any spectacular reverse in personality. I mentioned it to her one night when we met in the park.

"Eileen Elizabeth," I said—for it didn't seem right to call her Pants any more, even though she was still wearing them—"we've been concentrating too much on me and not enough on you."

"Oh, don't worry, Don," Pants said in that voice that always sounded like Lauren Bacall's in the dark. "I'm making progress. It's just slower for me, that's all."

Well, I did worry, because I had discovered that Pants was one nice girl, and it seemed a shame that everybody thought she was such a beast. I got to thinking it really would be swell if Pants would emerge and get some nice, quiet, smart guy like Allen Brendell interested in her.

And then it happened—something real unexpected. You see, I'd reached the point after a couple of weeks where everybody was getting accustomed to my new and mysterious personality, and I knew it was time to drop another bomb, but I didn't know what it should be. The spring dance was coming up soon and I knew that my complete triumph would be to walk in at that dance with one Flame Higgins hanging on my arm. But how?

Then fate dealt me another kind hand.

"I overheard it in the hall," Pants told me one night after we got out of the Tivoli. "Everyone thinks you're going steady with Gloria Shelton."

What a bomb, I thought immediately. Gloria Shelton was famous. She went to West High and she had ten times the pulchritude that even Flame Higgins had.

Well, *it got down to this*: Somebody had started a rumor at school that I must be going steady with Gloria Shelton—otherwise, why all the sharp dressing and mysterious personality, because Gloria only liked unusual men—and, of course, rumors spread like fire. And the thing was, nobody could find out I wasn't going with Gloria Shelton. People had been calling me at home in the evenings, mom told me—mostly girls—and, of course, I was always out with Pants, getting briefed for the next day. So, of course, after the rumor started, everybody thought I was spending my evenings with the famous Gloria Shelton.

This rumor made me feel really good, because I knew how it would make Flame Higgins burn.

Anyway, I expected Flame Higgins to come swerving up to me the next day, which she did. Fortunately, I had my nose in Homer and pretended not to see her until she put a nice warm hand on my arm.

"Why, Miss Higgins!" I said, looking up, startled.

"Don," Flame said, "I was all wrong about you. And confidentially I wish I'd taken your advice about Zac." There was a long pause, but I kept my trap shut—I knew she was nibbling on the bait and I could pull up the line any time I felt like it. "Don," she went on, "I haven't definitely told Zac I'd go to the spring dance with him."

"H'm'm'm," I said. "I've been so busy I forgot all about the spring dance." I'd decided I could afford to leave the hook in the water a bit longer. "I don't know whether I'll make it or not," I said.

"Don, please make up your mind by tomorrow," Flame said, urgentlike, and took off like a bird, as though she were ashamed of herself.

That night I really felt zingy. I felt so zingy that I forgot myself. I steered Pants Brooks right into Mamma Emily's Ice Cream Specialty Parlor, forgetting that the whole school would probably be there. Which it was, including Flame Higgins and Zac.

"Oh, dear," Pants said. "We forgot. Now everybody's seen us together."

"Don't you worry about that, Eileen Elizabeth," I said bravely. "Why shouldn't we be seen together? It isn't as though we're a couple of creeps." But I was swallowing hard, because everything was falling like the walls of Jericho. I could see Flame Higgins rolling in laughter over at her table.

She must have rolled in it all night, for she came up to me in the hall the first thing the next morning and blasted a laugh right in my face. "It's a scream!" she said. "You and Pants Brooks! You and Pants Brooks!"

Well, the bubble had burst. I didn't say anything witty in class that day. I didn't say anything, period. And when I met Pants in the park that night, I was feeling like the bottom rung on the ladder. It was clear that Pants felt low too.

"I'm so sorry, Don," Pants said. "Now everyone is talking about your associating with a creep like me. Maybe we'd better not see each other any more."

"Now, wait a minute, Eileen Elizabeth," I said. "You're no creep, and we both know it." Then I said something I hadn't expected to say at all. "I would like to take you to the spring dance, Eileen Elizabeth."

Do you know, I actually had to urge Pants to accept that invitation. I thought taking her to the dance was the least I could do to show her how I appreciated what she'd tried to do for me. And our going to the dance together certainly couldn't make things any worse.

Well, the big surprise came on the night of the dance, when I called for Pants. Frogface let me in, and he seemed so pleased to see me that I began to think he didn't look like a frog after all. We sat in the living room and chatted for a few minutes, and then Pants came down the stairs, and I couldn't do anything but gasp.

You see, Pants was anything but Pants now, all of a sudden. The knot was out of her black hair and it was flowing all over her shoulders, shiny and fluffylike. She was wearing powder and lipstick and rouge. The glasses were gone. But most of all, Pants wasn't wearing pants, but rather a nice pale green dress that matched her eyes.

The thing was, Pants was beautiful. And I couldn't wait to get her to the gym, where the dance was held. I wanted everybody to see that I had a date with one Eileen Elizabeth Brooks, ex-Pants Brooks. I had to chuckle under my breath when I thought how psychologically Pants had played this. All this time she had been building up to emerge, like a butterfly coming out of a cocoon, and when she emerged, she really emerged.

Well, our entrance was like a bomb being dropped. Nobody recognized Pants Brooks at first, but by the time they did and the rush began, I'd already put my name on half her dance program. I will say that Pants had one glorious time that evening, and so did I, and when we were dancing together, which was frequently, I got to remembering that Pants and I had had good times together ever since we started this crazy scheme of doing each other over.

Meanwhile, I hardly noticed Flame Higgins and Zac at all. However, just before intermission I saw Flame go flying out of the place as if she were trying out for the track team. Zac went over to the side of the gym and looked mopey, and I sauntered over.

"Zac," I said, "I think it's high time we stop acting like a couple of kids."

"Put 'er there, buddy," Zac said, pumping my hand. You could tell right away that Zac had been missing our doubles in his car. You could also tell that Zac was already missing Flame Higgins no more than I was, which was not at all.

Five minutes later I was dancing with Eileen Elizabeth Brooks, and I smiled at her. "Zac thinks we should double tomorrow night and go out to the Lake Delight Amusement Park," I said. "How does that sound to you, Eileen Elizabeth?"

"It sounds absolutely great, Don," she said.

Before she put her head on my shoulder I got a look at that dreamy look in her eyes, and I thought immediately that maybe she'd had it planned this way all along. But I didn't say anything, because it really didn't matter. THE END

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The oxen obeyed his vocal order as always. Emery Dixon, handling his worn team, swung in, and the other wagons, one by one, fell into line and followed them off into the night. Behind them the deserted campfires were dull crimson stains in the night. And fainter and fainter came the unearthly rigadoon that was being played by a skillet dancing on a string.

Ellen walked at Luke's side. "Your face is a pitiful thing to see," she said. "Mr. Dixon finished the job that Mack Sledge started. You could not look worse if you had been kicked by a mule."

She waited until a halt was called to breathe the oxen after a long uphill pull; then she again treated his injuries. She used stinging alum, and then applied a cool and aromatic balm.

The touch of her hands was too much. Luke suddenly pulled her roughly against him. He held her thus, looking down. But there was no way of knowing her thoughts, for her face was only a dim shadow in the faint starlight. And she said nothing, nor made any move to oppose him.

He abruptly released her. "He was right," he said hoarsely. "You bewitch a man."

"Who was right?" she asked.

Luke did not answer that. He swung around and walked away from her. He was angered and a little frightened by the turmoil and the desire that engulfed him. He owed her a great debt for that episode in the hallway at the Overland Inn. He had pledged to see her to California as payment for that favor. But now he was beginning to fear that slowly, surely she was taking possession of everything he valued—his independence, his pride, his very spirit. Rounding a wagon, he almost collided with Vance Cameron. Luke realized that the dark-haired man must have been there all the time—within earshot of him and Ellen.

He grasped Cameron by the arms and said softly, "You'll make a target of yourself some night, smoking those Baltimore stogies in the dark."

Cameron did not yield to that grip. The tip of the stogie he was smoking glowed as he drew smoke evenly. "How did you discover it—the Baltimore thing, Luke?" he murmured.

"Your cigar case," Luke said. "I saw it that first day out of Independence."

"Of course," Cameron sighed. "I got rid of it a few days later. How careless of me." He added, "Do others know?"

Luke did not answer that. Cameron waited a moment; then shrugged and murmured, "One thing we have learned, at least. It was the Missouri Kid who killed Dan Slater. That clears up an ugly doubt that had been in my mind, I am happy to say. I have wondered at times, Luke, if you were not the one, after all, who shot Slater, in spite of Ellen's defense of you."

Cameron removed Luke's grip from him, and Luke did not oppose him. "I am not your target, Luke," he murmured. "And you will never be mine. But we both may be the target of others. Mack Sledge may not be your sole enemy. And it is possible that the Missouri Kid may have been following the orders of others when he went to Dan Slater's room that night. Perhaps that is the dirty work he mentioned just before he died." Then Cameron strolled away, puffing his stogie.

By the end of the third day they felt they were safe. And late on the fourth day they came in sight of sanctuary. A stockaded fort with log bastions stood on the flats above the North Platte ahead, flanked by the cone-shaped lodges of a village of Brûlé Sioux visitors. This was Fort Laramie. The wagon people burst into a frenzy of shouting.

Luke, grinning, kept the pilot wagon swinging along toward a camp site near the fort and also handy to the river. Ellen and Abbie were on foot near by and Cameron, as usual, was walking with them. The girls were exuberantly waving sunbonnets. They embraced each other. Then Ellen impulsively turned to Cameron and kissed him.

Luke's grin faded. Suddenly all the savor of their safe arrival at this landmark of the trail was gone. Futility bore down on him. He wondered if that kiss had been a display of real affection. Or had Ellen begun to suspect that Cameron was not what he pretended to be and was seeking to place him under the spell of witchery that the Missouri Kid, with only moments to live, had warned Luke himself against?

"Look!" Ellen was saying. "Look! Real buildings, with real roofs and real walls! And no wheels!"

Abbie's response was forced, mechanical. Luke saw now that this moment had lost its zest for her also. A wildness that had been somnolent since Independence revived in him. Once again he held the bitter taste of loneliness and the aching sensation that existence was aimless.

An Indian drum now began throbbing among the lodges. Presently he could see the Indian women in the Brûlé village, moving in the circling, shuffling routine of a tribal dance. A celebration in honor of their arrival was starting. Soldiers and traders and plainsmen were moving in the direction of the festivities, streaming from the gate of the fort and beckoning the wagon people to hurry. The wildness grew in Luke. The rhythm of the drum and of the chanting squaws began to reach inside him.

As soon as camp had been established he got his war sack and rode to the river. In the cooling twilight he bathed and shaved and got out the Spanish breeches and the handsome elkskin hunting shirt and the high, white-topped moccasins. He opened the Bible, gazed for a time at the reward poster and the warrants for the arrest of Ellen Marie Jessup and Henry W. Jessup.

"Witchery," he said wearily, and he tore the papers to fragments and let them drift away with the muddy current of the river.

Mounting, he rode toward the Sioux village. He did not see Ellen, who stood in the shelter of her wagon, watching as he rode past. Her eyes followed him until he entered the Indian village.

She stood there for a long time. To commemorate this occasion, both she and Abbie had changed to their most becoming dresses. They had also put their best effort into turning out a tasty supper. There were braised hump ribs of buffalo that Luke and Cameron had killed. Abbie had baked a dried-apple pie and biscuits, and there were side dishes of Martha Dixon's pickled beets and watermelon preserve and currant jelly.

But there had been only the Reverend Emery Dixon to appreciate the food and to admire the beauty of the cooks. Martha Dixon had been too ill to leave her pallet in the wagon. Even Vance Cameron had failed to put in an appearance. He, too, had heeded the barbaric call of the Indian drum.

Darkness came and the celebration in the Sioux village was now marked by the scream and laughter of Indian women. Ellen gazed at the leaping shadows among the lodges in the distance. A fear and an anger grew within her. It was a mixed emotion that fed on its own fires because she refused to admit its real cause. But she could not subdue it. It was the anger that at last drove her to leave the security of the wagons and walk through the darkness across the flat toward the noisy Indian village.

It was dangerous, she realized, and also bold and unladylike. But she was drawn on by the steady blare of shouting and screaming and singing. And it was as she had suspected. She stood on the fringe of the village, looking directly in at the roaring heart of the celebration. Rum and whisky were flowing and the soldiers and other visitors in the village were dancing even more wildly than the Indians.

She tried to single out Luke among the dancers, but in the swirl of the crowded scene and in the uncertain firelight and the blowing smoke, it was impossible to identify anyone exactly.

No doubt, she reflected, Luke was one of those bawdy figures. She could imagine that he probably had the prettiest Indian girl in the village as his partner. The fury grew inside her. She assured herself it was disgust. Turning away, she encountered a drunken soldier. He peered at her in the uncertain light. When he realized that she was indeed a woman, he uttered a delighted exclamation and seized her and tried to throw his arms around her.

Ellen fended him off long enough to lift her skirt and draw the garter dirk she wore above her knee. She jabbed the point against the man's throat. As she did so, the memory of the day Luke had held a knife at Mack Sledge's neck in somewhat the same manner rose into her mind.

"Let go of me, you ——" she said vehemently. "Or I'll drive this clear through to your infernal backbone!"

Her fury carried conviction. The man, startled, released her, backed away, and then went staggering off in another direction, mumbling to himself. Ellen returned the dirk to its place. The fury burned out in her. She was aware now only of a sense of loss and hopelessness.

The open gate to the stockade was nearby, with a sentry indolently on duty. Not everyone in the fort had gone to the Indian camp. Through an open door of a building inside the fort she could see a poker game in progress. Gold pieces stood in stacks before each player and they were so engrossed they never knew that Ellen stood watching them for a short time. One of the players was Vance Cameron.

She thought of herself and Abbie sitting dressed up at that lonely meal they had prepared. She turned and walked drearily back to the wagon camp. Emery Dixon was brewing a cup of tea for his wife. He seemed so old and worn that Ellen hurried to take over the task.

Emery Dixon said, his voice gentle, "It is good that you forgive me, my child." He listened to the shouting and the laughter in the distance. "I have been wrong so many times," he sighed. "I wonder if I am wrong again. I have been praying against this idolatry."

"I hope they all burn in hell!" Ellen burst out.

Emery Dixon looked at her gravely. He shook his head. "You, too, my child," he said sadly.

Ellen didn't know exactly what he meant. But when she climbed into her wagon to turn in, she found Abbie lying there wide awake, but pretending to be asleep. She brushed Abbie's cheek with her lips and found it wet with tears.

She also lay sleepless now. She was wondering for whom Abbie wept—whether it was for Luke Storm or for Vance Cameron or just for her own loneliness. She lay for a long time, listening to the increasing laughter and screaming of the Indian women and the shouting of the men.

Ellen at last could stand it no longer. She arose, left the wagon, descended to the ground and stood there in the shadow, wearing only her nightdress. The wagon camp lay dark and silent, but in the Sioux village the screeching and laughter had reached a climax. She could picture Luke stalking through that carnival, his tawny hair wild, his face aflame, a whisky jug in his hand and an Indian girl clinging to him.

A sound caused her to turn. Luke's bed tarp and blankets had been spread not far away. He was lying there, his head propped on an elbow, looking at her.

"It's all right," he said softly. "You can go to sleep. Nobody will bother you."

"How—how long have you—have you been there?" Ellen breathed shakily.

"Long enough," Luke said. "Ever since you decided to quit wandering around and stay here in camp. I saw the way you took care of that soldier."

"You—you were following me?" she exclaimed.

"Someone had to keep an eye on you," Luke shrugged.

Ellen's heart was leaping. She remembered the picture she had been entertaining of him. Evidently he had never taken part in the uproar in the Sioux village. She suddenly moved closer to him, ignoring her attire. She bent near, and Luke knew she was trying to read the expression on his face.

"You—you know about—about me, don't you?" she asked, her voice so low he could barely hear it. "You—you know I am hunted for—for murder?"

Luke did not answer for a long time. "Yes," he finally said.

"I've been aware for some time that you knew," she said slowly. "Knowledge like that can't be entirely concealed. And I feel that Abbie knows too. How did you learn my secret?"

"I found some papers that fell from Dan Slater's hand when he was shot that night at the Overland Inn," Luke said. "Murder warrants. And a handbill giving your description and offering ten thousand dollars' reward for you and your father. The Missouri Kid evidently knew about you too."

"The Missouri Kid?"

"Yes. He warned me just before he was turned over to the Cheyennes that I was bewitched by a she-devil and ——"

"So that's what you meant the other night when you talked about being bewitched," she murmured.

"The Missouri Kid said he wasn't the only murderer in this outfit," Luke went on tersely. "He said that he had killed Dan Slater. But that was as far as he got before Al Thorne choked him off."

"And Abbie ——"

"I don't know," Luke said. "But it's my guess she came across those same papers in my war bag. I had hidden them between the pages of my Bible. I think it happened the night Abbie was hit by that thrown knife. Maybe someone who didn't want her to know your secret saw her reading them and tried to kill her to silence her."

"Who would do that?" Ellen breathed.

Luke did not answer that.

Suddenly Ellen drew back, gazing at him, a horror in her dark eyes. "You—you think that—that I ——"

"You could have done it," Luke said. "You had gone into the darkness and were supposed to be hunting me and Cameron. You're wanted for helping to have the man you loved murdered. I just saw you hold a dirk to a man's throat tonight."

Ellen turned and would have fled from him, but his hand caught her wrist, holding her, forcing her to face him.

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Ellen fought to escape. Hot tears flowed. "Yes," she sobbed. "I am capable of anything—of murdering the man I was supposed to have promised to marry, even though I did not care for him, of throwing a knife at the heart of a gentle girl like Abbie and ——"

"Even though you know nothing about throwing a knife," Luke interrupted.

She quit struggling, looking at him questioningly, then timidly through her tears.

"Whoever tossed that thing was an expert," Luke growled. "At that time you couldn't even skin a rabbit without help."

She didn't understand for a moment; then a surge of gladness uplifted her. "Then you didn't mean ——" she choked. "You don't really think that—that ——"

"So you were only supposed to marry this man—this Ralph Gilmore who was murdered?" Luke asked. "So you did not care for him? But the reward offer said he was your fiancé."

"That is not true," she said. "Ralph Gilmore asked me several times to marry him. I could not learn to care for him in that way. Possibly he expected to sway me into changing my mind. He never knew that it would be impossible."

"Why impossible?"

"Because I knew my own heart," she said. "Because ——" Then she stiffened as though he had struck her in the face. "Oh, I see what you mean," she said slowly. "You can understand that even I might have scruples about promising to marry a man whose murder I was conniving."

"Why are you in such a hurry to get to California if you are innocent?" Luke demanded roughly.

"Perhaps for the same reason you promised to see that I arrive safely there," she flashed. "There is a considerable sum of money involved, remember? Money that perhaps you hope I will lead you to." She tried to wrest away from him.

Luke's grip did not relax. "You don't really think that, do you?" he challenged.

She wouldn't meet his eyes. "No," she finally said. "I know that you were not aware that I was Ellen Jessup or that such a thing as money was involved, at the time you promised to handle my wagon. You could not have known about Dan Slater's papers until later that night."

"Then why did you say what you did?"

She was a long time in answering. "To hurt you, I suppose," she admitted. "To hurt you like you hurt me with your questions."

"I have one more question," Luke said wearily. "What do you intend to do when you find your father in California?"

Their faces were very close. He could see the torture in her. "Don't—don't ask me that!" she choked. "I—I don't know! God help me! I just don't know!"

Someone was approaching. Luke released her and she fled to the wagon and clambered into its dark interior. The arrival was Vance Cameron. He, too, was sober. He was surprised to find Luke awake and alert in the starlight.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

Luke was slow in answering. "Both of us could be wrong, Cameron," he said at last.

It was characteristic of the enigmatic man that he did not ask an interpretation of that statement. Cameron, instead, got his own bedroll and spread it alongside Luke's.

"There are going to be some sorry men on the trail tomorrow," he observed. "They're all drunk. Even Menafee and Al Thorne. Al Thorne just won a knife-throwing contest. Scored a bull's-eye at ten paces with a throw knife. Drunk or sober, he seems to be as handy with that sort of thing as he is with a pistol."

Luke's head came up. Cameron did not meet his gaze, but there was no doubt as to the significance of what he had left unsaid.

It was mid-September and panic worked in the minds of the wagon people. Fort Laramie now belonged to that blurred past that included Independence and the Platte and the clash with Owl Wing and his Cheyennes.

South Pass was astern also, and so was the Green River, but Oregon and California were still long weeks of travel away.

Each morning for some time they had been finding ice crusted on the water barrels that were lashed to the sides of the wagons. And at daybreak this morning they had awakened to discover a powder of light snow on their blankets.

"Squaw winter!" Luke had said. "It'll pass. You can expect cold snaps at this altitude. I've seen it snow in July in this country."

The snow had melted within an hour after the sun came up. Now, at mid-afternoon, the day was pleasant again and the sagebrush swells lay dry and dust-colored and drowsy around them. But there was a cool edge to the stirring of the wind—a reminder that winter was on its way. The chill memory of that fresh-fallen snow lingered with them. Instinctively they sought to push the gaunt oxen a little faster. Any difficulty that delayed progress even for a moment aroused explosions of temper.

Only twelve wagons remained of the long line that had set out from Independence. Some had given up the journey at Fort Laramie. Others had turned back during the ascent to the continental divide. But there was one watchword that was being spoken with increasing frequency. Fort Relief! Tracy Menafee's trading station on the Raft River was said to be less than a week's journey ahead, and it was beginning to loom massively in the minds of travelers as a haven of safety.

It was now evident to Ellen that few of the other wagon owners had any hope of venturing farther than Fort Relief. They all believed that the chances of being trapped by winter in the Carson River Desert or in the mountains of California were too great.

She walked alongside the oxen, for Luke, accompanied by Cameron, had ridden off early in the morning on a hunting trip, leaving her and Abbie to do the driving. Martha Dixon's sickbed had been moved into Ellen's wagon, for her husband's ancient vehicle had collapsed beyond repair during the South Pass crossing.

Abbie was in the wagon at the moment with her aunt. Ellen was alone. She carried a worn cottonwood stick that served as a goad, but the implement was rarely needed. The patient beasts, thin and footsore, seemed to want the sound of her voice. The thought came to her that the oxen now placed in her the same faith she had seen and envied in their attitude toward Luke when the journey had first started. This brought to her a gratifying sense of achievement.

She wore a dark blue woolen shirt, open at the throat and the sleeves rolled high, and men's breeches stuffed into small, tough cowhide boots that she had bought at the trader's store in Fort Laramie. She walked easily in the rough going, and with purpose and vigor. Her skin was now tanned almost an Indian brown.

Tracy Menafee, whose four wagons were leading the caravan, came riding back, dismounted and walked at her side.

"If this weather holds, we should reach my place in three days—four at the most," he said.

"Yes," Ellen said.

As usual, Menafee had the appearance of having just stepped from behind his desk in his office at Independence. He was again accepted as the captain of the caravan. Just as he had anticipated, the sorry role he had played in the death of the Missouri Kid had begun to fade and change in the memories of the wagon people. Indeed, a thought he had planted in their minds that it had really been his action that had saved them from massacre had flourished until it was now accepted as a fact among the majority.

"I fear that the others have made up their minds to winter at the post, Ellen," he said.

A taut wariness rushed through Ellen. There was something insolently knowing in the way he had uttered her given name. He had never used it before, though Abbie and Cameron always addressed her as "Ellen." Only Luke continued to refer to her meticulously as "Mrs. Jarrett."

"You fear?" she repeated pointedly.

Menafee flushed a little. "That isn't fair," he protested. "Surely you no longer believe the calumny that Luke Storm brought against me at the start of this journey? It is true that I run a business for profit on Raft River. But you know yourself that we are days ahead of even Storm's best estimates."

"Yes," Ellen admitted.

"What are your plans, my dear?" he asked.

"Plans?"

"I know how anxious you are to join your husband," Menafee said. "I feel that it is still possible to reach California this season. In fact I am so confident of it that I am going on through myself."

"To California?" Ellen asked.

Menafee nodded. "With two wagon-loads of merchandise. The other two loads will be ample to supply the post for the winter. It would be bad business to carry an investment like that for months when there is a chance to move it at a profit." He added, "But I take my chances. I could lose heavily financially if I had bad luck in crossing the mountains. You would be wise if you decided to winter also at Fort Relief, Ellen. But if you are determined, I will see to it that you reach your destination if it is humanly possible."

"Thank you," Ellen said. "But the fact is that I have almost decided that I will stay at your trading post for the winter. It seems too dangerous to go on."

Menafee had wheeled and was staring at her, a dismay and a disbelief in his thin, pale eyes. "What?" he exploded almost angrily. Then he steadied. "Why, I thought—that is, I am sure that would be the wisest course."

"I think so, too," Ellen said calmly. She spoke to the oxen. "Haw, Brownie! Sandy!"

Menafee threw away his cigar. Ellen noticed that it was bitten nearly through. He mounted his horse suddenly. "If you change your mind, my dear, I will be only too happy to renew my invitation."

"You are very kind," Ellen said. "But, after all, Mr. Jarrett would prefer to have a live and healthy wife next summer rather than to know there was a frozen one somewhere in the mountains."

"Of course," Menafee said. "Of course."

He rode away to join his wagons. He was handling his horse angrily. Ellen's gaze followed him. There was a grim amusement in her eyes. The amusement faded, but the grimness remained.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Perfect Squelch

Mrs. Tarrant was often wrong, but never in doubt. Lacking logic, she simply voiced her opinions more often and more loudly than anyone else. So, when she started explaining to some guests just how lucky her husband, Joe, was to have her for his wife, she soon bored and bewildered them.

Having confused them by listing Joe's interests, which she didn't share, and his habits, of which she disapproved, Mrs. Tarrant hammered home her main point.

"One thing is sure," she stated firmly. "If anything happened to me, Joe would never find another woman like me."

When her husband remained silent, she turned quickly to demand, "Well, Joe, would you?"

"No," Joe said quietly, "but I might look for a reasonable facsimile."

Norman Collie

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Like a breeze that whispers "Spring" refreshes *you*... like the sound of gently falling water... SALEM refreshes your *taste!* From the first puff to the last in the pack, you smoke refreshed because the freshest taste in cigarettes flows through SALEM'S pure, white filter... a rich tobacco taste with menthol-fresh softness and comfort. Smoke SALEM—you'll love 'em.

Smoke Salem...smoke refreshed

- **menthol fresh**
- **rich tobacco taste**
- **most modern filter**

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The Redlegs' Miraculous Twins

(Continued from Page 23)

however, they still are somewhat shadowy figures. After all, they have been operating in the large shadows cast by those muscular Redleg power hitters.

The first thing that strikes you about McMillan and Temple is that they don't look like professional athletes at all. Both are of good average height—five-eleven—but of such slight build as to give an impression of smallness. At their official playing weights—160 pounds for McMillan and 159 pounds for Temple—they are the lightest regular shortstop and second baseman in the National League. In the American League, only the Chicago White Sox' combination of Luis Aparicio (155) and Nelson Fox (150) weighs in at a lower poundage.

Brown-haired Roy McMillan, who speaks with a light Texas drawl, is the mildest of men in appearance and manner. His competitive intensity doesn't show through. Johnny Temple, with black receding hair and the broader drawl of North Carolina, also has a pleasant face and voice. However, it is much easier to picture him as the determined battler that he is.

To many of the people around them, McMillan and Temple seem much alike off the field. John Murdough, the Cincinnati traveling secretary, says, "They're both rather quiet, friendly fellows."

People who know Temple intimately will add, though, that Johnny can be blunt. When Rogers Hornsby, the Redleg manager during Temple's first full season, of 1953, kept him on the bench most of the year, Johnny snapped, "If this happens again next year, I'm going to quit. I ought to quit if I can't play second base for this club."

On the diamond it becomes clear that Roy and John are different personalities. McMillan is ice water out there. Temple is high-pitched, with a temper he still hasn't brought completely under control. He has had his clashes with opponents and umpires, and after a game in June, he took a swing at a baseball writer, Earl Lawson, of the Cincinnati Times-Star, who as official scorer had charged Temple with an error that night. Other players quickly broke up the battle. The next day Temple apologized to Lawson in front of the entire team.

Manager Birdie Tebbetts, after searching as he always does for the precise words to express his thoughts, recently gave this summing up: "McMillan is the coldest, toughest competitor on my ball club. He plays with a cold, professional pride. Temple is much the same, except that he is fiery tough. He lets off more steam. But they both do the same job."

Each will stay in there unflinchingly as a pivot man no matter how hard a base runner may be bearing down on him. The veteran Red Schoendienst, of the Braves—Temple's idol as a second baseman—says approvingly, "I've never seen either of them give ground in making the pivot on the double play. That's the play that separates the men from the boys."

Roy and John get hit on occasion, and sometimes they get hurt, although each has a wiry durability. But as a rule they just go right on playing, even when—as has happened with both men—X rays later show that the injury was a broken finger on the throwing hand.

Dr. Wayne Anderson, the Cincinnati trainer, declares that his job would be easy if all ballplayers shrugged off ailments the way these two do. McMillan and Temple, however, soft-pedal this phase. "It's just part of the job," Temple says. "We're not trying to be martyrs. All shortstops and second basemen get scratched and cut."

McMillan's outlook on the situation was demonstrated one day in the clubhouse before a game. Roy lay on the rubbing table, his slender body liberally festooned with tape to protect assorted nicks and bruises and sliding burns. A reporter idly asked him whether he puts on any extra weight over the winter. "Yes," said Roy dryly. "I get my skin back."

When a club has middlemen who can move as fast and far as the Cincinnati pair, pitching effectiveness goes up. Redleg hurlers have a special reason for knowing the capabilities of McMillan and Temple. An automatic fine of twenty-five dollars is assessed on every base hit through the box that, in the opinion of Manager Tebbetts, the pitcher should have fielded. Roy and Johnny spare the pitchers a number of these fines by racing behind second to turn potential singles into put-outs.

In an era when huge bonuses are being shelled out to land promising kid ballplayers, McMillan and Temple dropped right in Cincinnati's lap. They turned up unsolicited at Redleg tryout camps—Roy in 1947 in Texas, Johnny in 1948 in North Carolina—and were signed to farm-club contracts in the low minors. Temple had previously been turned down as "too small" by Class D affiliates of two other major-league teams—the Brooklyn Dodgers and the old Philadelphia Athletics.

The youngsters worked their respective ways up the ladder. McMillan, who didn't turn twenty-seven until last month, has been a fixture in the Cincinnati infield since 1952. Temple, who will be twenty-eight next week, became his regular running mate at second base in 1954.

Roy and Johnny do their share on offense as well as on defense. Temple is the club's best base stealer, and has a lifetime batting average of .284. It might well be higher if he were not required to "take" a great many pitches as leadoff man. Last year Johnny got on base more often than any other Redleg except Frank Robinson.

McMillan, despite the handicap of batting No. 8, was fourth in the getting-on-base department. He hit a respectable .263, and in addition drew seventy-six walks.

However, it is their glove work that makes them something special. Evaluations of infielders always must rest largely upon expert opinion and observation. Fielding statistics are a notoriously imperfect gauge. An infielder may have a small error total because he hardly moves off a dime, and a large double-play figure because he is on a weak team which is forever letting opposing runners get on base.

As it happens, both McMillan and Temple have high fielding averages. It may be even more significant, however, that each was the league leader at his position last year in total chances handled. As for double-play participation, McMillan has headed the shortstops for four consecutive seasons. At second base Temple has been the top man on a cumulative basis over the past three years.

So much for opinions and statistics. What really brings the work of McMillan and Temple to life is to hear them talk about it, as they did on that previously mentioned afternoon.

They were saying how much different it all is in the major leagues. They agreed that in the minors you just go out there and play. In the majors you figure the angles on every pitch.

"It changes according to who's pitching, who's hitting and the situation, and then it takes a little guesswork too," Johnny Temple said.

For example, the standard procedure, with a runner on first and a right-hand hitter at bat, is for the second baseman to cover the bag if the runner goes down. If it's a left-hand hitter, the shortstop covers. The idea is, of course, that a right-hand hitter will generally pull the ball to the left of second base, and vice versa.

"But suppose the hitter is a man like Alvin Dark, of the Cardinals," said Temple. "He bats right-handed, but he's probably the best hit-and-run man in the league. The object in the hit-and-run is to hit the ball behind the runner through the hole to right field. If I go over to cover when the runner breaks, the way I normally would, I'm just going to make it easier for Dark. So in the hit-and-run situation with Dark, nine times out of ten Mac will cover and I'll lay back."

Roy McMillan elaborated, "Sometimes a smart hitter like that will hit the ball the other way if he thinks the shortstop is going to cover. Once in a while we'll try to fake them. We have it set that Johnny will cover, and then when I hear John yell that the runner is going down, I'll fake starting over to the bag. The hitter may see me take off and try to pull the ball through shortstop. Well, I stop, and Johnny covers. If the ball is hit to me hard enough, we have a good chance for the double play. If not, we at least get the force-out and keep the hit-and-run from working."

Who decides which man should cover? "I give the signals," said Temple. "It isn't because I know any more about it than Mac, which I certainly don't. But most of the dugouts around the league are situated so that Mac would be facing right into the other team's bench if he gave the signs."

Temple went on, "Our signals will sometimes change with the type of pitch. We may figure that a certain hitter is likely to pull a certain pitcher's curve ball. But with the same hitter against the same pitcher, we may think he won't be able to pull the good fast ball. So we'll switch over on covering. Sometimes we guess wrong. Mac may break to second and they'll hit the ball right past him, or I'll break to second and they hit the ball right past me. You can outsmart yourself if you try to pull too many stunts."

McMillan concurred. "We try to play percentage just about all the way," he said. "A majority of the time we go along with the way a hitter generally hits. We're trying to get a little edge on the percentages."

Special circumstances sometimes lead them to throw the book right out the window, however, as in a game when Willie (Puddinhead) Jones, of the Phillies, came to bat with a runner on first. Although the right-handed Jones occasionally executes the hit-and-run to the opposite field, he is essentially a pull hitter, so that a shortstop and second baseman ordinarily wouldn't dream of departing from orthodox tactics.

The Cincinnati pitcher that day was Tom Acker. "Puddinhead can't hit sidearm pitchers like Acker too good," Temple declared. "It looked to me like Willie's tail was really dragging up there at the plate. So I thought I'd do better to stay at my position and let Mac cover. We kept it that way even when Acker got two strikes on Willie. I just had the feeling that this particular time Willie wasn't going to handle the ball too well with his bat.

"Well, the runner took off, and Willie hit a ground ball right to me. It would have gone on through to right field if I'd been the one to cover. And when I passed Willie after the inning, he said, 'What's the matter with you, playing way over there? You know I'm a pull hitter.'

"I said, 'Willie, the way your tail was dragging up there, you couldn't pull anything.'"

The jack-pot maneuver around second base is, of course, the double play. It can never become a set routine, like that of a couple of circus acrobats, because there are so many variable elements. However, McMillan and Temple have carefully worked-out basic procedures.

Roy McMillan explained, "When the ball is hit to John in a double-play situation, I just head for second base as fast as I can. I try to line the base up between John and myself. That way he won't have to look for the base. He can pick me up as a target. I stand one step behind the base, and give him a target about chest high. That makes it routine for me, going across the base when the throw comes. I hit the bag with my right foot, and pivot and throw.

"When I start the double play, it's about the same thing the other way. I know John is going to be on the base. I don't watch the base—I watch John, and I try to give him the ball about chest high, where he can handle it easily and be in the best position to get off his throw.

"If you're both on the ball and heads up, you're generally going to be there when you should be. But at times you're bound to be late. I may be playing a pull hitter way over in the hole, and he'll fool us by hitting in Johnny's direction. I have so far to come to second base that once in a while John may get the ball to me a couple of yards before I reach the bag. Then all I can do is go ahead and throw, and let my left foot touch the bag just before I release the ball. That way I save a step."

Crustacean Squatter

By Mary Winter

Lavish, the builder of this dwelling:
The spiral, turreted baroque
With flute and volute swelling.
What curious secret chemistry
Of soft, gray-mantled flesh and sea
Contrived this marbled mystery,
Patterned in colors that recall
Frescoes upon an ancient wall.

Here now the covetous hermit crab
Stalk-eyed in his inspection,
Has seized the vacant premises
That fit him to perfection;
And sitting tight, his waving claw
Proclaims possession's primal law.

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Temple commented admiringly, "When Mac is the pivot man on the double play, he goes directly into the runner. He's probably the only shortstop in the league who goes straight in like that. Most shortstops, when they get the ball from the second baseman, go to the outfield side of the bag and throw real sidearm. But Mac goes straight in, and if the runner doesn't get out of the way, Mac will step on him."

McMillan said depreciatively, "I don't have anything to worry about if I can get the ball soon enough. I can throw and still have plenty of time to get out of the runner's way. All you have to do is take a little step as he comes sliding in, and you're over his leg.

"The tough ones are on slow-hit balls or on balls hit in the hole to Johnny's left, where the throw gets to me late. I have to stand there and wait, with the runner coming in on me. But I'm going to get racked up anyway, so I'd sooner go into the runner and get rid of the ball quicker for the double play than lay back."

The reverse situation can be even harder for the second baseman, since he has his back to the runner. "It can be real tough when the hitter is somebody like Stan Musial," Temple observed. "He's a left-hand hitter who can pull real good, so you play him around to the right. But he'll hit quite a few balls to the other side too. When he does that with a runner on first, and it's a ground ball that Mac comes up with, I have a long way to run to second base. I don't have any chance at all to get set. I have to take Mac's throw running at full speed. I try to just touch the base with my right foot and jump and throw. You just do the best you can on a play like that."

Temple continued, "Young ballplayers ask me, 'What do you do to avoid the runner when you have to make the pivot with him right on top of you?' I tell them, 'You don't do anything.' You don't think about it until you get your throw off. Then I kind of jump to avoid his spikes, and I try to relax, so I won't hurt myself when I get flipped. You're going to get flipped at times out there. You can't worry about it."

Temple's only severe spiking injury—aside from the time his head got stepped on in a Texas League melee—came in 1953, when Enos Slaughter, then with the Cardinals, got Johnny in the left shin. The shin already was a weak spot; Johnny was badly burned there as a boy. Now he wears a molded-plastic shield over the shin.

McMillan once got badly spiked by a Detroit rookie aspirant, John Bucha, in a 1955 spring exhibition game. Another time Pee Wee Reese, of the Dodgers—Roy's all-time favorite as a shortstop—caught McMillan in the left biceps with an elbow. The natural covering over the muscle was torn. When Roy flexes his left arm now, the muscle shoots up as grotesquely as that of Popeye the Sailor man.

Back in high school Roy had to have a ruptured spinal disc removed. He also has some chipped ligaments in his left ankle—a souvenir of scholastic football.

A big-league middleman has to be able to take it—and he must be equally ready to dish it out. Roy McMillan put it, "You have to let them know you're there. When I first started in the minors, in Tyler, Texas, I threw around a base runner to avoid hitting him. When I came into the dugout, the manager, Hack Miller, said, 'The next time, if you don't make that fellow hit the dirt ten feet out, it will cost you fifty dollars.'

"You have to protect yourself. If you don't low-bridge a runner once in a while to make him slide, the first thing you know he's knocking you into left field."

Said Johnny Temple, "It's up to the base runner to avoid getting hit by throws. There's only one sure way to do it, and that's for him to slide. One day in Pittsburgh last year Clemente came into me real high and flipped me pretty good, and I was unable to complete a double play. When he got up and started off the field, it seemed like he was laughing about it. Well, a couple of innings later he was on first again and there was a man on second. There was a ground ball, and it was thrown to me at second, and Clemente came in high again. I just stood there and threw right into him, and hit him on the top of the head with the ball. He had his protective helmet on. That helmet rang like a gong.

"Actually, it was bad judgment on my part. The ball bounced out into right field and the other runner scored. Being mad, I was thinking more about getting Clemente than making the double play. But he didn't come into me high any more."

For a while Temple had a feud going with Johnny Logan, the Milwaukee shortstop. It started when the two of them got into a fight during a 1955 game. "After that," Temple related, "every time he came into second base he would try to hurt me, and I in turn would come in and try to hurt him. One day Logan was standing on second after hitting a double, and I went over to him and said, 'John, I know you're not afraid of me. You know I'm not afraid of you. Before one of us gets hurt, why don't we just call this thing off?' And John said, 'That's just the way I feel about it.'

"So we stopped trying to kill each other. Of course, he still comes into second hard, and I do the same, but we're just trying to break up the double play."

In their early years in the minors, McMillan and Temple both had seasons when they committed upward of sixty errors. With Cincinnati last year Roy made only twenty-one errors—a remarkably low total for such a wide-ranging shortstop. Johnny had only sixteen in his roamings at second base.

They agreed that such improvement is achieved mainly through acquiring judgment and confidence—the qualities that enable an infielder to become properly relaxed. Each man said that as a youngster, he was overanxious, and tended to hurry his throws whether there was any need for it or not.

"I'm still not always relaxed," Temple said. "But a lot of my errors used to come on trying for double plays when I had no chance at all to get the man at first base. I would always throw the ball, regardless. I'd throw it any way possible—kick it or shot-put it over there, if I had to.

"With experience up here, you get to know the speed of the hitters. With guys like Ashburn or Bruton, you know that if they hit a ground ball with a man on first, and the ball is not hit sharply, there's no use trying for the double play.

"When there are men on first and second and a guy like that hits a slow ground ball, we may fire the ball to third base instead of first after making the force-out at second. If the runner from second base is a guy who likes to run, he may go around third base a little bit, and sometimes you can pick him off there. I know I've been picked off around third like that."

What most girls look for in a husband is a little more than they really expect to get.

CHARLES RUFFING

During games McMillan and Temple both chew tobacco—something many ballplayers find soothing. Since the spring of 1956, Roy also has been wearing glasses when he plays. He feels that they help him to follow the ball better, both at bat and in the field.

In the interval between pitches, McMillan is usually the first to stop the aimless pacing around that infielders indulge in, and to resume his position, hands upon his knees. Temple usually is one of the last to get set, but once he does, he stays poised, not moving unless and until the ball is hit. This is the customary practice. McMillan, however, invariably springs forward with the pitch, taking first a left step and then a right, and bringing his hands out in front of him.

McMillan, whose hands are big enough to palm a basketball, is noted for his ability to smother ground balls. Johnny Temple declared, "It's a wonderful thing the way Mac plays a hop—or doesn't play a hop, I should say. He charges every ball he can. Some balls are hit so hard you can't charge. But on most balls he never does hesitate. He just goes in. If he's between hops, it's all right; if he's got a good hop, it's all right; if it's a line drive, that's all right too. He just puts his glove down and the ball jumps in it. We say on the ball club that he has radar in his glove. I've never been able to buy a glove like that."

However, Johnny Temple, whose hands are of average size, is also quite a man with the glove. Originally a shortstop himself, he doesn't have as powerful an arm as Roy, who is unexcelled at going deep to his right and rifling the ball to first in time for the put-out. But Temple's arm is more than adequate at second-base range, and he is exceptionally quick at getting the ball away. Pee Wee Reese calls Temple one of the most daring infielders he has seen when it comes to risking the tough off-balance throw on close plays.

In this connection, Roy McMillan testified, "In St. Louis this spring Johnny made the greatest play I've ever seen a second baseman make. It came when they had the bases loaded with two out and the score tied in the last inning. Del Ennis was the hitter, and he hit one through the box. It looked like a base hit, but Johnny got to the ball. He was out on the grass in the outfield when he fielded it. He couldn't have seen me at second base, because he was running out at full speed, but someway he flipped the ball to me across his body. I guess Johnny knew just about where second base was, but I still don't see how he made that throw. The ball reached me just in time to force Musial at second, and we won the game in the tenth inning."

The most challenging joint test for the McMillan-Temple combination came at last year's All-Star Game. During the countrywide fan balloting to select the starting line-ups—exclusive of pitchers—votes were drummed up so effectively in Cincinnati that an estimated one third of the national total came from that city. Redlegs were elected at five of eight positions on the National League team—McMillan at short, Temple at second, Ed Bailey as catcher and Frank Robinson and Gus Bell in the outfield.

There were outraged cries elsewhere over this Cincinnati landslide. When Roy and Johnny and the other Redlegs took the field for the game, they were squarely on the spot—and they knew it. The National League pilot, Walter Alston, of Brooklyn, had the privilege of making line-up changes after three innings. He lifted most of the other starters before the game was over, but stayed with McMillan and Temple all the way. In the field, they took care of everything—including one double play. At bat each had two hits and a walk. Temple drove in a run, and had the only stolen base of the day.

For this year's All-Star Game there was another avalanche of Cincinnati votes which promised to put Redlegs at all eight positions. George Crowe ultimately was nosed out at first base by Stan Musial, and Commissioner Ford Frick vetoed the election of Gus Bell in center field and Wally Post in right field on the ground that these choices did not truly reflect national fan sentiment. Frick O.K.'d the five other Redlegs because they had done well in the balloting throughout the country. So McMillan, Temple, Robinson and Bailey made the team again, with third baseman Don Hoak qualifying for his first appearance. This time McMillan and Temple played only half the game, with the American League taking an early lead and holding it all the way to win, 6–5.

Away from the diamond, McMillan and Temple are friendly, but not inseparable. On the road, they won't necessarily turn up in the same groups for card playing or movie-going or what not. Roy currently rooms with pitcher Hershell Freeman, and Johnny with third baseman Don Hoak. However, Roy and Johnny are close enough to get together on a husband-and-wife social basis from time to time back in Cincinnati.

Roy McMillan, whose barber father played semipro ball, is married to the former Joan Lawrence, a girl from his home town of Bonham, Texas. They live in Bonham during the off season. They have a boy, David, who is not yet three.

Johnny Temple is the son of a farmer in Lexington, North Carolina. He met his wife-to-be, Becky Shealy, when he was playing at Columbia, South Carolina, in 1950. Cincinnati is now their year-round home. The Temples also have one boy, five-year-old Mike.

Both men probably are around the $20,000 salary level. Last winter Temple added to his income by hitting the speaking circuit in behalf of Redleg ticket sales—something McMillan has done a couple of times in the past. Temple also appeared on some television sports programs over Cincinnati's WLW. He hopes to do more TV work. But the principal business of both John and Roy is their baseball partnership around second base. In their own league they have convinced a majority of the experts that they are the finest of modern keystone firms. In the American League an argument might be put up for such combines as Aparicio and Fox, of the White Sox.

How about the great combinations of other years? Veteran baseball men can reel off many sets of names. Crosetti and Lazzeri. Crosetti and Gordon. Rizzuto and Gordon. Durocher and Frisch. Marion and Schoendienst. Jurges and Herman. Barry and Collins. The legendary Tinker and Evers. This is only a partial list.

Testimony is accumulating that McMillan and Temple belong with these past masters. Earle Brucker, a Cincinnati coach when Roy and Johnny first teamed up, may have called it in advance. "Give those kids a few years of playing together," he said, "and people will be coming out early just to watch them take infield practice." THE END

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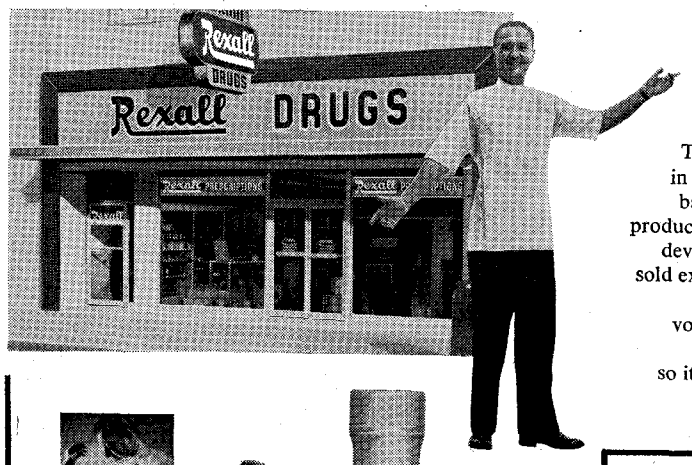

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Can He Bail Out Britain?

(Continued from Page 21)

like a Prime Minister was bound to have a receptive audience. So far, although he is still a long way from a good second-act curtain, the new Prime Minister's dash, verve and flair for theater have the audience happy, if a bit breathless. Every time Prime Minister Macmillan opens his mouth, waggles his Guardee mustache and twinkles up his hooded eyes, the taxpaying public never knows whether to expect a new budget, a special tax, an arch wisecrack about Dulles or droll remarks about the H-bomb. Macmillan is a specialist in biting remarks—the kind that often bite back—but for the moment, anyway, he has won over even the murderous wags in Mayfair.

In the blue-bloody reaches of the Conservative Party hierarchy there is today much Thoroughbred talk and pointing with pride to the Prime Minister's patrician connections—how blood, class and breeding will tell when it comes to that subtle thing called leadership. Less solemn American observers, aware that Harold Macmillan's mother came from Spencer, Indiana, recognize authentic Hoosier hokum, and smile when they hear it. It is from his American mother that Childe Harold probably got that double bump of irreverence, and when the I-Remember-Mamma mood is on, he uses it with naughty effect—"I am, after all, one of the fruits of Anglo-American co-operation." The corn is sometimes as obvious as the fruit.

This spring, at the Boar's Head Tavern in Chislehurst, one of those rustic Kentish retreats where the Tory Party Primrose League faithful gather to hear the latest bit of bad news from Downing Street, Macmillan blandly explained his political style and unorthodox approach to the job of Prime Minister: "There is something to be said for buying shares at the bottom of the market. If things should improve, the party and the government will get the credit. If they get worse, then we are all done in, anyway."

We may go bankrupt, but let us be gay. The bantering tone of this statement is a new kind of national tonic. Macmillan manages to get across the patriotic message, usually before Tory audiences, that only cads could ask just how those shares got to the bottom of the market.

The reality is that Suez rent this country emotionally as no other crisis has since Munich. Half the nation was furious at Sir Anthony Eden for sending troops into Egypt, and the other half never forgave him for pulling them out. The fission in the British body politic was much more than a party split, and the emotional overtones seriously jeopardized Britain's relations with the Commonwealth, N.A.T.O. and the United States. Harold Macmillan's first job, when he took over as Prime Minister, was to restore the feeling of leadership, to relax and reassure the nation by being a relaxed and reassuring man himself.

Part of the fine art of politics is to take misfortune in stride, particularly the other fellow's; then to emerge as a true reflection of the national mood, with proper appeals to the higher patriotism. For the record, Macmillan made a few flummery attempts to defend the Suez debacle—"As to Suez, what might be accounted a tactical setback will lead in the end to a strategic success." Then he artfully retreated into the general mood prevailing on the Tory benches—Anthony is sick, poor fellow; Nasser a blighter; Foster Dulles just not the matey type.

Eden's exit, almost literally, was on a stretcher. In the tense atmosphere of the debates that rocked the House of Commons and spilled over into Trafalgar Square, Labor's best speaker, Aneurin Bevan, was soon flashing the ugly hint that Macmillan and a cabal in the Conservative Party had jobbed Sir Anthony. Earlier in the year 1956, when Macmillan, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduced a few popular tax cuts, Fleet Street reporters had given him the humorous handle "Mac the Knife." The Three Penny Opera was then playing in London's West End. Now Bevan executing a breast stroke through oceans of his own crocodile tears, mockingly implied that Mac the Knife was really a second Scots Macbeth, and Sir Anthony a sick, silent and reproving English Banquo, shuffling off the stage of world history.

Did Eden fall or was he pushed? The answer seems to be a bit of both. The tragedy of Sir Anthony Eden—and it was a grueling personal tragedy—was that of a winsome and plodding aristocrat politician who spent thirty-three years tidily preparing for highest office, but could not hold it thirty-three months after he got there. He made the fatal mistake of regarding the office of Prime Minister as a reward for past service instead of a challenge to organize the future. Impatience with Eden's dawdling first began among senior ministers in his own cabinet. Macmillan was one of those ministers, convinced he could do the job better.

Macmillan has much tougher political instincts and he knows very well why Eden failed. Harassed by a series of economic problems on the home front, plus a succession of foreign-policy crises in which his luck was often worse than his judgment, Eden was cruelly hounded to "show the smack of firm government" by the Death-or-Bloody-Glory brigade of Tories. In trying to please his carnivorous critics, Eden, whose world reputation was based on moderation, abandoned moderation and destroyed himself.

This political blood sport of savagely harrying their own Prime Ministers is a British tradition of long standing. In the twentieth century alone, the casualty list has been appalling—Balfour, Asquith, Lloyd George, MacDonald, Chamberlain, Attlee and now Eden. There is, however, a supreme reason for this Grand National tallyho. Despite the whimsical picture they love to draw of themselves as a folksy nation of charming eccentrics—vivacious vicars, bird-watching dons and M.P.'s who play Bach on the cello—the British as a people are as tough as fumed oak. When the blue chips are down they demand, and insist on getting, audacious and ruthless leadership at the top. From Queen Elizabeth I to Sir Winston Churchill, from the Armada to Dunkirk, they got it.

Without vision, the nation perishes. It was practical vision that put the Great in Great Britain. These 50,000,000 island people still want a Prime Minister who will keep pumping on the organs of state until the tune that comes up is Land of Hope and Glory. This remorseless quest for sterling leadership makes all British politics less a struggle of issues and ideas than a drama of character. First the man, and the measures will follow.

The play for political power in the United Kingdom today is not so much between Conservative and Labor, both parties being committed to the welfare state. It is, rather, a quest for the right man with the right measures, using party only as a vehicle. It is a contest between just such a man as Harold Macmillan, the conscious patrician who wears the invisible armor of the British gentleman, and Aneurin Bevan, the authentic tribune of the people tossed up by the democratic tumult of the twentieth century. The forum for this great debate, a kind of personalized class struggle, is the House of Commons. (Since Suez, Bevan has easily outshone the nominal leader of the Labor Party, Hugh Gaitskell.)

When Macmillan and Bevan square away in the House—both have been there thirty-four years—two of the most accomplished political virtuosos in the British Isles are personifying the showdown issues the nation will vote on in the next general election—probably in 1959. Both are masters of "catching the mood of the House," and each knows exactly what the other is up to. Both sensed, and instantly, the post-Suez mood of the nation. When the news came in that it had taken the British military as long to get from Malta to Port Said in 1956 as it had taken Nelson to sail from Sicily to Egypt in 1798, that did it. The nineteenth century was officially over. The job now was to cut the British suit to fit the British cloth.

What is Britain's proper military posture? One of Macmillan's first decisive

NEXT WEEK

Are We Driving Japan Into Red China's Arms?

CAMERON HAWLEY Reports From Tokyo on a Crucial Issue

Fiction: THE CASE OF THE DEAD MAN'S DAUGHTER

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SECRETS OF THE UNKNOWN WAR Part Two

An Outnumbered Army Faces the Cruel Invader

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acts as Prime Minister was to slash the military budget, coming up with a startling atomic-age New Look. And this New Look showed remarkable resemblance to precisely the kind of budget Aneurin Bevan had been advocating since 1951. It made Mac the Knife look like a Tory Bevanite. But this is one of the classic maneuvers in British politics, known as "dishing the Whigs," or catching the opposition in swimming and stealing their clothes. Bevan recognized this ruse and turned his oratorical fire on Macmillan's decision to continue production of the H-bomb.

What is Britain's role today in the Anglo-American Alliance? In the immediate post-Suez days, there was a startling reversal of party roles. Stanch Tories suddenly were seized with a kind of glandular anti-Americanism. Bevan calmly watched them writhing at Washington and then coolly reminded them that while anti-Americanism is a heady emotion, it is not a program. As Prime Minister, Macmillan admitted in private that a kind of "poisonous patriotism" had seized his party, and that he intended to "lance the poison, but keep the patriotism." One of Eden's last pathetic acts was to try to save himself by wangling an invitation to the White House to see the American President he had deceived. Macmillan restored the line to Washington by letting the news leak out that Great Britain has many fine golf courses, in Bermuda for example, and met the American President halfway—on British soil. Very deft, very Macmillan.

Who can balance the books of Britain's welfare state? Inflation in the United Kingdom is now air-borne, and until British prices can be brought into line with the realities of the competitive world market, the whole question of Britain's power and status in the world will be weighed in merciless economic scales. Macmillan is a hot gospeler for a return to the principles of competitive capitalism—"Let us get a bigger pot and brew more beer." Bevan is for total immersion in all-out socialism, liquidation by taxation of the debts of the past.

Nobody knows better than Harold Macmillan that the probable alternative to his own brand of Tory democracy is a radical, leveling lurch to the left, an electoral rumble that would bring Bevan to power and sweep away four centuries of class government, upper-class version. This explains his bumptious political style—the elaborately defined pose of dapper Edwardian dandy who couldn't really care less, his impromptu speeches that he labors over after midnight, the air of despising clever chaps, while managing all the time to be a very clever chap himself.

Behind the mask this Prime Minister of Great Britain is making a grand play for the vote of Britain's man in the street. He is doing so by reminding him that the upper class has been in the business of governing here for centuries, and that the end is not yet. Nobody irks the Labor members of Parliament more than Macmillan when he enters the House of Commons in his uppish, grand manner. It is a living reminder that while they were born into the twentieth century, Harold managed to be distilled into it.

Today's drama at Number 10 Downing Street is that Harold Macmillan, the ambitious man who took over as successor to Sir Anthony Eden, maybe by tugging at the rug, is going all out to leave Number 10 hailed as the true successor to Sir Winston Churchill, as the man who should have been called to the job in the first place. In background and breeding, Macmillan does resemble Churchill somewhat, like a younger character in the same country-house novel. Once again one meets the American mother, the flashy literary style, the air of country gentlemen most at home in a London club, and most of all in the House of Commons. Both are endowed with impish partisan humor, Macmillan's honed to strike sparks off his opponents: "There goes Labor's good old Jim Griffiths, pouring the milk of human kindness into bottles and leaving one on each doorstep."

In Parliament there is the striking parallel of how a reputation for brilliant but unorthodox talents kept both Churchill and Macmillan on the back benches for donkey's years, until the nation faced moments of major crisis. Churchill was sixty-six, and the German army sixteen miles from Dover, before he became First Minister of the Crown. Macmillan at the age of sixty-two set up shop in Downing Street in what was hardly Britain's finest hour. It was a time for treading softly, and carrying a big swagger stick. When Macmillan emerged from Buckingham Palace last January as the surprise successor to Sir Anthony Eden, a cockney cabby in St. James's Street croaked, "Blimey, they've put the same bloke in with a different mustache." But the nation soon sensed that this was not the same bloke.

Regrets are always useless. None the less, I regret now that in preparing the current edition of Burke's Landed Gentry, no progress was made beyond the stage of a draft entry for the new Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan.

—L. G. Pine, Editor

The Clan Mac Millan, vivid yellow-and-scarlet fighting tartans, is Scotch, of course. In the eighteenth century a sect of Macmillanites were Presbyterian purists who even doubted a bit the orthodoxy of John Knox. Harold Macmillan's great-grandfather, a tenant farmer in Glen Sannox on the Isle of Arran, in politics a Jacobite, moved the family to the mainland. Two of his fourteen sons, Daniel and Alexander, agreeing with Doctor Johnson's dictum that the happiest prospect in all bonnie Scotland was the road that led to England, came south on foot, first to Cambridge and then on to London. What started as a simple bookstore and bindery grew into the Macmillan Brothers Publishing Company, one of the most successful in the English-speaking world—Kipling, Hardy, Shaw, Lewis Carroll, Yeats—the kind of house successful authors transfer to in their middle age. It is a tightly controlled family concern even today, Harold and his two brothers having inherited most of the shares from their father. Some of the family still run Macmillan Company, Ltd. Six years ago they sold the American branch for $3,000,000.

Proud of his origin, Harold Macmillan still makes a Scottish point of pronouncing the "*h*" in "why" and carries a faded tintype of his grandfather's thatched stone cottage whenever he heads north of the Tweed River. Sometimes when campaigning in Wales he can be overheard confiding, "We Scots and Welsh have got something the English have not got, a kind of secret Celtic life." The English, exposed to Irishmen from Edmund Burke to Parnell, Welshmen from Lloyd George to Aneurin Bevan, and Scots from Ramsey MacDonald to Harold Macmillan, have a hunch that the secret Celtic life is politics.

Harold grew up surrounded by Englishmen, however, and in that very tony Anglo-American circle our American novelist, Henry James, had such excellent fun writing about. His mother, Helen Artie Belles, was the daughter of an Indiana M.D., Doctor J. Tarleton Belles.

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Widowed three months after her first marriage in Indiana, she took off for Paris in the late 1880's to study music. There the young American widow met and charmed the proper Victorian publisher, Maurice Macmillan. Back across the Channel, the wedding was at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Harold, the second of three sons, grew up at Birch Grove House, Chelwood Gate, Sussex, surrounded by French governesses, head gardeners, and all the manor-house amenities.

As a King's Scholar at Eton and later at Balliol College, Oxford, bookish Macmillan shone as a classics and history scholar, with that "consciousness of effortless superiority" Lord Asquith claimed is the hallmark of all true-blue Balliol men. His studies gave him a lifelong fascination with Latin and Greek authors, and a distinct preference for the Greeks. When the Spartans of modern Germany crashed into the Athenian idyll of British upper-middle-class life in August, 1914, Harold Macmillan was twenty and about to take his honors degree at Oxford. Two months later he was in Flanders with most of his classmates, half of them destined never to come back. A tall man, he made the Grenadier Guards—six footers all—and fought as an infantry company commander for three years in the valley of the Somme.

In one predawn skirmish near Ypres in 1915, Captain Macmillan was leading a raiding party in no man's land. Suddenly his group found themselves cut off by a murderous artillery barrage, and in the middle of a German counterattack. Most of his men were killed, and Macmillan himself was badly wounded in the hip. All day the German infantry marched past, while the wounded captain played possum in a shell hole. He was waiting for the chaps to come get him after nightfall. They did, and found he had been reading a book, Aeschylus' Prometheus Bound.

In 1919, after eighteen months' convalescence, Captain Macmillan went back to Oxford for a short spell and then out to Canada as aide-de-camp to the governor general, the ninth Duke of Devonshire. As many A.D.C.'s do, he became engaged to the boss' daughter, Lady Dorothy Cavendish. Back in London the marriage was a high-society affair, marking Macmillan's entrance into the inner circle of "the Establishment." For the Cavendishes are one of the half dozen great houses of England, related to most of the others, and in particular to the powerful Tory family of the Cecils—the Marquis of Salisbury. More important, the marriage was happy and congenial—Lady Dorothy sometimes excels her husband in that droll kind of dialogue that can make even breakfast a happy affair. Never above giving her husband a gentle needle, Lady Dorothy recently told some of his constituents in Kent, "Girls, always make sure you know what your husband wants to be before you marry him. I married a publisher; now look what I've got."

In the early 1920's Harold did spend some time "peddling books around the north of England." But he was already taped by the Conservative Party as a political comer—handsome, wealthy, brilliant record at Oxford, a Guards regiment, business experience and a happy marriage that was politically à la mode. In 1923 Harold stood for Parliament from the highly industrial division of Stockton-on-Tees. He lost by the narrow margin of seventy votes, but won handily a year later. When he entered Parliament in 1924, he had sixteen relatives-in-law in the House of Commons, with perhaps 100 members who wore the same old-school tie. The road to easy preferment seemed wide open. And yet for almost two decades MP Macmillan remained an outsider, a backbencher, what we would call a mugwump. Why?

The superficial reason given at the time—and one still hears some echoes today—was that Harold was all surface and side. In dress he was consciously Edwardian, jeweled pin in satin cravat, thin gold watch chain over the waistcoat, black pin-stripe trousers, paper collars, a dangling monocle, the Guardsman's ramrod posture. His eyelids, his walrus mustache and his voice all drooped. His maiden speech in the House of Commons was a tattered disaster, full of quips and quiddities, and many members took a walk. But not, incidentally, another gay political brooder, Winston Churchill, even though he was later to comment: "Harold is too viewy."

What was Harold Macmillan so viewy about? The interwar years, 1919–1939, revealed dismal scars on the political and economic landscape of Great Britain. The Conservative Party, led by Stanley Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain, was in office most of that time, with industry in the doldrums and politics in a funk. As a spokesman for the younger Tories, Macmillan, in a long series of bold backbench speeches that still read well, was constantly harassing the older party leadership for failing to lead—for a loss of dynamism in tackling industrial stagnation at home, and for vacillating in foreign affairs. The penalty Macmillan paid for needling his elders was to stand twenty long years at the bottom of the ladder of preferment.

Macmillan first began to make an impact on the British public in 1935 as a Tory rebel who spoke up sharply against the Anglo-German Naval Treaty. In 1936 when sanctions were lifted against Fascist Italy, he quit the Conservative benches and sat for a year as a crossbench Independent. In books and speeches he began demanding a popular-front government, with Labor's Herbert Morrison as a possible prime minister.

This earned him a reputation as "a bit of a Bolshie" in his own London clubs—the Turf, Beefsteak, Pratt's. But soon he was no longer alone. Winston Churchill was speaking up; then Duff Cooper, Lord Salisbury and Anthony Eden rocked the government benches with their resignations as Neville Chamberlain took the road to Munich.

Macmillan's reputation as one of the keepers of the Tory conscience in those years was overshadowed, in Britain's and the world's imagination, by the greater figure of Winston Churchill. But both men came by the role naturally, by birth and tradition. It is the authentic, classic role of the Tory Democrat, that part of Britain's political aristocracy who trace their lineage back to Burke, Pitt and Peel, and whose instinct is to think in terms of the broad national interest. Like Disraeli, they proudly call themselves Tories, and often look askance at the party label, "Conservative." In the 1930's, feeling that the party had been captured by Birmingham big business, Macmillan lashed out in the authentic accents of patrician contempt: "This is not the best Toryism, it is a party dominated by second-class brewers and company promoters, a casino capitalism not likely to represent anything but itself."

What is the best Toryism? As early as 1938, the man who is today Prime Minister of Great Britain did some very cogent thinking out loud on the subject, and incorporated his ideas in a long egghead book, The Middle Way. The British Left has always tried to dismiss this economic study as The McMiddle Way. But what also irritated them was the unexpected challenge of a man who not only published and read their books, but could write one on his own. In a curious way, Macmillan swam against the current of economic thinking of the time, the great debate between laissez-faire capitalism and the new school of socialism. His Middle Way turned out to be a third approach, typically pragmatic—a study of how and why British products were so often priced out of the world market. His harping on "productivity" in 1938 seemed offbeat, when both factories and workers were idle from what was called overproduction. But just as Harold Macmillan wore Edwardian clothes until they finally came back into fashion, his 1938 homework on political economy anticipated most of the economic problems he faces today as Prime Minister.

World War II and the coming to power of Winston Churchill brought all the Tory Democrats out of their spiritual exile. For the first time, Macmillan entered a British government, and by 1942 he was sent out to Allied Forces Headquarters, Algiers, as British Resident Minister or "Winston's man." He got quite a reputation for making all the proper genuflections to the grand alliance but for all that he was very keen in protecting British interests during the diplomatic infighting. Algiers was one of history's watersheds. The appointment of a then obscure American general, D. D. Eisenhower, to a job much coveted by British field marshals symbolized a power shift in the English-speaking world. Some of the British brass and bowler-hat boys took it so bitterly that Macmillan had to call them together and deliver a sermon on the facts of life:

"We are Greeks in this Roman Empire. The Americans have all the top positions and we must never resent it. Our job is to make up their minds for them without letting them notice that we are doing so."

If today the Romans in the State Department and the Greeks in the Foreign Office are looking for clues to Macmillan's views on Anglo-American relations, there's the big one. Macmillan is half Hoosier and half Greek.

He remained Britain's top trouble shooter in the Mediterranean theater until the end of the war. Had the Conservatives remained in power in 1945, he was in line for the job of Viceroy to India. But in the Labor landslide of July, 1945, Macmillan himself went down to defeat in Stockton-on-Tees, although he was back in Parliament six months later, this time from Kent, and in his familiar role of backbencher. Many critics claim that the crushing defeat of Churchill and the Tories in 1945 embittered Macmillan, and marked his metamorphosis from a left-winger to a right-winger. A closer reading of the record shows that Macmillan had predicted the Conservative defeat, as a kind of delayed revenge against Baldwin and Chamberlain. He personally had not moved to the right; the electorate had bypassed him to the left.

Viewed in the perspective of twelve years, six under Labor and six under the Tories, what really happened in 1945 becomes clearer. Britain's "social revolution" did not spring full-blown out of the brow of Socialist Clement Attlee. It grew out of the siege economy of World War II, the built-in subsidies and a whole series of barrage balloons to hold the island economy up.

Haunted by the memory of the silent factories of the 1920's and the unemployed marches of the 1930's, both parties in 1945 bought the politically palatable doctrine of full production and full employment. Only a few killjoy cost accountants raised the question of price—or asked what might happen to the buoyancy of the welfare state when vast American subsidies ceased, and when Japan and Germany came roaring back into world markets. Which is what happened in the early 1950's.

Macmillan was one of the most incisive of the killjoys—a "national alarm clock," as he called himself—to try to rouse the nation to the economic realities. In his own party, he had many of the empire-minded who just would not face up to the fact that Britain had already melted down the treasures of the past. Picking up a theme which has haunted him since The Middle Way, Macmillan concentrates on the present: "From the time of the Industrial Revolution until 1950, Great Britain has never been driven by sheer necessity to run all out to keep ahead or abreast of her rivals. This is a piece of self-deception, a seeking for ourselves of some . . . featherbedded snuggery where the winds of world competition don't blow." This simple and clear-cut analysis has been made many times before, but here it is coming from a Prime Minister who has also served as Minister of Defense, Foreign Secretary, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and who now seems about to make the feathers really fly.

But although Macmillan, the businessman economist with a true Scottish disdain for sloppy bookkeeping, knows exactly what he wants to do, Macmillan, the cool politician, knows there are several big stiles to get over before he is home and dry. Britain's powerful Trades-Union Congress, linking annual wage-boost demands to prices rather than true production increases, sits in one giant featherbed. Organized British industry, passing on wage hikes in the form of rising prices, feeds an inflation which guarantees its profits and makes for a second cozy featherbed. Even Britain's best export industries manage a mammoth subsidy by buying state-owned power at far below its true economic cost. Meanwhile the winds of world competition are blowing, and Britain, basking in the artificial sunlight of the welfare state, risks pricing herself out of the world market. Tory Democrat Harold Macmillan, speaking up in the national interest of an island people who must export or perish, is now suggesting it is time to shoot Santa Claus.

That's one of the toughest programs in politics. The Prime Minister has between now and 1959 to convince 51 per cent of the voters that he has the formula to put the Great back in Great Britain, to become one of the true Tory Prime Ministers. If he fails, he will probably be the last. THE END

Admonition

By Mary Margaret Milbrath

Be gentle, arms; be tender, lips;
Be true, dear heart, be true;
For I have tasted love before
And known a bitter brew.

And should I find it so again,
I'd surely want to die.
Be gentle, arms; be tender, lips;
And—oh—be careful, I.

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Hitchhiker (Continued from Page 29)

"I'm sorry," said Tom McLane.

She nodded.

"It must be a comfort to have Jonny," he said.

Her amber eyes were bright. "It is. Are you married?"

"No."

A waitress brought their juice.

"Jeff didn't live on a ranch," said Anne.

"It was our grandfather's. He left it to me five years ago, and it's kept me busy ever since."

"Cattle?" she asked.

"And horses. I have about thirty acres in lemons. Alfalfa, avocados." He had a nice grin. "You name it and I grow it."

After they finished dinner, he said, "May I sit on your porch awhile?"

They talked easily, like old friends. He told her about his ranch, and she told him about Concord. At ten o'clock, she said, "I don't want to, but I suppose I should get some sleep. I've made a schedule that I hope I can keep. Carmel a week from today."

"Maybe we'll meet again on the road," he said.

"That would be nice," said Anne.

They were standing, and as he looked down at her, their sudden silence was awkward. Then he said, "Good night, Mrs. Langley. Thanks for a pleasant evening."

"Thank you for dinner," she said. "*Bon voyage.*"

She was on the road at sunrise. Ohio, Indiana —— Sometimes she talked to Jonny; sometimes she sang to him. Occasionally she thought of Tom McLane, and wondered whether they would meet again before they reached California.

It was early afternoon when she saw a man standing beside a dark sedan pulled to the side of the road. He put up his hand and she slowed the car.

"I'm out of gas," he said. He was not a tall man, but powerfully built, with a pleasant, angular face crevassed by deep lines, and penetrating dark eyes. "Would you mind giving me a lift to the nearest filling station?"

"Not at all," she answered.

"Just a second," he said, and lifted a medium-sized black satchel out of the sedan. Then he opened her door.

Anne smiled. "Wait, and I'll move my son over to make room for you."

He looked down at Jonny, who stared up at him with solemn blue eyes. He looked at the bags and boxes which filled the rear of the station wagon, and he got in and closed the door.

"I'd say that this setup is just what the doctor ordered," he said.

Anne glanced toward him, puzzled by the tone of his voice, and then stifled a scream, because he was holding an automatic in his hand and he was pressing it against Jonny.

"Take it easy," he told Anne. "And keep driving. Nothing's going to hurt Junior, if you do exactly what I tell you."

"I'll do what you tell me," she answered. "Couldn't you put that gun somewhere else?"

"Not right away," he said. "Not until I'm sure how bright you are."

"I promise," she said. "I'll do anything you say."

A car passed them. She watched it helplessly.

"We've got to get some things understood fast," the man was saying. "Let me see your registration and driver's license."

With one hand she took them from her purse, and with one hand—his left hand—he accepted them.

"Anne Langley," he read. He smiled. "Meet Harry Langley, Anne. I'm your husband, and you and I and Junior are taking a vacation trip. Touring the West."

Her golden-brown eyes were terrified.

"We're from Concord, Massachusetts, I see," he continued. "Good old Concord!" She said nothing. "'By the rude bridge that arched the flood ——'" he quoted.

"Couldn't you please ——" she began desperately.

He shook his head. Jonny made a crowing sound and smiled up at him.

"Something about the shot heard round the world," the man continued. "Which brings us to the next lesson. You see, Anne, I just had to shoot two guys. That's why Junior's health don't matter a bit to me."

Anne's eyes were dry and burning, like hot sand. She swallowed. "I'll help you any way I can, if you'll only ——"

"Whoops!" he interrupted her. "Pull off the road here."

It was a picnic area, with tables and stone fireplaces with grills. The man who had become Harry Langley took off his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves and opened the car door. He lifted out Jonny's basket. Anne cried, "No!" and he said, "Don't get hysterical, and look pleasant, please. We're going to have a little family picnic, papa and mamma and Junior. I want him out front, where he shows."

He set the basket on one of the tables and looked into the back of the car. "What's that gadget?"

It was Jonny's collapsible bathtub, tied with a piece of rope. With one hand in the pocket where he had slipped his gun and his eyes on Anne, Harry untied the rope, placed his satchel inside the tub, carefully folded and retied it.

"Got any vacuum bottles or paper plates?" he inquired. "People are supposed to eat at picnics."

She had a hamper. Watching her lift it, his eyes glinted, and he chuckled.

"O.K.," ordered Harry. "Get out and start picnicking."

She sat down close to Jonny's basket and obediently took the bottles from their case. Harry sat sideways across from her.

A patrol car with two uniformed officers moved by, traveling at a moderate speed. Anne's mouth quivered as one of them looked intently at the station wagon and at them.

"Ain't nobody here but just us chickens," Harry murmured softly, as the car continued along the road.

Anne did not know how long they sat there. Terror obliterated any sense of time. A motorcycle policeman sped past, another patrol car, siren screaming.

"They must be looking for someone," said Harry. He was smiling. "We might as well get going. . . ."

They came into a small town. Harry said, "You're going to do some shopping for me, sister. Any slip-up and Junior sprouts wing feathers."

Anne believed him. Harry was convincing.

She felt faint as she parked outside a clothing store and left Jonny and Harry together. "The loudest, craziest sport shirt you can find," Harry had told her. She bought the shirt. There was one more purchase. Harry had rehearsed her.

"How much are these?" she asked the clerk, picking up a straw cap with a long visor. "I think I'll buy one for my husband. Driving into the sun all afternoon, you know."

Harry put on the gaudy shirt and the long-billed cap. He looked at himself in the rear-view mirror. "Just a summer boy," he said. "Not a care in the world." His quick eyes flashed to the fuel gauge. "We'd better stop for gas, dear."

At the station an attendant filled the tank. "Check the oil and water too," said Harry.

A police car drew up to the other pump, its radio loud: ". . . dark green sedan stolen from a parking lot in this city and found headed west on Route Forty, off the highway, may have been the getaway vehicle. The police are checking for fingerprints of the man who coldbloodedly murdered the two tellers."

Anne looked at Harry; his eyes met hers and moved significantly to Jonny. She looked quickly away, and met the eyes of one of the officers. She dropped her own eyes in sudden panic.

The police car drove away.

"Your left rear tire looks low," said the attendant.

Anne raised the handles of Jonny's basket. "I think I'll take the baby into the rest room and change him," she said clearly. She winced as Harry brought the handles together over her fingers. Tears of pain rushed to her eyes, and she got blindly out of the car and walked to the ladies' room, where she burst into uncontrollable sobbing. *No slip-ups.* She had to play along until she was sure of Jonny's safety. *The man who coldbloodedly murdered the two tellers.*

She hurried back to the station wagon. Neither Harry nor Jonny was there. She stood, frozen, until she saw them, Harry's shirt bright in the sunlight, his hand clamped on the handles of the basket.

"Junior wanted to powder his nose, dear," he said. . . .

At five o'clock, Harry said, "I think it's time that a nice conservative couple like us finds a nice conservative motel."

When they drew up outside the office, he said, "We'll both go in."

He registered, writing down the number of the license plate unhesitantly.

"Twin beds or double?" asked the woman at the desk.

"Twins," said Harry.

In the room, Anne went automatically through the routine of bathing and feeding Jonny. *I'll just pretend he isn't here,* she told herself, not looking at Harry, who was sitting in an armchair by the window. She plugged in the bottle warmer, opened a can of broth and measured cereal into his bowl.

After Jonny was asleep, Harry said, "Let's get some food."

They ate in silence and returned to the room.

"You'd better get some shut-eye," he told her. "We're going to make an early start tomorrow, and you're going to drive. We have a state line to cross." He smiled grimly. "You're a good-looking dame, honey, but I'm not interested. Go to sleep."

Anne lay down on one of the beds, in her clothes. She had put Jonny's basket on a chair between the bed and the wall. Through her lashes, she watched Harry move his chair against the door. He turned off the light.

To her amazement, she slept. When Jonny made his first cry at dawn, her hand was stiff, still gripping the edge of the basket. Harry was sitting in the armchair; the other bed was undisturbed.

"Nice alarm clock we've got," he commented. "Can you set him for any hour?"

There were not many cars on the road when they drove out—cross-country trucks, an occasional bus, a few passenger cars. At eight o'clock traffic increased. At eight-thirty Anne rounded a curve and saw a long line of stopped vehicles ahead.

"Illinois line," said Harry. "Just keep it in mind that if I'm caught, nothing will make a bit of difference to my future."

Anne shuddered. The cars moved slowly, like logs jammed in a river. There were three ahead of them . . . two . . . one. She had never seen so many police cars in one place. A young officer snapped out commands: Registration. License. Where are you going? Where were you yesterday afternoon? Where did you spend the night? Did you pick up any hitchhikers? See any?

Harry said, pleasantly, "Unless we put them in the basket with Butch, here, we haven't room for a sardine."

The officer's eyes went to the rear of the station wagon, the boxes and suitcases, Jonny's bathtub. He smiled.

"That's for sure," he agreed. "You can go on." . . .

Five hours later they crossed into Missouri. At four-thirty Harry said, "We'll stop at the next motel."

After he had registered, the proprietor said, "I'll bring you over some ice."

Harry's dark eyes were sardonic. "We don't drink," he told him. "No bad habits."

When they had eaten and Jonny was sleeping, Anne sat down at the dressing table.

"What do you think you're doing?" asked Harry.

"Writing a card to my mother," she replied.

Harry said, "Tut, tut. Little girls mustn't play with pens or pencils. Hand it over. Your pocketbook too."

She gave him her bag. Some cash; a folder of travelers' checks. In the zippered compartment he found a set of spare car keys. He tossed the bag back to her.

"You'd better get some sleep," he said.

He had bought a newspaper at dinner, and she had seen the headlines. The police had no clue to the whereabouts of the man who had, apparently singlehanded, escaped with more than one hundred thousand dollars. Back in Indiana, two men who might have identified him lay in funeral parlors, and only two people knew that the money was in Jonny Langley's bathtub in a Massachusetts station wagon.

They were in Oklahoma when Anne saw in the mirror a gray roadster coming up fast. Hope and then icy terror rose within her. Tom McLane honked his horn, came alongside and passed her. Anne did not stir or turn her head; her eyes held the road. *Don't let him stop,* she prayed.

He did not stop.

"What's that guy honking about?" demanded Harry.

She shrugged.

Outside the next gas station, the roadster was beside the pumps and Tom was leaning against it, his eyes watching the road. Again, she made no sign, gave no indication that she saw him. Five minutes later he passed them again.

"Just what is this?" Harry asked. "You know that character?"

"No," she answered.

His fingers closed around her arm. "Any funny business and you know what will happen." She was silent, and his grasp tightened like a vise. "Don't you?"

"Yes," said Anne.

They went on silently. Anne's thoughts came so fast that she was almost afraid that Harry would sense them. She was quite sure that he would just as soon kill Tom McLane as not. Harry appeared to be thinking too.

"We'll hole up early tonight," he said abruptly. "Slow down when you come to a motel, and I'll tell you where."

Twice, he said tersely, "Keep going." At the third motel he said, "O.K." He signaled her to come with him into the office.

"We'd like a unit well off the road," he said. "My wife hasn't been sleeping well the last few nights." He looked tenderly

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at Anne. "Let's get some sandwiches and coffee and take them to our room. You can have supper in bed, and I'll give Buster his bath."

The station wagon was completely concealed from the highway in a carport. He kept Anne beside him while he took out the baby's necessities and closed the door of the room. It was their third night together, and she sat down where he indicated while he made a survey of the bathroom, the windows. Jonny was crying.

"All right," said Harry. "Feed him and get him quiet."

His quick eyes watched her sharply as she prepared Jonny for the night; watched every move as she fixed his formula.

It was not until the following night, in New Mexico, that Anne had a chill of terror at Harry's intent concentration on her routine with the baby. *Why should he be so interested?*

They had crossed the Texas Panhandle that morning. They had seen a number of gray cars, but not Tom McLane's. She wondered what Tom was thinking, and where he was thinking it. As slight as their acquaintance was, it must have appeared odd to him to see Harry, in the loud shirt and duck-billed cap, riding beside her, and even odder for her to show no recognition. He had not blown his horn a second time. He knew the route which she had planned to take, and so far, it fitted in with Harry's designs.

After dinner Harry unfolded a road map. "Ought to hit Flagstaff by afternoon," he said. "A little better than five hundred miles from there to L.A. We can make Kingman by night."

Her heart leaped. Did he mean that he was going to leave her in Los Angeles? It would be her sixth day with Harry.

It was frightening, the way he read her thoughts. "Going to miss me?" he asked. He was smiling. "Of course, you realize that I'm going to have to borrow Junior for maybe as long as a week?"

All color drained from Anne's face. For a moment she could not speak. She stared at Harry, her eyes stark.

"I'll take good care of him," he said. "I know the ropes."

Both statements sounded sinister to Anne's ears. She stammered, "Please! I promise I'll never tell anyone about you!"

"Sorry," Harry said. "I'd like to trust you, baby, but I don't dare. I'll mail him back to you."

Every word he spoke, now, seemed to have a hidden meaning, a hidden horror. Tears streamed down her face.

"I promise," she repeated hoarsely. It was all she could think of to say.

"You'd better go to sleep," he told her.

That night she scarcely slept at all. She lay in the darkness, her hand gripping Jonny's basket, her mind racing, making wild plans for escape and discarding them. If she could get his gun, she could kill Harry without compunction.

From the chair in front of the door, Harry said flatly, "Go to sleep. I don't want a tired chauffeur."

He was either an extraordinarily light sleeper or he never slept. Not once, since she had let him into her car, had he left her alone with Jonny. The powder-room joke continued to give him a grim amusement, and his comments for the benefit of the men at the gas stations usually made them laugh.

What if she drove straight to a police station? She could almost hear Harry's dry voice: "I'd have nothing to lose, *baby.*"

At the first light of dawn, she stared, agonizedly, at Jonny's face, at the delicate eyebrows, the faint flush of his cheeks. When his blue eyes opened, she seized him, held him tight.

"Good!" said Harry. "We'll get an early start."

Somehow, she stopped the trembling of her hands, dressed Jonny and fed him his breakfast. Somehow, she drove the car, evenly, steadily, her eyes dry.

Southwest of Kingman, Harry said, "We stop here."

He was amiable and conversational with the motel proprietor, the perfect model of a devoted husband and father. He bought a newspaper and they drove to their unit. Harry made his customary careful examination of their room and helped her carry in Jonny's supplies.

He read the paper while she gave Jonny his bath, and the news seemed to please him. "*One more river to cross,*" he sang.

This may be the last time I ever bathe him, thought Anne. *The last time I ever give him his supper.*

When Jonny was asleep, Harry said, "Let's put on the feed bags." Harry was in an unusually cheerful mood. "You need lipstick, sister," he added.

Obediently, Anne went to the mirror. She was shocked by her appearance. Her eyes were deep-set and stark, burned holes in a blanket. Her brown hair was without luster. She looked old.

"I'm getting sick of that suit," said Harry. "Don't you have a dress?"

She burst into tears.

"Don't wake up the kid," he told her. "Come on, if you like looking like that."

She followed him into the lunchroom.

"I could eat a raw dog," said Harry.

"Let's sit over here," Anne said, quickly slipping into a chair that faced the long counter and the row of stools. Harry sat down, his back to the room, and her throat contracted.

Tom McLane was sitting on one of the stools. In the mirror above the coffee machines, their eyes met. There was shock in his eyes, shock and then encouragement. She did not know what he knew, but he must see that she was desperately afraid. Her face showed the strain she had endured.

After a few moments, Tom rose quietly and went outside. Anne managed to eat. She did not know what Tom would do; a false move might mean his death, or hers, or Jonny's.

There was no sign of his roadster when she and Harry returned to their room. "Before you go to sleep, I'll give you a briefing about tomorrow," he said. "I want to hit L.A. around five. When we get where we're going, Junior and I will leave you, and you'll drive right on. Go any place you like to hole up and wait."

"Yes," said Anne.

"You'd better call your family. Tell them anything you want, just so long as you tell them that you and Junior are fine."

"Yes," she said again.

"I'll see that he's returned in good condition as soon as possible. I'll be as anxious to arrange my future as you'll be to get him back."

"How will you know where I am?" she asked.

"I don't need to know," he said. "I have everything figured out. I can't trust you, baby, so you'll just have to trust me."

I'd as soon trust a rattlesnake, thought Anne.

"I think you've got the idea," he added. "Just keep it in mind that Junior will never blow out that candle on his first birthday cake if you try to cross me up."

Sudden anger flashed in Anne's eyes and color flamed in her cheeks. "Do you have to say it again?" she demanded.

"Well, well, well!" said Harry. He was looking at her, and it was quite a different look from any she had ever seen on his face. "I always did go for dames with tempers. I might keep you with me, too, for a few days in L.A."

This was a new fear, a new threat, but it did not frighten her with the same numbing terror. She looked back at him coolly.

"Aren't you worried about crossing the California line?" she asked. "They're pretty thorough, even when it's only Arizona oranges in your bag."

The light in Harry's eyes dimmed. "I'm not worried," he answered shortly. He was still looking at her, but she could see that he was thinking again, figuring all the angles. She moved a chair noisily, rearranged Jonny's dishes, dropped a spoon. "Be quiet, will you?" he said irritably. "You'd better turn in."

For a second night she scarcely slept, her eyes stinging, wide open in the dark. Los Angeles was about nine hours' driving time from the motel—Los Angeles, where she was to leave Jonny and hole up, waiting, waiting for days or perhaps forever.

At the first light of dawn, her eyes went to the basket where he lay. Harry must have heard the turn of her head on the pillow.

From the chair, his voice, wide awake, said, "O.K. Let's get out of here."

She heated Jonny's bottle. This morning she had to pick him up to awaken him. His voice rose in a wail of angry protest. She dressed him, sat down in a chair by the window and held him in her arms while he took the milk.

"You finished with this stuff?" Harry asked, picking up a basket.

"Yes," said Anne.

He unlocked the door and stepped outside. She heard the creak that the rear of the station wagon made when it was lifted up. The next thing she heard was two shots close to the building, shattering the stillness. She jumped to her feet, put Jonny down and ran to the door.

The adjoining unit blazed with lights, making a bright patch, like a stage spotlight, on the figures of men. A state trooper was putting handcuffs on Harry, and blood was running from Harry's right wrist. A second trooper held a gun, while two others watched from the steps next door.

Harry looked across at her. His shoulders sagged; for the first time, his eyes showed the fatigue and strain of the past days.

"How did you do it, baby?" he asked.

She felt a stab of pity, before she remembered what Harry was like. "Jonny's going to blow out that first candle," she said, speaking as flatly as Harry had spoken to her so many times.

Lights were coming on in other rooms. Tom McLane was walking rapidly toward her.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

A patrol car zoomed up the drive and stopped behind the station wagon. Anne leaned against the doorframe, suddenly weak with relief. One of the officers was asking her a question, and she heard her own laugh, incredulous, close to hysteria.

"The money's in the b-baby's b-bathtub," she answered.

Tom said, "Anne, you'd better sit down."

She saw two troopers getting Harry into the patrol car as Tom led her inside the room.

"How did you know?" she asked him, sinking into a chair.

"I didn't," he said. "But it all added up. What they call circumstantial evidence. I have a radio in my car, and the air was full of the robbery and murders. I was looking for your station wagon, and when I caught up with you in Oklahoma, and saw him and saw your face, I began to wonder. You were in Indiana when it happened. You were on Route Forty, where they found the sedan. Then I lost you until last night. Your face was enough. I went to the police."

Her eyes were wide.

"They didn't want to get him in the dark, because of the danger to you and Jonny," he explained. "We were in the next room all night, waiting, listening. When he came out, two of the men closed in on him, and at that he managed to pull his gun."

Anne shuddered. "If it hadn't been for you ——" she said, and looked at Jonny, who was sleeping peacefully.

Tom smiled at her. "In spite of your honking your horn at me, I didn't think he was the type you'd pick by choice," he said.

She was still trembling. "I must call my parents," she said. "And tell them that I'm all right." Her voice faded. The past days had seemed endless; it was incredible to realize that she was exactly on schedule and that no one had been worried about her at all. No one but Tom McLane. She looked across at him, and smiled tremulously. "Lord, I'm glad I honked my horn at you!" she told him.

THE END

"Rather an interesting little story in connection with that one."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Late in Love (Continued from Page 25)

"It's—it's Miss Ellis, papa," Maureen said. "She wants to see you. She ——"

"Who?" Mr. Jim said, staring at her.

"M-Miss Ellis," Maureen said. "Please, papa, don't ——"

"Miss Ellis?" Mr. Jim said. "The schoolma'am?" He snorted. "I'm busy. I'm mighty busy. Tell her that."

"But, papa, she said ——"

"Maureen!" Mr. Jim said.

She dropped her head. "Yes, papa."

She disappeared around the barn, and he turned back to his milking. The twin streams came savagely now and whipped a thick foam in the pail.

He hadn't even finished with that cow when Maureen came back.

"Papa," she said. "Papa, she ——"

"Well?" he said.

"Papa, don't be mad," she said, "please ——"

"Mad?" he said. "I'm not mad. Say it, girl. What is it?"

"She—she won't go, papa," Maureen said. "I told her what you said, and I tried to get her to, but she says she came to see you and she'll stay till she does."

Mr. Jim had turned full around, swinging the milk pail in one big red hand.

"She—said—what?" he asked slowly.

"Yessir," Maureen said, nodding quickly and moving back a step, "and she said not to shout at me. She said tell you if you wanted to shout to come shout at her. She said you shouldn't shout at me 'cause it upsets me and makes me nervous. And it does, papa," she added quickly, still nodding, round-eyed, and retreating toward the gate. "It scares me so. Please, papa ——"

"Maureen!" Mr. Jim said.

"Yessir?"

"Go tell that —— Go tell that—woman," Mr. Jim said slowly, measuring his words, "that I'm busy and that I aim to be busy for a long time. Tell her she can wait for me; I'll be happy for her to, just so she does it somewhere but on my place. Can you remember that?"

"Yessir, papa," Maureen said, "but, please ——"

"Maury!" he said.

Maureen stopped. "Yessir."

"Tell her," Mr. Jim said.

"Yessir."

So she left again, and Mr. Jim turned once more to his milking. The cow had moved her leg forward while he was turned, and he could not reach her bag. "Sah!" he roared and whacked her on the hip, almost overturning her. "You trying to start something too?"

He had scarcely settled himself and leaned forward again when a crisp, level voice stopped him.

"Mr. Somerville," the voice said, and he spun around.

The milk in the pail sloshed out on his shoes, but he didn't notice it. He was staring at Miss Ellis.

He had never met her; he had simply heard of Miss Ellis, the schoolmistress, and he had naturally thought of someone plain, or worse. So he was not prepared at all.

Not that she was a young, dewy-eyed thing. Not that at all. She must have been nearing forty, though she didn't look it. She was what Mr. Jim thought of as a fine figure of a woman.

She was really small, only slightly taller than Maureen, who stood beside her, but to Mr. Jim she looked much larger. It was the erectness and dignity in her bearing. She had very fine, prematurely white hair, parted in the middle and pulled smoothly back from her forehead. Her eyes were huge and blue, and just then they were flashing.

"Mr. Somerville," she said again, "I received your insulting message and I was not at all surprised. I was prepared for something of the sort by the reports I heard of you in the community. Ordinarily I would not have come here at all, because it is not my custom to waste my time on stupid, bullheaded old men; but I came to see you about something which concerns me far more than my dignity and your rude ignorance."

Mr. Jim got quickly to his feet.

"Now, ma'am," he said, his face very red, "you'll have to excuse me. You see, I didn't—I hadn't ——" In these first moments Mr. Jim was not himself. He was on the point of trying to explain—though he himself didn't quite understand it—that he had not known Miss Ellis, that he had thought of someone different, that if he had seen her before —— But Miss Ellis didn't give him time.

"I am not at all interested in excuses," she said. "Your behavior and attitudes are altogether immaterial to me, except as they concern one person." She turned as she spoke and looked at Maureen.

"Maury, dear," she said, "will you wait for us at the house? I have a few things to say to your father." Maureen looked at her father and then at Miss Ellis. Miss Ellis patted her head. "That's a good girl," she said. "Run along now." Maureen backed away, wide-eyed, then turned and disappeared.

The interval had given Mr. Jim a moment to collect himself. When Miss Ellis turned back to him he spoke more firmly.

"Now, Miss Ellis," he said, "listen ——"

"No," Miss Ellis said, "you listen to me, Mr. Somerville. From what I can gather, you've been doing the talking in this community for some time—too long a time, I believe—and it is now your turn to listen."

"But you don't understand ——" Mr. Jim began.

"I understand perfectly," Miss Ellis said. "I understand that you're a bigoted, self-important old dotard whose vision doesn't reach past his nose. I understand that you're a spoiled, sour, overgrown child. For years you've done just as you pleased, and no one has had the courage to contradict you. If you were one of my students, I'd straighten you out very quickly. But you are not one of my students; you are old and hardened, and probably beyond hope. Besides, I doubt if you're worth straightening out."

For the third time she had used the word "old." Each time Mr. Jim had winced visibly, and now he protested. "Just a minute now," he said. "Maybe I'm not as old as you think. Maybe you've been hearing wrong."

There was a brief, quickly covered glint in Miss Ellis' flashing blue eyes. She might have been amused or triumphant, or both. But Mr. Jim did not see this, and she went quickly on.

"I think you're old," she said. "You act old, even if you don't look it. A man is old, Mr. Somerville, when his mind becomes hardened."

Mr. Jim moved a step forward, scratching his head. "Now, you've been talking about my mind being hardened," he said. "I don't think I know what you mean. My mind's not hardened that I can see."

Miss Ellis' eyes snapped angrily. "Oh, yes," she said. "It's hardened all right. What else would you call it when a man refuses to let his daughter develop and express her personality just because he has an idea about something?"

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," Mr. Jim said. "How's that? How's that?"

"Oh, you know what I mean," Miss Ellis said. And then she stopped and looked at him in amazement. "Or don't you, Mr. Somerville?" She gave a shocked little gasp which was altogether inconsistent with the brief calculating flicker behind her eyes. "Don't tell me, Mr. Somerville, that you've grown so callous in your old age that you don't even remember!"

Mr. Jim could stand only so much.

"Confound it!" he said. "What are you talking about, woman? Just say it and stop worrying about my age."

"But it's important, Mr. Somerville," Miss Ellis said. "Your age and your attitude are so important. Oh, the play itself is a little thing in comparison. True, it is cruel to deprive Maury of the happiness of being in it, but when I think—when I just think that you didn't even remember, didn't even care enough to realize how much it meant to her ——" Miss Ellis stopped and expressed her deep sorrow with her beautiful eyes.

Mr. Jim scratched his head again; his face was crimson. "Well, now," he said, "you said yourself that play wasn't important, and I just thought—well, I just thought—it takes up her time and all; and besides," he said suddenly, looking up balefully, "I don't want my daughter parading around on a stage. It's indecent," he said, "and ——"

"And you've completely closed your mind about it," Miss Ellis said quietly.

"Yes!" Mr. Jim said, "Uh, no! Confound it!" he said. "Can't you stop twisting things around? What business is it of yours, anyway?"

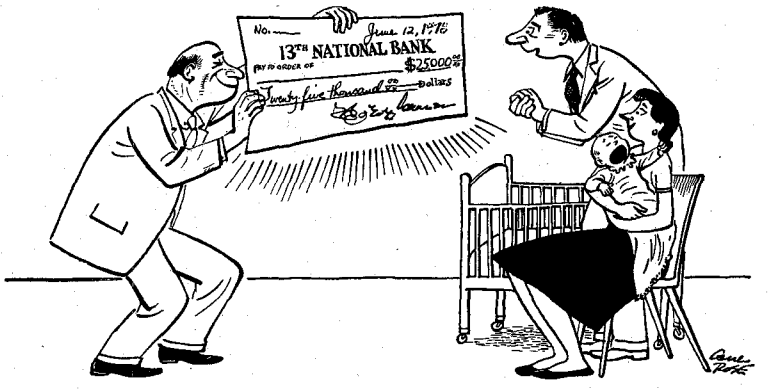
Miss Ellis still spoke quietly. "It's not my business, Mr. Somerville," she said. "I suppose you're right. I shouldn't have come here, I guess. But you see, I love little Maury. She's a wonderful child. And when I saw how much the play meant to her, and how timid she was, and how her clothes —— But that's not my business either," she said. "I know you do the best you can. A man just naturally doesn't think of some things."

She paused for a moment with her large eyes downcast; then she looked up at him and smiled. "I'm sorry, Mr. Somerville. Really, I am," she said quietly, and she turned to go.

Mr. Jim watched her departure, scratching his head reflectively. Before she disappeared, however, he moved after her. "Wait a minute, Miss Ellis," he said. She stopped and he came up to her. "I reckon you're right," he said slowly. "I hadn't thought about it much. I reckon she can be in the play."

Miss Ellis smiled at him. "How sweet," she said. "But I'm afraid I've influenced you. You think about it some more, and if you still want to, you can send her to practice Monday night. We'll be at the school." She smiled at him again and went through the lot gate. "Good-by, Mr. Somerville," she said.

Well, it takes any man a while to face a thing like that, and Mr. Jim wasn't just a young bachelor. He was older and he had more excuses and things to put in the way. First he started on the boys, and the place, and Maureen. Not all at once, of course, but gradually, one thing after another.



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

While Joe and Jane Smith were trying to select a name for their newborn son, a childless friend, Reverberant Brown, made a proposition to them. If they would christen the boy Reverberant and thus perpetuate an old family name, he would give the boy $25,000 at age twenty-one. The parents readily agreed. But when the boy became twenty-one, Brown refused to pay a cent. The Smiths sued him.

"He made a solemn agreement in the presence of witnesses twenty-one years ago," they said. "We kept our part of the bargain. Now the court should hold him to his."

"The law says you can't hold a person to an agreement or contract unless he gets something out of it—the legal term is 'consideration,'" Brown craftily replied. "As I didn't get anything from you in consideration, the deal isn't binding on me."

If you were the judge, would you make Brown pay?

• •

Brown had to pay. The court said the parents gave him something of value when they relinquished their right to choose a name for their child. And the child surrendered something of value, too, it added, in losing "the opportunity of receiving a more advantageous name" and being compelled "to bear whatever detriment may flow from the name imposed upon him."

Based upon a 1914 Massachusetts decision.

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That first Sunday morning after Miss Ellis' visit, he surveyed the boys at breakfast.

"You boys were mighty late last night," he said.

The boys looked at him and then at each other. It was the first time they could remember that he had questioned their goings and comings.

"Sir?" Jamie said. He was eighteen, a year older than Ralph, and the spokesman.

"You heard me," Mr. Jim said. "You want to stop that. I've been letting you run loose too much here lately."

The boys looked at each other again.

"Yessir," Jamie said.

"You need a haircut," Mr. Jim said, eying him critically. "You too, Ralph. Better go over to Harvey's after breakfast." Harvey was a Negro who lived on the place. He wielded a bowl and a pair of clippers for most of the heads of Newhope.

"Yessir," Jamie said again; and Ralph echoed, "Yessir."

But that was just the beginning. Monday morning when the boys appeared with new-shorn heads, ready for school, Mr. Jim put down his knife and fork.

"Those the best overalls you got?" he said.

The boys stared at him.

"They're clean," Jamie finally managed.

"They're faded," Mr. Jim said, "and Ralph's pocket is tore. Go change them. You look like a couple of tramps. Maury," he said, turning to Maureen as the boys retired, "ain't you got another pair of shoes? Them look like rats has been after 'em."

On the way to the school the boys talked about it.

"What's got into him?" Ralph said. "I didn't know he ever saw us."

"I don't know," Jamie said. "I guess he's just getting old."

They didn't ask Maureen, and she didn't tell them. She didn't think they'd understand.

But the boys weren't puzzled alone. Soon all Newhope had noticed it. First it was Mr. Jim himself, shaved, with his hair combed, driving Maureen in the buggy to the schoolhouse every night. Then it was the Somervilles' unprecedented mass invasion of the church on fourth Sunday—first the boys, scrubbed and shining in new suits and stiff, squeaking shoes; then Mr. Jim, defiantly erect in a boiled shirt and black string tie, with Maureen shyly clinging to his arm. Nobody asked questions, but everyone stared; and later they gathered to shake their heads and wonder.

But there was more than wonder on the night of the play; there was sheer amazement. Mr. Jim was there, right down front, and he enjoyed it hugely, not only when Maureen came on, as a dark, delightful fairy, but every scene of it. The thing folks gaped at, though, was the way he applauded Miss Ellis when she came out at the end, and the way he charged through the departing crowd to congratulate her.

She was standing on the stage in the center of a group. Mr. Jim lifted a long leg and stepped onto the stage. His momentum carried him through the group around her, and he stopped himself with an effort right before her.

"Why, Mr. Somerville," she said. "How nice of you to come!"

She wore a blue patterned blouse. Her eyes were very bright, and her face was flushed. She looked young, and extremely feminine.

"Uh, yes'm," Mr. Jim said, inspecting the crown of his hat. "Yeah, I thought I'd come."

Miss Ellis smiled sweetly. "I hope you enjoyed it."

"Oh, yes'm. Yes'm. That's what I wanted to say," Mr. Jim said. His face was moist and red. "It was good," he said, nodding, "mighty good."

Miss Ellis chuckled, a soft, merry little sound. "Why, thank you," she said; "and wasn't Maury sweet?"

Mr. Jim turned his hat over and looked inside. "I thought she did all right," he said, "right good, for a youngun."

"She was delightful," Miss Ellis said, "and she enjoyed it so."

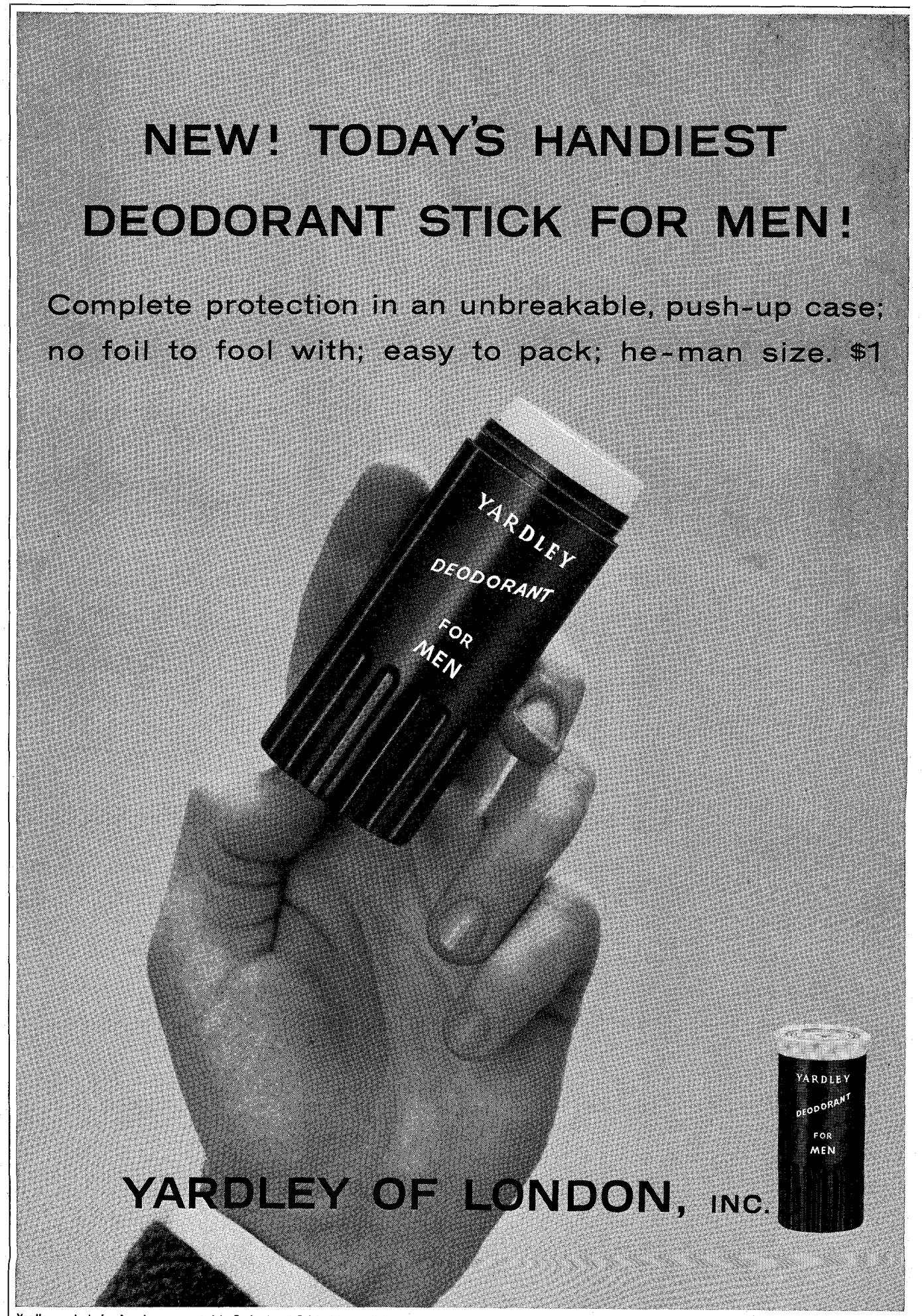
There was then a brief awkward silence. Mr. Jim hadn't answered, though he seemed about to; and Miss Ellis waited, smiling. The group around them waited, too, but they were not smiling. They were merely speechless.

"Uh, Miss Ellis," Mr. Jim finally said, "I was just thinking. Maury and me will be going up your way in a little—if you don't have a ride."

Miss Ellis smiled graciously. "Oh, thank you, Mr. Somerville," she said. "It's very kind of you. But the Duckworths are here and they've already asked me. But it's thoughtful of you, though."

Mr. Jim turned even redder. "Well," he said. "Well." He turned his hat back over and pulled at the band. "I'll see you then," he said, and he bolted away through the group.

After that, folks didn't shake their heads; they just nodded and smiled in delighted surprise. There was something new almost every week: Mr. Jim's house was painted, the hedges and grass were trimmed, a new white picket fence sprang up around the yard.



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But, as I say, he was just stalling; and by December even he must have known it, or at least suspected as much.

The week before Christmas holidays Mr. Jim and Maureen were in the living room. Mr. Jim sat before the fire and Maureen at the big mahogany table. The boys had gone to a candy-pulling at Myrna Sullivan's. Maureen was doing her arithmetic, or trying to, but Mr. Jim kept looking at her and she couldn't concentrate. Finally, he cleared his throat and sat up in his big rocker.

"Maury," he said, "I been thinking. That teacher of yours, that Miss—what's her name? Miss Ellis? Well, you like her a lot, don't you?"

Maureen looked up solemnly. "Yessir," she said, "I sure do."

"Yeah, I thought you did," Mr. Jim said. "Well ——" He paused and shifted in his chair. "I thought you might like to do something for her. I think it's nice for children to like their teachers, and if they do they ought to show them." He paused and looked at Maureen.

"Yessir," she said. "I think so too."

"Well," Mr. Jim said, leaning forward, "I thought we might kill a turkey here next week, and you might ask her to come over and it could sort of be in her honor." He looked at her closely. "How about that?"

Maureen's eyes were very round and solemn. "That would be wonderful," she said.

"What about her?" Mr. Jim said. "You think she'd like it?"

"I think she'd love it," Maureen said. "I think it's just what she'd like."

So Miss Ellis came to supper, and it was a fine meal. Bertha, the Negro cook, served the turkey with dressing and thick giblet gravy. There were also baked ham and English peas and candied sweet potatoes, and muscadine jelly and loaf bread and watermelon-rind preserves; then there were pies—apple and blackberry—and a big devil's-food cake.

Mr. Jim talked heartily, more than the children had ever known him to; and he laughed a great deal, but he seemed restless and fidgety. This restlessness grew on him all evening so that by nine o'clock, when Miss Ellis said she really must go, he almost bounced to his feet.

"Well now," he said, "you ought not to rush, Miss Ellis."

Miss Ellis smiled. "I haven't rushed at all," she said, "but now I really must."

Jamie rose. He had gone to fetch her in the buggy and had left the horse harnessed to it in the wagon shed.

"Want me to take her home, papa?" he said.

Mr. Jim looked at him quickly and then looked away.

"Uh, no. No, Jamie," he said, studying the back of his hand. "I s'pect I'd better take her home. You younguns need to be in bed."

The night was dark and there was a cold wind. Miss Ellis sat beside him very erectly. She was wrapped in her coat, and the wool buggy blanket was tucked about her legs. In the darkness her smooth white hair and her high-cheeked face were delicately luminous.

"Miss Ellis?" Mr. Jim said, watching the horse carefully, sitting alertly poised as though expecting a runaway.

"Yes, Mr. Somerville?" she said.

"Well . . ." he said. He turned toward her and stopped. Miss Ellis' pale face seemed gently smiling.

"Yes?" she said again.

"Well," Mr. Jim said, "I—it was mighty nice of you to come over tonight." He had forgotten the horse now, was turned full to her.

"Oh, I loved it," Miss Ellis said. "It was nice of you to ask me."

Mr. Jim's hands worked idly on the reins. "Yes'm" he said abstractedly. "Yes'm. Uh, Miss Ellis?" He spoke in a murmur, almost inaudibly, and Miss Ellis leaned slightly forward.

"Yes?"

"Miss Ellis," he said, "you—you mean a lot to Maury. I've been noticing and—and ——"

"Yes?" Miss Ellis said.

Mr. Jim turned back to the horse suddenly, shaking the reins against the horse's flanks. "I appreciate it, Miss Ellis," he said. "I just wanted you to know it."

The horse surged ahead sharply, and Miss Ellis was almost upset. She righted herself quickly, and she, too, turned to face forward.

"Oh," she said. "Well, thank you very much." And then they rode in silence.

The Duckworth place, where Miss Ellis boarded, was a mile and a half from Mr. Jim's. They were almost there, just climbing the slope to the drive, when Mr. Jim spoke again. "Miss Ellis," he said, "are you very cold?"

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Heat Storm

By R. H. Grenville

The sky was a brazen
gong
Above our heads,
The air drum-taut,
Stretched to the nerves'
own thinness,
When thunder suddenly
struck
Reverberant sheet-metal
sky,
And the drum began
Its low, sob-throbbing,
Rapturous rain song's
primitive tattoo.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"Why—why, no, Mr. Somerville," she said. "Not very."

"I mean," he said, "could you stand it a minute if we stopped? There's something I want to say."

"Why, I—guess so, Mr. Somerville," she said.

Mr. Jim pulled the horse up and turned to her. "Miss Ellis," he said, "I've been thinking. You know what you said—you know, that day at the lot. Well, I've been thinking, and you were right, Miss Ellis, absolutely right."

Miss Ellis peered at him, puzzled. "Yes, Mr. Somerville?" she said faintly.

He nodded vigorously. "Yes'm," he said, "and—and I've tried, but it's like you said: a man just can't keep up with younguns, especially a girl youngun, all the little things and all."

Miss Ellis' voice was just a shade quieter now, a trifle cooler. "Oh?" she murmured.

"So I've been thinking about it, and the way it looks to me, those younguns need a woman to look after them."

He paused here, and when Miss Ellis didn't speak he peered at her.

"Don't you agree?" he said.

"Yes," Miss Ellis said firmly. "I agree."

"Well," Mr. Jim said, "that's just what I thought; and I was just thinking, since you and Maury hit it off so good already, and the boys like you, too, I think, near as I can tell; well, I just thought if you'd like to, I'd be mighty proud if you'd take them over."

He paused again and peered at her. "Live with us, I mean," he said when she didn't speak; "and—and—marry and all!"

Miss Ellis didn't speak immediately. She waited a long moment, and they could hear the wind high in the trees around the Duckworth place. Finally she said, "Is that all, Mr. Somerville?"

"Well," he said, "we'd be mighty pleased and ——"

"Mr. Somerville," Miss Ellis said. "I am rather cold, I believe. If you're quite through ——"

"Oh, excuse me," he said quickly; he started and slapped the reins across the horse's back. "I'm awful sorry," he said. "Hummup here, Shine!"

At the Duckworths' gate he got down quickly and went around to help her descend. But she was already down and walking stiffly toward the gate. He followed and took her arm, but she didn't look at him. At the door she didn't pause, but opened it immediately.

"Good night, Mr. Somerville," she said.

It happened so fast that she was already inside and had almost shut the door before he stopped her.

"Miss Ellis," he said. "Wait a minute. You never did say what you'd do."

She paused with the door barely opened. "About what, Mr. Somerville?" she said.

"About—well—about what I asked you about, about coming up to the hill."

It seemed that the cold affected Miss Ellis strangely; her face was very flushed in the dim light coming from the parlor. "Mr. Somerville," she said. "I once thought—I once thought——" She stopped and compressed her lips firmly. "Mr. Somerville," she said again after a moment, "you not only do not know much about little girls; you also know very little about women. But this time I will not explain it to you. Good night, Mr. Somerville. Thank you for seeing me home."

The door slammed, and Mr. Jim stood blinking at it for a moment. Then it opened again as abruptly as it had closed, and Miss Ellis' head appeared briefly.

"Why don't you just hire yourself a housekeeper?" she said, and again the door slammed.

Well, folks in Newhope had about decided they could expect anything of Mr. Jim. They said they would never be surprised at him again. But the following Sunday afternoon they changed their minds. It was a bright clear day, warm, with a blue sky and very white, very small, fluffy clouds: visiting weather, and the first we'd had in several Sundays. So folks were on the road when Mr. Jim drove down East Hill. It wasn't just that he was shaved; folks were getting used to that. And it wasn't just the new pearl-gray hat and the yellow alligator gloves. And it wasn't even the fresh gleaming red spokes of the buggy. It was the box on the seat beside him, a very large box, with a big red bow and a cellophane wrapper. It looked like a box of candy.

He drove up to the Duckworths' and got down and hitched the horse. Then he looked at the house and went back to lift the box gingerly from the buggy seat. He carried it carefully up the walk and shifted it to his left hand while he knocked.

Mrs. Duckworth came to the door and stared at him as he bowed slightly.

"Afternoon, Mrs. Duckworth," he said. "Is Miss Ellis in?"

"Why, uh—why, I'll see," Mrs. Duckworth said, and backed away, bumping into a chair before she turned and fled from the room.

Miss Ellis didn't come for some time. Mr. Jim went in and sat down on the settee, holding the candy carefully between his knees.

Finally Miss Ellis entered, unhurriedly. "Oh, it's Mr. Somerville," she said. She didn't smile.

Mr. Jim got to his feet quickly and went to meet her, holding the box out to her. "Yes, ma'am," he said, "and ——"

But Miss Ellis interrupted him. "Oh, what a pretty little box," she said. "It's candy, isn't it?"

"Yes'm," Mr. Jim said. "I ——"

"How nice," Miss Ellis said. "I don't care much for candy, but I'm always touched by a gift, however small."

"Well," Mr. Jim said, "I ——"

"It was nice of you to bring it," Miss Ellis said. "I suppose Maury sent it to me, didn't she?"

"Well," Mr. Jim said, "I ——"

"It's so like Maury," Miss Ellis said. "She's such a thoughtful child. And it's rather surprising that she should be, don't you think? I mean being brought up as she has been, in a family of just men. It almost makes one question the influence of environment, doesn't it?"

"Yes'm," Mr. Jim said. He was still holding the candy in both hands, extended carefully before him. "I reckon it does; I ——"

"Just put it there on the table," Miss Ellis said again. "I'll divide it with the Duckworth children when they come in. As I say, I don't care much for candy myself, but they will be thrilled."

"Uh, Miss Ellis," Mr. Jim said, moving abstractedly and reluctantly toward the table to which she pointed. "I ——"

"And thank you again for bringing it over," Miss Ellis said. "Did you make a special trip or were you coming this way anyhow? I do hope you didn't go to any extra trouble."

"Well," Mr. Jim said, "I ——"

"In any case, I won't keep you," Miss Ellis said. "Goodness, here I've been chattering along when I know you have much more important things to be doing. Don't feel that you have to stay on now, Mr. Somerville. I quite understand. And do thank little Maury for me, will you? You did say it was she who sent the candy, didn't you?"

"No, ma'am!" Mr. Jim said. The tone of his voice startled Miss Ellis and she looked up. "No, ma'am," Mr. Jim said again. "I bought that candy three days ago up in Olive, and I bought it to bring to you when I came courtin' you. And I came courtin' you today, a man my age with two sons near grown, packing a box of candy around like a lovesick yearling. But I done it, and the reason I done it was because I thought you wanted me to. I wanted to marry you because I—I thought you was a fine-looking woman and a fine woman, too, and because I—because I wanted to."

Miss Ellis started to speak, but he hadn't finished.

"And now," he said, "just say it, woman. If you want me to court you, I'll court you, and if you don't, I won't. But say one thing or the other. I'm too old a man to be playin' hide-and-go-seek this-a-way. And I think you know it."

Miss Ellis' cheeks were very pink, and her eyes were blue and shining. "Why, Mr. Somerville," she said, "do you mean you're proposing to me? Do you mean you love me?"

"Yes, confound it, I love you!" Mr. Jim said. "Ain't that plain enough?"

Miss Ellis walked over to the settee. "Won't you sit down?" she said, smiling.

Mr. Jim walked slowly over and sat down beside her.

"Really, Mr. Somerville," she said, shaking her head reprovingly, "you mustn't call yourself old. I don't think you are old at all." THE END

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A Soldier's Farewell (Continued from Page 20)

who had disorganized more battalion parades than most, and who could be guaranteed to try to kick the red tabs off any inspecting officer who went near him. Sykes said that Tiddy suffered from a cold back. A cold heart, too, I thought, but I didn't tell Sykes so for the sake of our friendship. But Tiddy would nuzzle for sugar inside Mould's shirt, hairy chest and all, while Mould pulled his ears. Normally, you leave mules' ears alone, if you know about them. As transport officer, my fear was that Mould might go sick and that I'd have to find Tiddy another driver. There would be no volunteers for that job.

Mould's journey to that meeting was made with the battalion; it was a routine move to a small hill station at the beginning of the hot weather. For two days across the plains, the troops marched in a great cloud of white dust that was visible miles away. But the transport moved ahead of the column at its own pace, and I enjoyed jogging along, with the foothills all along the distant horizon, like cutouts in gray paper. There was always something to see, even if it was only a camel striding by, looking like a dowager that's been told a dirty story.

All the regimental dogs came with us, some riding on the carts and some running in the dust. Pete, my bull terrier, trotted at my pony's heels and kept to himself. Sykes had a couple of long dogs, and in the evenings he and I went after hares together. His idea of coursing was to let the dogs chase the hare round in a big circle, so that he could shoot the leader of the procession when it passed him close enough.

"Mighty dangerous for your dogs," I told him. But he declared that they knew their business.

On the third day black rocks humped out of the ground, like whales breaching, and the road began to climb, with a river, black boulders and white water, below. The valley embraced the heat and held it close, and the men's shirts were dark with sweat. But we kept climbing, and four days later, we were wearing greatcoats, and my teeth were chattering. The wind brought the scent of pine trees, and remembered the snows. There was starlight, and a black sky, and blacker mountain masses all about us, and the road hanging onto the edge of nothing.

Watching my pony's head nodding in the darkness, I fell nine tenths asleep in the saddle. When dawn came I was suddenly wide awake. There were several hundred feet of night below my near-side stirrup, but the sun was lighting up the mountain ridges all the way to Tibet.

I dropped back to have a look at the column. Now that the sun was warming things up, the men were talkative and one or two of them asked me when we were going to halt for some tea. Mould, of course, was silent. Not sulky; he never was that. But he drove past me, looking to his front, with that quiet expression on his dark face that seemed as if he had thoughts of his own that need not concern anybody else. Tiddy was going well, pulling his weight as usual, but as soon as he saw me halted by the roadside, he showed the whites of his eyes and started to throw his head about, just as a matter of principle.

A quarter of a mile behind us, crawling across the face of a bluff that dropped sheer below the road, I could see the carts of the mule-transport company that was attached to us for the move. In that clear light I could see the beard of the Indian officer who commanded it, and the white blaze on his pony's face. Every bush and tree on the opposite side of the valley stood out distinctly.

Sykes rode at the rear of our column, his mustaches and his pipe protruding from the shadow under his helmet brim. When he came level with me, I saw the hard blue of his eyes as he faced me.

"There's a place," he told me, "'bout a mile ahead. Bit of flat there, and room to get off the road."

"We'll halt, then. Come on up."

So we trotted on past the clatter and jingle of the column; barrack hounds yapping, the long dogs sloping along behind Sykes, and Pete rollicking just ahead of me, in the way that annoyed my pony and made her pull. There was a level stretch, as Sykes had said. The road passed over a col at that point, and there were gentle slopes either side of it, and plenty of room. When I had seen to the animals, I sat down on a rock with my pony's reins over my arm. The men got the dixie going, and the tea was good and strong, and tasted of wood smoke.

Away to my left, a path climbed up to the road from nowhere in particular; and I was thinking that it was time we moved on, when I heard a rattle of loose stones, and saw the hair stand up along Pete's backbone. I held him by the collar when all the other dogs started their barking. Out of the valley there appeared a rather sorry-looking Indian, wearing a dhoti and a ragged khaki coat. He was carrying a tom-tom and leading on a rope an animal which, with the sunlight in my eyes, I thought at first to be a dog. But it wasn't. It was a little bear. A brown Himalayan bear cub with the white V on its chest.

Both of them looked tired, and the bear cub was limping. But the man braced himself up and came forward, and smiled his expectation of payment.

"This very fine bear, sahib," he announced. "Very fierce bear. Master give baksheesh; I making him dance for master."

And he rattled away on the tom-tom.

By then the dogs were raving, but they were holding back. Pete was silent, but he nearly tore his collar from my hand. I got him to see reason, at last, and I walked forward to where the troops were crowding round the bear.

"Where did you get him?" I asked.

And his owner looked up with a flash of white teeth, and replied: "From jungle, sahib. Very far. He wild bear, very fierce." And he pointed vaguely toward the north, where the distant hills were already going hazy.

He wasn't a very prepossessing fellow, with his pock-marked face and the sweat stains on his coat. But he was extremely thin, and I rather surprised myself by seeing it his way for a moment: the bear was his investment, he had sweated to get it; and now he hoped it would make him a little money to tide him over for a while. The bear would probably die that year, which would solve an eventual problem. Meanwhile, it could earn. You couldn't expect its owner to see things from the bear's point of view, when his own life was so cheap and nasty.

He was rattling the tom-tom with one hand, and with the other dragging at the rope, to get his captive onto its hind legs. But what with the tom-tom, and the barking of the dogs, and the men chattering and laughing, there was the hell of a row going on, and the little bear was terrified. It was rolled up in a ball, with its outsize paws over its face, in the rather human way bears have. The jerks on the rope were nearly lifting it off the ground, but it didn't mean to come uncurled. All this was rather unpleasant to watch, but there wasn't anything I could do about it. Shouting at the Indian wouldn't make things better in the long run; and anyway, I didn't hold with shouting at Indians. Besides, the fellow was poor, and obviously half starved.

Some of the men were beginning to growl. I told them to lay off it. If they stopped crowding around, the bear wouldn't be so frightened. Then I went away. Animals ought not to be dragged around and made fools of, but that sort of thing, I thought, was always happening in the world; and in any case, we had to get on with the march.

I had knocked out my pipe, and was tightening the girths of my saddle when Corporal Thompson came up and saluted. He was new to the section, and liked things done properly.

"Beg pardon, sir. Private Mould wishes to speak to you."

"Very well, corporal."

Mould came to attention in front of me, but he was so worked up that his hands were moving. Thompson stood just behind him, as if they were in the orderly room.

"What is it, Mould?"

I knew it was the bear that was upsetting him, and I was wondering how to be Pontius Pilate about it. His eyes were childlike with their expression of wanting something desperately and knowing he probably couldn't have it.

"Sir—beg pardon, sir, but can you lend me twenty rupees?"

"Well ——" I began, surprised at the trivial request.

"Sir, I got all he wants, bar twenty chips. I'm in credit, sir, you know that, and I don't smoke, and I don't hardly use the wet canteen. I'll pay you back, sir. I swear I will."

"I know that, and of course I don't mind lending you twenty chips. But is it that bear?"

He nodded and swallowed.

"How much?"

He told me. He'd beaten the man down, but it was still a small fortune for the Indian, and Mould would be broke for ages. I was surprised that he had so much saved in cash, but he was a surprising man. I oughtn't to let him do it, and I said so. He went on staring at me like a disappointed child that won't quite give up hope.

"Them bears," announced Sykes from behind me, "when they gets big, they'll knock your face off with one swipe. Ain't you never seen a woodcutter with no face on him, son? It's bears as does that, when they meet 'em round a corner. 'Sides, we can't have no darn bear in the lines, upsetting the mules."

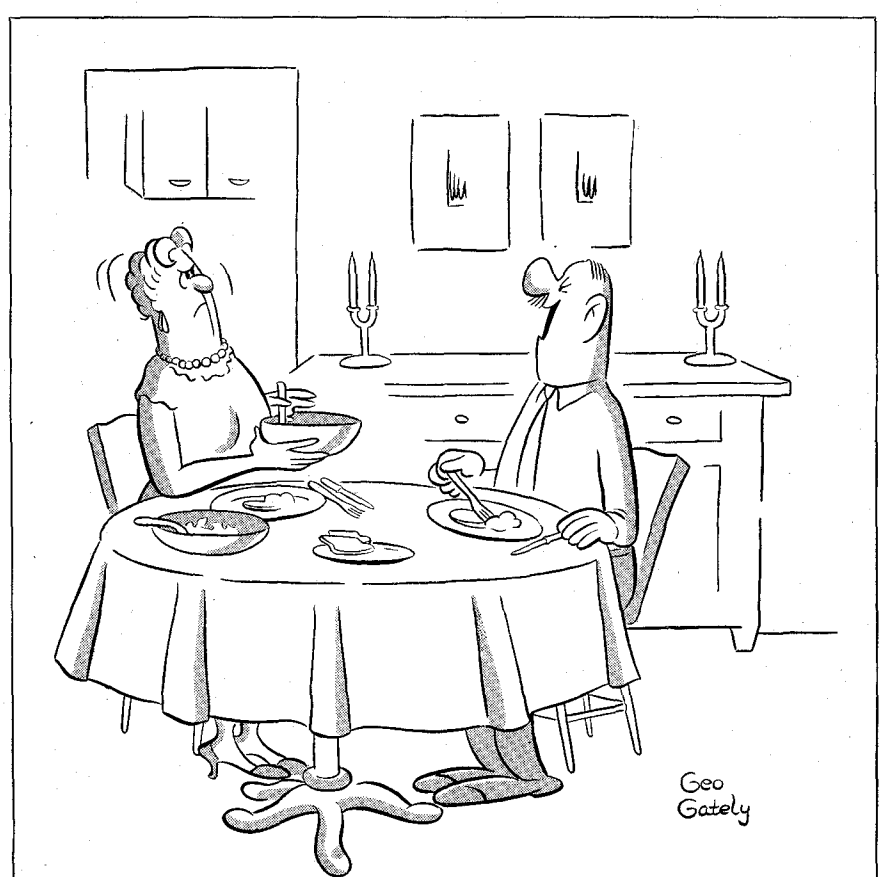
"Animals is all right if you're quiet with 'em, sergeant. You know that. It's being surprised they don't like." His eyes went from Sykes' face to mine, and he added urgently, "I'll get rid of 'im, sir, when I have to. When he gets big, I'll turn him loose. But I can't leave him with that Indian. His feet are all raw with being dragged along."

That did it. I'd seen the bear's feet, and I found I couldn't forget them. Mould's face lit up like a window when I handed him the money. The men laughed and cheered as he ran to pay the bear's ransom, and Sykes bawled at them to stop their noise and get fallen in.

"There'll be trouble with the mules," he growled in my ear, but I thought he sounded pleased.

I, too, thought there'd be trouble, but we were both wrong. Tiddy, who would go through the roof for anything, merely blew out big breaths and shook his long ears. One or two of the other mules tarted about a bit, but I had let them stand rather long. I shouted, "Walk, march!" and we clattered off down the road; the bear on Mould's cart, and the Indian salaaming and grinning.

We got into barracks by the early afternoon—wooden hutments among the deodars. There were one or two patches of snow left in shady places, and red rhododendrons were in flower below the parade ground. You could see for miles from the mess veranda. I felt pretty good when I looked at the mountains. They were the bear's home. (*Continued on Page 71*)



"Speaking of stewed tomatoes, what time did the bridge club break up?"

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(*Continued from Page 69*) It wasn't long before it was at home in barracks too. Everybody said that Mould was a fool to buy it, and that one day it would knock his head off. But that didn't stop them petting it whenever they could. I once saw the regimental sergeant major bend down to tickle its belly when he met it on the barrack square; and the colonel often wandered down to the transport lines. He would sit on a bale of bedding, sucking his pipe and playing with the bear, and the two of them were much alike.

I don't know much about Himalayan brown bears in general, except that they seem to me to be rather nice people who ought to be left alone. They are a bit touchy if taken by surprise, no doubt; but if ever an animal loved a man, that bear cub loved Mould. Mould knew how to be still, you understand; and that sort of stillness is a thing of the spirit. And it wasn't just a matter of a kind master and an affectionate pet. Those two were friends, equals. It was good to see, and it made you feel like believing that the world is meant to be a wonderful place.

Tiddy's behavior was the strangest thing, though. Mules can be very jealous, and you'd have expected him to be so. But he wasn't. He made a friend of that bear cub, and began to be tiresome when it wasn't about. He just naturally approved of anything that was against regulations, I suppose. The little bear often used to sleep under Tiddy's feet on the mule standing; a position for which there was positively no competition.

So there were those three friends, and I'll swear that they could talk together.

But, of course, there's always something. In this case it was trouble with the terrorists in Bengal.

The rains had started by then; but sometimes, at that time of year, you get marvelously fine evenings, when you can see mountain ranges you never knew were there. I'd been scrambling about the hills, and I was on my way back to barracks when I heard the bugle. "Officers, at the double." That call is apt to mean business. In the lines, the troops were all as excited as children. They thought it was a frontier war.

When I got to the orderly room, I found it was these darned terrorists. Things were getting out of hand, and the rifle companies had to leave for Bengal within two days. The machine-gun company and the transport were to move a fortnight later. With a move at short notice halfway across India, everybody was busy. I had little time to think about bears.

It was Sykes who reminded me. His face was quite expressionless, which meant that he was worried.

"Private Mould wants to see you, sir," he said.

Mould came into the office, the bear at his heels. It had grown a good deal, and was now nearly as big as an Alsatian wolf dog. It sat down on its bottom and regarded me amiably. Outside, it was raining in torrents, so that the deodars below the veranda were half concealed by mist and spray.

"It's my bear, sir," Mould explained.

"Well?"

My heart sank. I guessed what was coming. The man's face was ravaged.

"I suppose —— Couldn't it come with us to Bengal, sir? It's well behaved, and even the R.S.M. likes it, and ——" He fell silent, seeing my face.

"I'm sorry," I told him. I hated every word I had to say. "As a matter of fact, I saw this coming and I asked the adjutant. He was as sorry as I am, but it's no use. Look, Mould. We can't take bears on troop trains. Well, we might wink at that. But soon it will be full-grown. And we can't have a full-grown bear in barracks, can we? It wouldn't be safe."

"But, sir, my bear ——"

"Yes, I know. But you must think of the bear. Do you know what Bengal is like?"

"No, sir."

"It's green and mostly flat where we're going. Also the air's very humid, and you sweat like the devil all the time. It would be misery for a bear, with its thick coat. It would kill it."

Mould drew himself up and swallowed a couple of times before he spoke. I've seldom seen a man look so unhappy.

At last he said, "Well, he belongs up here, after all. Sir, will you give me a day's leave later on? So that I can take him out into the hills and—and lose him?"

I nodded. Mould saluted, and then the two of them went out into the rain together. I sat at my office table for a while, doing nothing. Then I went up to the mess.

The rifle companies had gone when the day came for Mould to take his friend out into the hills. It wasn't raining that morning, which was something. They left barracks before reveille, walking side by side, and quite a number of people happened to be up early and saw them off.

For the rest of the day, everybody seemed very bad-tempered. Tiddy was easily the worst of us. He kicked Private Bates, whom Sykes put on to groom him, and bit me. It was difficult to get anywhere near him.

So the day seemed very long; I think we were all anxious for everything to be over. After mess I went down to the transport lines and hung about in my office, with the insects frying themselves in millions on the glass of my oil lamp. Sykes turned up and we drank tea together. We talked a bit, but found nothing much to say. It was dark by then, and distant thunder was rumbling about the hills. Occasionally there was a flicker of lightning. In between the thunder there was the constant sighing of the wind, and maybe a snort or the stamp of a hoof in the stables.

After a long while, Sykes remarked, "He's mighty late." He paused, and added, "Mould's queer about these mountains. Give him half a chance and he'll sit for hours and watch 'em, with that darn bear sitting up beside him." He coughed and fell silent again. "Like those 'oly men," he concluded, some minutes later, "that sits under a tree and stares at nothing, as if it's the most important thing there is."

Then I heard the man on stable picket shout, and saw him raise his lantern. Soon after that, Mould came into the office.

He was dirty and exhausted. Sykes gave him a mug of tea. After he had drunk it he told us what had happened.

"I went nearly twenty miles," he said, while he looked at the floor. He spoke in a dull monotone. "When I got there, he was tired and went to sleep. So I tried to slip away. But it weren't no use. As soon as I moved, he woke and came after me. Like a dog, he is, only cleverer."

We waited. Then Sykes said, "So what did you do, son?"

"I had to tie him to a tree with a bit of rope I took with me, sergeant. Thick rope, see, so that it would take him some time to bite it through." Mould stared at his boots for a while, and then continued, "He struggled and cried; I could hear him. But I came away. I been walking fast, like 'ell, I didn't stop."

There was a long peal of thunder, and a lightning flash that silhouetted the trees.

In the quiet that followed, I said, "I'm very sorry, Mould. But you did your best for him." And then, to Sykes, "I'm going to bed. Thanks for the tea."

I got up, and the bear met me on the veranda. It had a piece of rope around its neck, the end chewed through. Those two, they greeted each other—and Tiddy was kicking up a fuss on the standings, and the soldier on stable picket swearing at him ——

I sat down and waited a moment, then, "Well?" I asked. "What are you going to do now?" My voice was hard, I dare say. It was intolerable that this agonizing business wasn't finished.

And when Mould had thought awhile, he replied in a voice I hardly recognized, "You'll have to do it, sir. It's the only way. You'll have to shoot him."

"Why me, for heaven's sake?"

"You're my officer. And—I'd rather it was you."

"All right," I muttered. "Tomorrow." It would have been kinder then and there, and I knew it. But I'd had enough for one day. So I climbed up the hill to my quarters, despising myself and hating everything. "Lights out" was being sounded as I got there, I remember; and the long notes made me swear, for no reason that I could think of.

I couldn't have slept, anyway. But I'd have been awakened, if I had. When thunderstorms come up over those hills, they really can be something, and this one was the worst I ever saw. When finally it came for us, about an hour later, it was like the devil himself, a monstrous, dark thing striding across the mountains, stabbing at the tops of them with a pitchfork of fire. First there was rain, and then hail; and you couldn't hear yourself shout because of the noise. And when all that was over, there was more rain; a muffled roar in the darkness, and the sobbing of the spouting gutter pipes.

I did not go down to the lines. Perhaps I ought to have done so, but there was a stable picket, and I told myself that I'd be sent for if I was wanted. They did send for me at dawn. The mules had tried to stampede, but the picket got them quietened when the thunderstorm was over. But by the light of oil lanterns, in that drenching darkness, the men couldn't really see. When they could see, they found that Tiddy was gone. So was the bear. And so was Private Mould.

Mules were shackled by the forefoot. Tiddy had pulled up his shackle pin. Things weren't so good at the court of inquiry, and I wasn't far off having to pay for him. But there were my written orders about inspecting shackle pins, and the men on stable picket swore that they had been obeyed. Naturally I didn't say in evidence that Mould was about the only man who could get near Tiddy's shackle pin and stay out of hospital. Neither did Sykes.

Mould's desertion, of course, was an even more serious matter. But four days later a police constable brought in the hillman who had found his helmet and his boots and that piece of paper. About eight miles away from the barracks there was a sheer drop of a hundred feet or so from the path, and the river, very fast and rocky, running below.

"Sir," the paper read, "I do not want to live without my friend. I am sorry for the trouble I have caused. Yours truly, 764012, E. Mould, Pte."

Nothing else was found of him, and that was the evidence, and we had to go to Bengal. The colonel was furious. Partly, I think, because he liked Mould, and the bear.

So I never talked much about my furlough the next year but one. I always loved those hills, and I wanted to reach the border of Tibet. I stayed one night in our old mess, with a Scottish regiment. I was more than three weeks out from there when I happened on the village, a tiny place clinging to the vast flank of a mountain. The dialect they spoke there was pretty difficult, and all I got was an idea that they were rather proud of the local holy man.

I climbed on up, by a thread of a path, and on the shoulder of the mountain I met a small boy carrying one of those pots they use for food. I was looking at the view when he came down the path toward me. It was a wonderful place: you could see the snows, and they were turning a cold blue, the way they do in the evening. I thought the boy said something about a bear, but I wasn't sure. A bit higher up, I saw marks that might have been made by one. Anyway, when I got round the corner there was quite a good hut, with a side track winding up to it. No apparent reason for building it there, except the view. Beside it was what was obviously a small stable. And I don't think I was mistaken about the mule whose head was sticking out of the entrance. When I passed by, he laid his ears back and showed me the whites of his eyes.

THE END

"Behind you!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Ordeal of Sally Duncan

(Continued from Page 33)

walked from here. You're a tracker, aren't you? Track, then! Take this animal path along the river. I'll go uptrail. Call me and I'll call you. Is your rifle loaded?"

Duncan's rifle was loaded. He searched a long way up the Picquisit, up and away from the roaring Slide, on a path hardened by dry weather, smudged by a brief, heavy rain. He found a man's bootmark with the v design of rubber sole, and a smaller bootmark, too, of crepe, two marks at a place that was swampy now, but had been damp before the rain. How could Sally be here and down the Slide? It made no sense, no sense at all. Then Duncan's head was clear. He shouted.

They were following an east-west picket line, a miner's line of some years ago. "You must be in poor shape, Sally," Smiler Lank said. "Look at me, carrying that pack day and night, never even noticed it."

She had not looked at him. She faced the other way, uphill. And then the rain began. It was quite pleasant on her hot head and down her neck.

"Here," Lank said. "You'll catch pneumonia. Stop and put on your raincoat." He was carrying it for her. *Like a humble swain*, she thought.

It was a relief to be free of the pack. She put on her raincoat and raised the hood, but left it loose, so she could hear.

"I'll spell you with the pack," he said. "Behave and lead the way. That's all you have to do."

It was easier now, climbing by the picket line, climbing over windfalls. She could think again. A minute or two after the rain had stopped, she saw a bull moose coming down the picket line to meet them.

"I guess we'd better let him through." It seemed unwise to step aside for Monster No. 2 without obtaining No. 1's permission.

"Sure," he said. "Moose highway."

The moose paid no attention to them. Its antlers were full-grown to span the picket line, moose highway. The moose walked calmly and hugely past.

"Arthur," she said, "where are we making for?"

"We're heading west. You know that, Sally."

"West forever?"

"If you head any way but west right now, you'll go west forever mighty quick." He chuckled—witty fellow.

"I can cook," she said. "You might be sorry if a darned good cook went west. I guess north is where we're going."

"Why north?"

"To hide in. That's the big wild woods. Don't be so cagey, Arthur. We're goin' hidin', ain't we?"

"I'm going hiding," the man said behind her. "You're a good cook, so you say. You're attractive, sure. But do you cook and attract enough to be worth it? You're down the Devil's Slide, of course, is where you are. And if you aren't really there, you might be less trouble in a swamp. Are you brain-washable? That's the sixty-four-dollar question."

"Brain-washable?"

"Like the Chinese do," Lank said. "Just patience, Sally. They can do it in the end to any guy. They make him love them too. It would be quicker with a woman. Your brains would wash out quick. But I haven't made up my mind yet. All I've decided is I wouldn't want to lose you."

Despite the paralyzing chill of fear, she rallied herself to play her part. *Rule One: Play dumb Sally to play something, to fight my terror of him. Rule Two: Never, never show my terror of him. Rule Three: Prick and comfort his enormous ego.*

She rounded on him. The ax flipped up in his left hand. His right hand slipped into his left armpit.

"Don't make me mad," she said. "You say Smiler Lank is what they call you, as if Smiler Lank is famous. Well, I never heard of Smiler Lank. Besides, what are you running away from if you're such a big shot?" She laughed at him. "I don't like Smiler," Sally said. "I told you, didn't I? But I don't mind the Arthur bit of you. I think you'd even be quite nice if you weren't so kind of scared of me."

"Scared of you?" he said. "Me scared?" He issued orders as graphically with her father's ax as he did with his own gun. "Less talk. Walk!"

She walked. They reached the first height of land. The picket line ran down and on and up to a lesser crest. Beyond that lay the valley of the Marten. The brook looped wide and twisted, general direction south, then general direction east to join the Picquisit. He made her carry the pack again.

"Two hours' sleep was all I had last night," he said. "Walked sixty miles in two days and a half. Not bad, Sally?"

"Gee, you must be strong."

"So-so," he said complacently.

"Arthur," she said, "why are we going off to hide? Are you a Communist or somethin', like them Chinky fellas?"

He laughed. "People got in my way," he said.

"Hit and run, you mean, like in a car?"

"No," he said. "I had to kill a few. Got in my way, and I rubbed them out. Couldn't be helped."

"Too bad," she said. "So you didn't want to kill them?"

"Them or me," he said. "Necessity. You're slowing up again." He nudged her, but politely, with the ax head. "Speed up."

She speeded up. The going was worse here in lower ground, alders to struggle through, old stumps unseen to stumble on. *I must keep talking to him*, Sally thought.

"My dad killed lots of people in the war," she panted. "He was a sniper. That was the other war, though." *And John was a parachutist. My father—John MacRae—where are you?* "Were you in the last war, Arthur?"

"What do you take me for, a lunatic?"

"No," she said. "I think you're smart. You don't seem a real killing kind of man. You didn't hate those people, did you?"

"No, I told you."

"Hate anyone?"

"Listen," he said, "I near as a whisker put you down the Slide. That's what I should have done."

"Keep your hair on," Sally said. She did not wait to be prodded, but climbed again, trying not to panic. A breeze was stirring now. The woods were dark.

"Stop! Sit down!"

She stopped and sat.

Lank moved to stand beside her. He looked at a tree where a spruce partridge, a fool hen, sat. It waited, sharp-eyed, for what was coming to it. Lank threw the ax in a flat arc, like a boomerang, head round handle, spinning. The partridge dropped. It flapped about. "Fetch the ax back, Sally."

"Gosh, that was wonderful!" she said. "Some shot!"

He smiled, a pleased-ego broadening of smile. It was a family of fool hens, six remaining in nearby trees. He missed one and got two more.

"Enough for both of us," she said.

"I can manage three myself," said Lank. "I probably won't have to feed you supper."

Why go on frightening her? Did it mean that terrible cold brain was deciding to keep her, try her for his delectation? Which would be the worse? Quick death? Or brain-washed beyond acting into acquiescence?

"Stop bluffing," Sally said.

"I never bluff," he said. "I'll take the pack now, Sally. You're looking pinched." He smiled down at her. The wind was stronger. The sky slit of the picket line was yellowish ahead. "That was a nice kiss we had before. Let's have another."

Her heart beat up. "Would later do?" she said with indifference. "I'm so darn tired."

"O.K." he said reasonably. "I won't hurt you and I won't force you. As long as I keep you, I won't force you."

Respite. Time. When would they get home? Or would John have gone into the Killick country? Would father cotton on about the Nut-Brown Pool? But he was not acrostic-quick. It might be evening before he even went down to look.

She saw light through the trees. It was seven years ago, the last time she came up the Marten with her father, the year before the fire, that was—the year after her meeting with John MacRae. The burntwoods now ahead?

"You must be hungry, Sally. Want a snack?"

She was empty, not hungry. But delay was good. Any kind of delay was good. "Just a teeny bit," she said.

"We'll stop at the burntwoods then." How solicitous he was.

"Is there a cabin where we're going?"

"A cave, not a cabin."

"Jeepers," Sally said. "I never lived in a cave before."

"You haven't yet," he said.

The greenwoods thickened at the edge. Here? Was this the place to make a break? Not carrying the pack. Two steps and into cover. Run. Lie down. Circle.

A finger hooked into her raincoat belt.

He reads everything I think, she thought. *I'll never get away from him. Nothing but this weaker every minute, until soon he could put his pistol in my hand, and I wouldn't dare to shoot him. . . . Stop that*, she told herself. *Fight it.*

Then they were seated on open ground, he looking past her down the picket line, she looking at the burntwoods, the tangle of gray spars, lying, standing, tilted every which way, with the popple coming and the birch, and blueberries by the bushel near at hand.

He rolled the top from a can of sardines. He divided the fish and oil fairly on two slices from a sliced white loaf. He made sandwiches with two other slices. He gave her one.

"I'm terribly thirsty," Sally said.

He had a jug in the pack. "Brewed it last night," he said about the lukewarm tea. She managed to get the sandwich down.

There was movement not far away, a hundred yards or so, uphill beyond Lank's shoulder. It shambled contentedly through underbrush. It was jet black against the dead gray spars, the pale young growth. It was enjoying a blueberry feast.

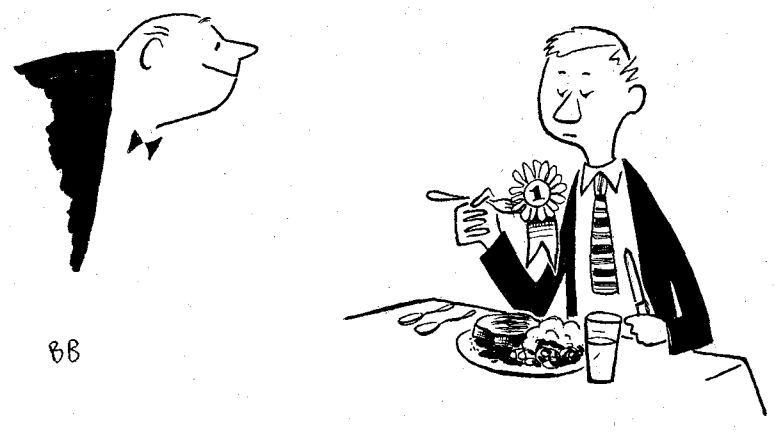
"Look," she whispered, forgetting this nightmare. "Look at the bear behind you."

Lank did not look at the bear behind him. He stretched a long arm out quite casually. He hit her with his open palm across one cheek, and with his knuckles back the other way.

She wept at the shock of those two cruel slaps. "Next time I'll clench my fist," he said, smiling.

"But look!" she sobbed. "It's there! It really is!"

His head flicked round. He watched the bear while Sally cried, and then cried less, watching the bear too. "Hi, you!" he called. The bear came out of its blueberry dream, turned its brown muzzle,



The Perfect Squelch

Mr. Herd talked so incessantly about the exceptional charcoal-broiled sirloins served in his restaurant that his customers often grew weary of the subject. Once, while following his usual routine of strolling from table to table and praising the quality of his beef, Herd came on a customer who said mildly that his beef was rather tough.

"But that's impossible," Herd told him. "It simply couldn't be tough. It's blue-ribbon beef. Your steak comes from a steer that won prizes in the best livestock shows in the West."

The customer nodded. "And I bet he did fine in all the rodeos too."

Frances Hubbard

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gave them a look of shocked surprise, grunted and beat it for the greenwoods.

"Little fella," Lank said, amused.

"You promised not to hurt me. You said ——"

"People learn by experience," he said. "That's the way to learn. You're learning, Sally. But how do you mean, hurt you? I never even touched you, did I?"

"What?"

"I never even touched you, did I?"

"No," she said. "You didn't touch me."

"I never even touched you."

"You never even touched me." Had he? Had he furthered her education, and then turned to watch the bear with perfect assurance that she would not have the guts to reach for her father's ax?

"On our way," he said. He pulled a map from his hip pocket, opened it, considered it, took out his compass, pocketed the map again and said, "Head for that rocky hill. Northwest by north is our direction."

They crossed the blueberry barrens. It was horrible walking, a foot or two above the ground, from slippery pole to pole. He was marvelously sure-footed. He must have driven logs—that made a man sure-footed. He carried the pack now all the time. Sally knew where he was heading across these miles of burntwoods. Marten Brook flowed south, and then made a wide loop west, a half circle out and back again. He was heading for the north corner of that loop. It saved five miles at least.

"It sure is spooky," Sally said, when the thunder was loud and lightning made a moonland of the crazy timber ghosts, and wind whistled in the dead branches. "A person could easily lose themselves up here."

"Lose himself or herself," Lank corrected her—grammar lessons for the actress. She was better now. She could hate him more and more every minute. "Don't worry," he added. "I never lose myself."

The storm broke. It was violent up here among the blueberries. She wished a foolish, heartfelt wish that lightning would strike Mr. Smiler Lank down dead among the blueberries, not touching her.

The storm passed and died away. She was soaked through in the lower half, and her boots squelched full of water. The sun came out. They reached the height of land. The burntwoods glistened all the way down to the greenwoods at the loop of Marten Brook.

There was food in abundance here for animals and birds. Hawks were hunting after the storm—the white-rumped harrier sailing low above the burntwoods; the hovering sparrow hawk. And then a sharp-winged hawk she did not know. It stooped with a hiss from nowhere in the sky and smashed a robin, humble fare. It circled, landed and flew off with the dead robin.

"Some hawk," she said. They were resting for a minute when this happened.

"A peregrine falcon," Lank corrected her. "Or duck hawk. Wasn't that a sight? Kill swiftly! Kill for the food! Kill when you have to kill! No hate, no mercy, do the job! See what I mean, Sally? That's the true law of men and hawks." His eyes shone, staring at her, mad—stark, staring mad. No; cold, calculating mad.

"Like a job, you mean, Arthur?"

"Sure. Just like a job."

"You don't seem to hate things, Arthur, ever, do you?"

"Well," he said, "I wouldn't quite say that. I'm not that superhuman. Yes, I hate one man." He licked his lips.

"Who's this guy you hate?"

He looked away. The vein pulsated. It twisted down from the peak of his brow to between his eyes. "A policeman," he said. "The cop who took me in the only time I ever was arrested. Sgt. John MacRae by name, a glamour boy with a Scotch voice, laughing at me. I hate that smart aleck! I'll take him apart someday!"

"Why do you hate him, though?"

Lank chuckled, and was his urbane self again. "Why does a goose lay golden eggs?"

He put up his small glasses. He searched the compass round. Sally looked. Nothing moved, no men, no bears, no deer.

"Come on," he said. "Let's get down in the greenwoods there and cook supper." He made a fire beside Marten Brook. He skinned the birds. "Time to test that cooking, Sally."

Colin Duncan poled back upstream toward his cabin. It was good poling bottom. He drove her fast, answering MacRae's terse questions.

"Lank had no reason to think we're onto him," MacRae said. "Clean getaway, never stopped, sure the garageman would keep his mouth shut. Look at the thing another way: Why should a drowning accident four hundred miles from Montreal connect with Lank? Lank might have seen us in the jeep this morning. I don't believe he did. One sight of me, and Mr. Lank would abandon his Killick project. He doesn't know he's being chased, unless ——"

"Unless?"

"Unless Sally told him."

"My girl has a tough spirit in her," Duncan said. "I'll bet Sally's told him nothing." The wood slipped, spraying, through his hands. The steel tip clanked on bottom. Then he said quickly, "What chance has Sally?"

MacRae was still. "Lank spared her once. He acquired a liability in doing that. He could have done it only because he wanted to. Your daughter, Mr. Duncan, is a bonny girl—hell's bells, damn and blast it!" he said loudly.

"She's that," said Duncan. "With the brains her mother had."

"A gifted actress, a professional. How truly gifted, I don't know."

"I've been wondering this time if she isn't disappointed in herself," Duncan said. "She doesn't speak about it. It's queer, this acting; hits the best girls mighty hard, they say." He said that lightly enough with a heavy heart. Hiding your feelings in the face of trouble, that was acting, wasn't it? The hard road of life, the vale of death—these were things you acted through. They were nearly at the camp. "What are we going to do?"

"What we're going to do is ambush Lank en route." MacRae turned round. "The plain truth is this: If Lank is captured he will die. One more murder makes no difference. He will use Sally as long as she is useful to him. When she ceases to be useful, he will kill her. There is a point of no return with hostages. My job is to save Sally and to get Lank. The only way I can save her is by getting Lank." He smiled. "It'll be all right, Mr. Duncan," he said.

They carried up the canoe and put it on the car. "You lash it," MacRae said. "I'll try Georgetown."

He made radio contact. He talked with the superintendent of the division. He arranged a float-plane rendezvous for noon tomorrow. He was given permission to take such special measures as might be necessary in a special circumstance.

They crossed the river by canoe at the ford twenty miles up from Duncan's camp. They took the old trail in to Marten Brook. Lank and his captive had eighteen miles to go from the Devil's Slide to the head of the Marten. Eighteen miles, if they had taken the short cut by the burntwoods. Above Marten Gulch was Marten Lake, which lay in the hills that were the broken beginnings of the Killick.

They walked all afternoon. A storm came and went. The sun was setting as they reached a ridge and lay among the rocks, looking over the barrens to the strip of greenwoods far away. Smoke rose from the valley of the Marten, a wisp, no more.

"That's him," said Colin Duncan. "That must be him."

"A fire," said MacRae. "He feels secure. That's very good."

"I can think of better things," said Duncan. "Let's go, then."

"No, Mr. Duncan. He would hear us half a mile off, crashing through this stuff." MacRae was patient, talking as if to a headstrong child. "If Lank was by himself, I'd make a sweep and go in downriver now and bounce him. I know a bit about that man. I'll be explicit with you: The moment he senses danger he'll put Sally between himself and that danger."

"But how do we know he won't get rid of Sally first, before there's danger?"

"That's a risk we have to take," MacRae said. "He spared her once. He weighed his risk and took it. I don't believe Sally is in much danger unless she tries to make a break or until Lank knows the hunt is on. I don't think he will give her the smallest chance to make a break. I let Sally in for this. I'm going to get her out of it." He looked away. "Not only for her sake and for your sake, Mr. Duncan."

"I have eyes in my head," said Colin Duncan.

"There are two possible courses," MacRae went on abruptly. "The first and best is to lie in wait and get Lank at close quarters, unaware. If that fails, then we have the second: get Lank interested in one direction, and take him from the other. Both sound simple; both are dangerous for Sally." He paused. He looked at Duncan. "Mr. Duncan," he said, "I rely on your knowledge of the country and I need your sound advice. But all decisions come from me. Is that quite clear?"

"Couldn't be much clearer," Duncan said.

MacRae waved his hand northwest. The sky was coloring beyond steep hills. "Is that our place?"

"That's Marten Gulch," Duncan said. "The trail runs up the brook, eight miles from where Lank is now, to the foot of the Gulch, one mile up and through to Marten Lake."

"Could he go through the Gulch on a full-moon night?"

"I don't believe it," Duncan said. "The ledge is a bare foot wide in places. Lank knows it, did you say?"

"He prospected down the Gulch with Albert."

"It's a big-boned country beyond Marten Lake. He could take a dozen different ways. We must get him first."

"One other thing: Must he go by the Gulch? What about the hills on either side?"

"It's possible," said Duncan. "There are cliffs to climb. Hellish going. The fire ran over there. A man would be visible for miles around. The Gulch is tricky walking, but much quicker."

"At the lower end, below the mouth—what is that like?"

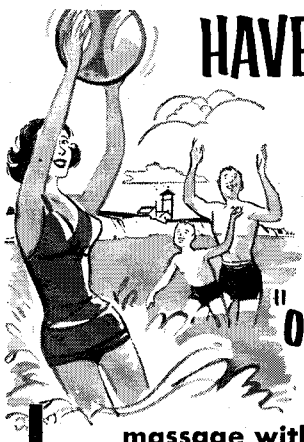
"The valley narrows to the Gulch. The fire crossed the valley bottom; burnt it clean out. Scrub cover, nothing more."

"Straight or winding?"

"Pretty straight. How would they move?"

"Sally would walk in front, and Lank would walk behind."

Duncan saw that small crocodile procession. "We can find a place to hide all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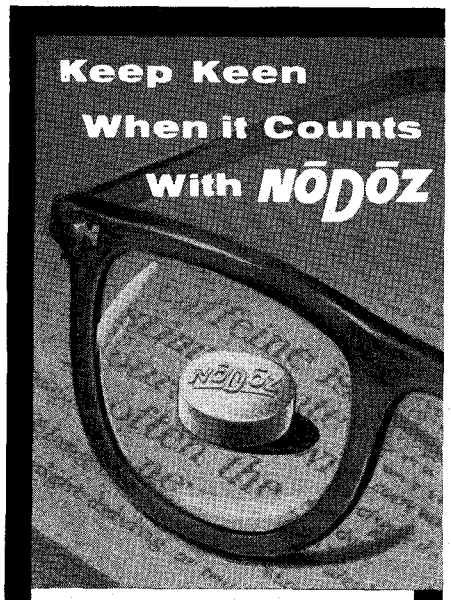

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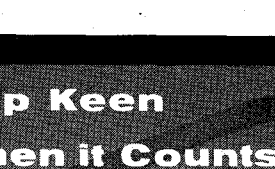

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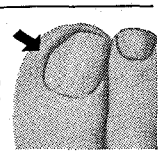

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right," he said. "Might be too straight on, if you get my meaning?"

"I do." They ate cold food. They went on through the noisy burntwoods. They sat out the night below Marten Gulch.

"Eat," Lank said. He tore at the bird, his excellent white teeth gleaming in the firelight. "You can cook," he said.

"Folks say I'm dumb," she said, "but I sure can cook. Folks say I'm honest too. I never had much education, not that you could speak of—fifth grade. What's education?"

"You're not too dumb," he said. "If and when we're settled in, I might give you lessons in the winter evenings."

"Lessons in a cave sounds sort of queer." She had finished her meat. People looked down their noses at spruce partridge, but when the fruit was on, they tasted excellent. It was crazily cozy here playing dumb with Smiler Lank beside the fire. She yawned. "Sleep dopey," she said. "Plain tuckered out."

"Look at me. I haven't had six hours these last three days and nights. I'm not too sleepy."

"A woman's not a man," she snapped at him.

"You can have a nap until the moon is high," Lank said. "Then we'll walk a few hours more." He took something from a pocket in his pack. "Nylon cord," he said. "Hold your wrists out, Sally, please."

He tied them. He went back to his place. He put more deadwood on the fire. He looped the other end of the nylon to his wrist. "I'll doze a bit now, too," he said. "Remember, Sally, I'm warning you, and I never bluff."

She sat with her back against a tree. She listened. The brook made little noise. The Marten was big and deep, more of a river than a brook. Why did they call rivers brooks? Why did Smiler Lank hate John MacRae? She had walked from there to here, from the Nut-Brown Pool and the Devil's Slide, and up the picket line past the moose, and to the berrypicking bear, and over the barrens in a storm, the burntwoods where the falcon stooped, and down into the greenwoods to Marten Brook to sit here tied by an invisible cord to Public Enemy No. 1. She was cold, not quite dried out. He slept peacefully against a tree, his unlined face handsome in the flicker of the fire. She did not fear his sleeping face.

Her nose began to tickle. It tickled madly. She did not want to bring that face to life. Nose down to hand. Liable to misinterpretation. Hand up to nose? Ditto. She made the smallest, unwitting tickle-sympathetic movement of her wrists. The cord tightened; he was watching her.

"Such a horrid tickle. Can I scratch my nose?"

"Scratch away." He slept again.

She wished that she could sleep. She leaned her head against the bark and almost closed her eyes, and saw past her captor through the trees of this unburnt strip and to the ridged horizon where a glow was growing, always growing, never coming.

Then it came, the lip of moon, orange and enormous. She watched it go floating up; soon it made a soft surrealism of the burntwoods; soon it cast shadows into here. She was cramped and very cold.

"*Ha-ro, my nut-brown maiden; ha-ri, my nut-brown maiden.*" *Who's that calling to me? Who? Tell me who? It's John. Sleep well, dear Sally.* "*Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast* ——"

Someone was tugging at her. "No, John," she said.

"John?"

"What is it?" she cried. "What's the matter? Was I dreaming? Yes, I remember now." Think, think. "I was dreaming of my cousin, John O'Neill; he'll be ten next April." She was wide awake. What had she said? John What had she said?

"Dream's over," Lank said reasonably. "Up you get. Time for the road again."

"Undo me then," she said.

He undid her. He had been chewing wintergreen. "A hitch at the waist will be enough," he said. "Turn around."

His hands circled her, deft as always, impersonal as always since the one brief time; but the one brief time was with her every moment. "Do you have to leash me like some dog?" she asked. "I won't run away." Night was her one good chance to run away.

"I know," he said. She felt him slide the slipknot into the hollow of her back.

"Mean," she said. "Always being mean. Scared of the little gel, I guess."

"Those corny jokes are off," said Lank. "Break trail, Sally."

The trail was broken. It was an old logging road, narrowed by growth, but still a path easy to follow in the moonlight. Here was the only place, the ever-changing here of trees, of buildings of the forest, spires and towers all swaying in the night, all playing in the night, the carillon, the pipes.

"Sally," he said some time or other, "you're weaving like a drunk. Wake up!"

She shook her head to wake herself, and then she stumbled. The cord caught her, doubled her at the waist. It saved her.

"That string's sure strong," she said. "Nylon, you said it was, like stockings?"

"It'll hang a buck," he said. "That's how strong it is."

"How heavy is a real big buck?"

"Two hundred and fifty," said Mr. Lank. "How much do you weigh, Sally?"

"Around a hundred and twenty-five," she said. "That's half."

"Right," he said, with his abbreviated chuckle. "On you go, then, half-buck Sally."

On. The moon cast their mingled shadows on the trail, separate, together, sometimes right and sometimes left diagonally, but averaging ahead. On, with their mingled shadows edging to the right.

"My foot's like red-hot pokers."

"Soon you can rest," he said.

"Rest at the cave you spoke about?"

"No," he said. "The cave's a long way yet."

But she was in a cavern of the night, and she was cold. "How do you make a fire in the cave?" she asked. "To keep warm and do the cooking with? Smoke gets in your eyes, I mean?"

"You ask the darnedest questions. There's a natural chimney in the rock. The smoke goes right up there inside the mountain."

"Well, then, a person could see it coming out someplace, and they would find the cave."

"It doesn't," he said. "It dissipates. I've looked. Do you think I'm the kind of dumb cluck who sends up smoke?"

You did, she thought. *You made a little smoke with a campfire last evening. I wonder if they saw it. I wonder if any human being saw it to think anything at all about it.*

"A dumb cluck?" Sally said. "Why, you're smarter'n a whip. You're the smartest cave man I ever saw."

He did not laugh at her cave-man joke. They were out of the shadowy greenwoods. The burntwoods were beautiful and macabre.

"Is there a nice view from this cave?"

"I'm not telling you everything," he said in a particular tone of voice, suddenly, unexpectedly, chilling her.

"We'll stop here," he said. The valley was narrowing. The Marten was loud beside them. "Sit, Sally."

She sat, her back to the dead pole of a tree. It hummed, a tuning fork to the early breeze. Her aches ebbed down. The cold seeped in. "An hour till dawn," she heard him say.

MacRae and Duncan waited. They had waited a long time, through moonlight, through the setting of the moon. An owl hooted, "Hoo-hoo-hoo," as the one light dimmed. A song sparrow sang its plebeian song as the other light grew. It was cold, not quite a frost. Duncan clenched his teeth to still them. MacRae sat motionless, rifle pointed across the valley, head turned to watch down-valley. The detail hardened. The dew shimmered. It was day.

The Marten broke noisily from its gulch, swallowing the sound, if there was an audible sound, of a deer moving down to drink. The buck—it was a very big one, two hundred and fifty pounds perhaps—would get their scent now in a moment. The nose jerked up; the antlers lay flat; it propped; it snorted loudly. So delicate, so tentative, and now so violent, galloping to jump the brook, its white flag sailing, a hard tattoo of hoofs.

The deer had gone. Lank had not come. Would he—would they come? Might he not have gone a long way round? "Lank is in a hurry," MacRae had said. "The Gulch is the covered way, and easier, and shorter. We must gamble on it."

They came in Indian file. Sally wore her plastic raincoat, but the hood was down. Her face was tanned, bloodless below the tan.

They were not far away. Duncan saw the pinch lines of fatigue. He heard a hiss of breath drawn in beside him. He had forgotten how beautiful a girl his daughter was. She limped.

Lank walked five feet or six behind her. The smile was quite pleasant and uncanny, Smiler's perennial smile. The bodies were more or less in line at present, coming up the valley, soon to pass them in the valley. Duncan watched through birch saplings. They were close to him. As a sniper in the first World War, he had had to learn about concealment.

Sally looked this way, then across the brook, then at the mouth of Marten Gulch, and then higher; and she spoke. "Looks like Killick's bald old top away up there. Right, Arthur?" Her own voice almost, not quite, an indolent twang that was not her voice, a bold dim-wittedness, another person in the person.

"Right," Lank said.

"Where the cave is, eh?"

"You'll see," Lank said. "Maybe."

"When are we due at this famous cave with no smoke gets in your eyes?" She hummed a bar of the refrain.

"Shut up," the man said gently. A space had opened between them with the change of angle, but he closed the distance. "More speed. Less dumb questions."

"O.K., Superman; I'm dumb. 'Tain't dumbness makes a woman, do you know it?"

Lank crowded her, prodded her. Then they had passed. The chance was gone. MacRae's rifle followed. The girl was directly beyond the man. They entered Marten Gulch. MacRae was sweating.

"Couldn't risk it," he said.

"Crazy," Duncan muttered. "I never heard Sally talk that way."

MacRae looked up the broken hillside to the right of Marten Gulch, taking a few seconds to plot his course. The burn was fairly clean; deadfalls were not the difficulty. Broken cliffs were the difficulty up there below the crest. He swung on Duncan. "Crazy yourself," he said unkindly. "She's needling Lank. She's playing him along. Brave as hell and brilliant, I would call that dumb performance."

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"Oh, I see." But he did not see anything clearly except that he saw his daughter in danger.

"Follow as I told you," MacRae said. "Get his attention. Keep out of sight. Get him back-conscious. Slow them, that's all. I'll do the rest."

And MacRae was gone. He climbed with the deceptive long-limbed stride of the cross-country runner. He had a mile and a half to run and scramble over the crest and down to the outlet of Marten Lake to close the pincer on Smiler Lank and Colin Duncan's daughter, Sally.

Duncan entered the Gulch. He came this way each summer on his rounds, business with pleasure, for the trout were big in Marten Lake. The Gulch was fairly wide down here, say fifty yards—ten yards of brook and forty yards of thick, tangled woods. The rock walls were vertical on either side. He moved up Marten Gulch—fast in the short straight stretches, warily at each bend. Lank might be suspicious.

MacRae's plan was a good one, but luck could make it the worst plan possible. He resented MacRae's riding roughshod over his objections. Or were his objections timorous? *Risk*, Duncan thought. *Win or lose. You win nothing without risk.* But the risk for Sally was a greater one than he could bear.

He had gone a quarter of the way. The Gulch was narrower now, the rock walls higher. The place was loud from the brook, damp from the splashing of the brook. He caught a glimpse of them. Sally's blond head and Sally's body showed; then were hidden by Lank's head and body. So much for that hope.

He crouched, watching them. Lank turned swiftly to look this way—turned swiftly to surprise an enemy. But his eyes, Duncan noticed, did not dwell in this direction. Routine check. Lank went on, light-footed still, after whatever number of days and nights it was that he had been on the go. He carried the ax and a pack, army-surplus type. They moved out of sight.

Duncan went fast again. The next bend was the place. Beyond that, the trees ended, the Gulch narrowed. Beyond that, Lank would have no freedom to maneuver. He could go on; he could stop; he could come back. Duncan dropped to hands and knees, crawled behind rocks, looked through a slit, through tracery of ferns beyond the slit; through to Lank and Sally, still in line ahead.

"Hey!" he shouted behind his rocks, and again, "Hey!"

His voice boomed in the resonant Gulch. He watched Lank grip Sally by the shoulder, thrust her brutally to this side of him. Lank looked down here, pistol in hand. His head moved up, and left, then right, along the cliffs. It centered again in this direction. Duncan bided his time.

He had untied her cord at dawn. He had brewed tea. He had given her a slice of bread. He was a considerate, brainwashing jailer. He had shaved. "Self-respect," he said with a certain smugness. What a hateful intimacy there was. Why had she not escaped? There must have been chances yesterday in the greenwoods. She knew there was no chance here in this closed place above the river and between the cliffs. Sometime, surely, there would be a chance before her will was gone. Sometime, surely . . . He came quietly behind her. *Oh, John*, she thought. *Please help me, John.*

What? Could it be? Thump, thump, thump went her heart.

"Hey!" There was a second call behind them somewhere. Two shouts; then Lank's hand plucked her round and past him and down in the underbrush.

The pistol was beside her ear. She looked down the Gulch, up at the cliff tops. She saw nothing. She heard nothing but the rush of Marten Brook. Had that been a human voice? Whose voice had it been?

"What's wrong?" she whispered. "What was it, Arthur?"

He did not answer. He prodded her to silence.

"Two shouts," he said. "You heard them."

"All I heard was the water," Sally said. "Are you sure you heard shouts, Arthur?" Two people hearing shouts made certainty.

He shook her. "You heard them."

"Honest, Arthur. Cross my heart, I never did."

"Could have been mistaken. Could have imagined—tired." Doubt, he admitted. Fatigue, he admitted. His first admissions of mortal frailty.

"Come on," he said, and back-paced along the wall of the ravine with her as shield, and to the bend, round that, halt, wait, thrust her forward to look again—nothing. Sally was fairly sure that those two shouts had been shouted by her father.

Lank drew her back. "Pass me!" he said. "Get going." She looked once at his face. The mustard eyes were cold and blank. The vein was out. The Gulch had narrowed to a cleft. Could she jump for the dark water close below?

It was quiet, with only the black hiss of the river, the rubbery scuff of boots on rock and the clamor of her heart. The next shout was loud. Her father's voice was near and strong. No doubt and no deception this time, and again she was bodyguard to Smiler Lank.

Then the stone came. It flew slowly over the small cliff on the inside of that next corner. It was a long pebble, spinning end for end, down and down into the river, a dull chonk, no splash.

The shouts might have been directed at someone else or something else. The stone could only have been lobbed deliberately for them. And laughter now. "Ha-ha-ha," cracked booming belly-laughs, booming up Marten Gulch; then the wild laugh cry of the loon. Had father gone crazy?

Then Sally knew. She knew that another man was hunting with her father. Father was drawing attention, drawing fire, delaying them.

"Sounds drunk," she whispered. "Sounds like some pie-eyed prospector seen us, wants to say hullo."

Lank shook her. The way he shook his shield and buckler was perfectly expressive. He took her with him up the Gulch. To be the shield; to be the Sabine woman; mutually expendable.

"Laughing at me," he said with care. "Only one man laughed at me—that cop, MacRae."

"I'm coming, Arthur," Sally said. "Don't tug me like a flounder. Must of bin crazy to laugh at you. When did the cop laugh at you?" She looked down to the corner. *Don't come, father. Don't come round.*

"The night I was taken. 'What's the joke?' I called from the house. It was surrounded. 'Come in here if you want to have a laugh. Come on in and I'll tell you a joke.'"

"What did John MacRae say?" she asked the megalomaniac who was her captor.

"How do you know he's John MacRae?"

"You told me." She did not dare to look at the monster's face. "What did he say, this cop, MacRae?"

"'You're the joke, Lank,' he shouted. 'You're the dirtiest unfunny joke I ever heard. Joke over, here I come.'"

"Did he come? Alone?"

"Alone!" Lank screamed. "Yes, alone, that ——" The ice-calm Smiler Lank in an unprintable outburst of hate against the man who laughed at him and took him.

John laughed at me, she thought. *He laughed at me the first sweet time. He laughed at me in father's cabin. Ah, well, I heard him laugh with me.*

Stumble backwards on the ledge, totter, await his bullet or his deft push from the ledge. "You double-crossed me about those shouts. You heard them," he said quietly, himself again. "If you squealed on me, if you left some message ——"

Smiler Lank did not complete the sentence. He swung her bodily out over the racing water and round beyond him yet again, ax above her left hip, gun above her right, painful, deadly pincers in his hands. He held her. The pull on her left side meant he was looking, back, down that short, straight stretch. She faced the other way. She knew why he had stopped at this last corner—she could see the head of Marten Gulch, the drop of cliffs, the greenwoods there, the lake. Fifty yards to go, as fast as possible; then vanish in the greenwoods. He knew that he was being followed. He could not yet be sure that he was being hunted.

Sally saw the place. It was the one possible hiding place in the bare rock wall with a few stunted spruces in a cranny beside the ledge, a clump of wild blue asters growing. Not a breath of wind at the head of Marten Gulch. Why did the spruces stir? And something —— Sure? Yes, sure. John MacRae was there—there just in time.

Then the pistol centered in the hollow of her back. "Move!" he said. He frog-marched her along the foot-wide ledge.

Rule One: Play dumb . . . Play something, to fight my terror. Rule Two: Never, never show my terror of him. Rule Three: Prick and comfort his enormous ego. Sally Duncan, actress, had observed these rules for better or for worse.

She had watched Lank with that gun. She knew Lank would switch and fire that gun as quickly as John MacRae could move and fire from his ambush behind the spruces. And she knew another thing: Sally Duncan did not matter. John MacRae was the one who mattered. *It must be love*, she thought sadly and sweetly.

Last Rule: Get the monster's whole attention for one moment.

"Faster!" he said pleasantly, muzzle nudging her. "Want me to shoot you now, not later?"

But she might still be useful. He did not want to shoot her yet. The ledge was uneven. She went quite fast along it. She judged her time.

"Mr. Lank ——" said Sally in her own voice now at last, each syllable enunciated clearly, crisply. "Mr. Lank, do you recall that note I left for my father yesterday—the one you dictated with such brilliance?"

"What about it?" The pistol jabbed her spine.

Five steps to go, four now to the stunted spruces and the wild blue asters in the nook.

"I think it may interest you," Sally, said "to know that I left a little message of my own—Nut-Brown Pool. Remember?" There would be a loud noise, wouldn't there? She jumped. She jumped as far ahead as she was able.

As Sally jumped, she saw John MacRae. She saw a fleeting sidelong picture of him with a rifle in both hands above his head, the butt coming down this way, down. . . . Crack! Not "crack" of the bullet that would kill her. No. She turned. She saw the pistol clatter to the ledge. She saw Lank's broken wrist, saw the madman's face. She saw John MacRae.

John MacRae was smiling as he went to work. "With my compliments," he said softly to Smiler Lank. He hit him once with his left hand on the right side of the jaw, and then he took one dancing step and uppercut Smiler Lank. It was the loveliest, most graceful thing that Sally Duncan had ever seen.

Lank's head clicked back. His body rose. The half-raised ax fell down. Lank toppled. His head smacked loudly on a rock. His body rolled slackly into Marten Brook. It bobbed, speeding to the current's speed, sweeping to the outer wall below, was gone.

Sally sat down on the wild blue asters, crushing them. She had played her part. She wept.

He knelt beside her. "It's all right now," said John MacRae. "It's quite all right. Curtain, Sally darling." THE END

"Just let me tell this in my own way, will ya?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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He Tamed the Wind (Continued from Page 24)

"I explain all about the vind eddies forty-six years ago," says Von Karman sadly, "but bridge builders, they do not think such eddies can cause trouble to something as big as a bridge."

Today, as a result of the Tacoma experience, models of proposed bridges are tested in wind tunnels, and designers pay close attention to the potentially dangerous effects of Von Karman's whirlpools of air.

Budapest-born Von Karman, now seventy-six years old, probably knows more about wind and its moods than any other man alive. He has measured the wind, created it in tunnels of his own design, and made it work for all of us in novel ways. In a career that envelops the history of aviation, he built one of the first practical helicopters, and improved gliders, airships, windmills, airplane hangars and military and commercial planes.

In recent years he has moved into the field of supersonic jets and man-made satellites. For the past six years, at an age when most men are let out to pasture, he has actively headed the Advisory Group for Aeronautical Research and Development, a NATO organization with headquarters in Paris, which has brought scientists of the free world together to help keep the Allies supreme in the air.

Von Karman has contributed more than any other living individual to the basic theories and designs which now permit planes to fly faster than sound. In 1932, when supersonic flight was visualized largely in science fiction, Von Karman came to grips with the problems involved.

Three years later he presented a paper which outlined the problems dealing with the air's resistance to objects moving at supersonic speed. This paper, and dozens of papers inspired by it, established the body of knowledge which paved the way for the design of modern supersonic jets, guided missiles and rockets.

"There is no doubt about his stature," says Donald Douglas, the president of Douglas Aircraft Company. "Von Karman is the elder statesman of aviation." Leading scientists and military men have called him the patron saint of the United States Air Force, and the father of the supersonic age.

Von Karman first became interested in aviation as a result of a lively incident in Paris. The year was 1908, and Von Karman, then a postgraduate student, was sitting in a café, pondering his future, when a pretty young newspaperwoman whom he knew slightly dashed up and begged to be driven to the aerodrome.

Von Karman looked at his watch. It was five A.M. "What is so important at the aerodrome so early in the morning?"

"There will be a historical event," the girl said breathlessly.

Von Karman sighed. "I am not interested in historical events at five o'clock in the morning."

But the girl was charmingly persistent, so Von Karman hired a taxi and took her to the airfield at Issy-les-Moulineaux, outside Paris. That morning he witnessed the first circular flight of one kilometer in Europe—the flight by Henri Farman which, five years after the Wright Brothers flew at Kitty Hawk, finally convinced skeptical Europeans that man could fly. Von Karman was fascinated with the odd box kite hobbling on the wind. "At that moment my future was plain," he says. "I would study the wind."

Thirty-three years later, his ardor undimmed, Von Karman entered a new stage in his relation with one of nature's most poetic elements. It was early in World War II, and Von Karman was already world-renowned as a teacher and scientist when the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation called him to diagnose a "disease" that had gripped the P-38, a new high-speed fighter plane. Test pilots diving near the speed of sound reported a violent buffeting—a condition that was eventually linked with the so-called "sound barrier." At that time, however, nobody knew exactly what this buffeting meant or what to do about it. Could Von Karman come up with something?

"I am like a doctor," he says. "I examine the patient. I consult my knowledge. Then I look out the window and maybe the answer comes."

In this case, Von Karman had a hunch that the answer lay in shock waves of air. Scientists knew that these disturbances could be expected in supersonic flight, but never considered them possible below the speed of sound. Von Karman pointed out, however, that when the plane was flying just under the speed of sound, the surrounding air could reach supersonic velocities at some points, even if the plane itself didn't, and thus could create shock waves.

When the P-38 dived at 500 to 600 miles an hour, he explained, the shocks destroyed the smooth air flow around the wings and double tail, producing forces that shook the airplane with great violence.

It was a nice explanation, and subsequent work by researchers of Lockheed and the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics showed that Von Karman was right. But, at the time, the explanation was by no means acceptable to all of Von Karman's colleagues. Indeed, some aerodynamicists went so far as to say that the plane's behavior indicated only that the limit of human flight had been reached.

Von Karman disagreed. Once the pilot was able to pierce the sound barrier, he said, he would find smooth flying again in the supersonic region. What was needed was a craft with thin wings and sufficient additional power to permit the pilot to pass through the speed of sound rapidly. But there the idea rested, for engineering know-how was not yet equal to this feat.

A couple of years later, when engines of greater power began to appear, Air Force Brig. Gen. Franklin O. Carroll was in charge of the engineering division at Wright Field. He summoned Von Karman to Ohio and asked him aviation's $64,000 question: "Is supersonic flight really possible? Should we go ahead?"

The decision was a momentous one. "I arrived on Saturday," Von Karman recalls, "and I went to my room to think. By Sunday breakfast I tell the general, yes, supersonic flight is possible. Then I give him the necessary equations." The result of this tablecloth session, according to General Carroll, was the now-historic project which led to the Bell X-1, the first plane to crash the sound barrier in level flight.

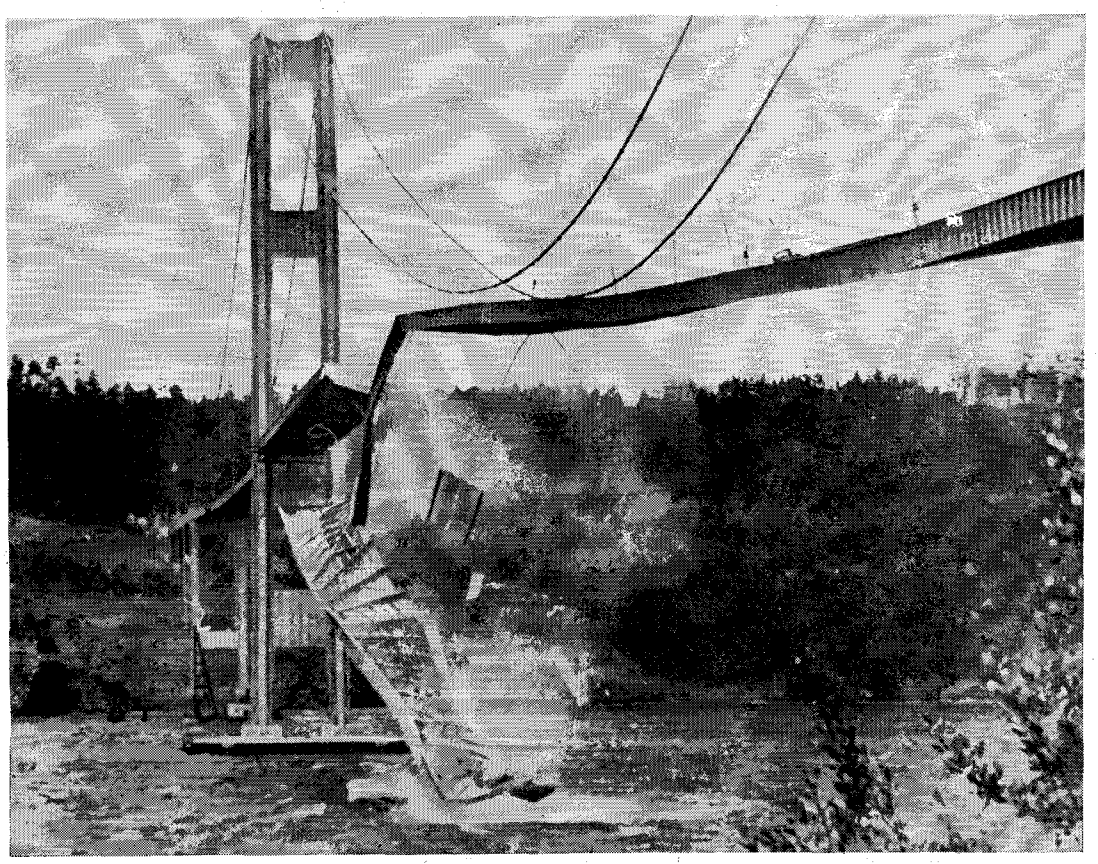
Despite his accomplishments, relatively few people outside aircraft and scientific circles have heard of Von Karman. This is a pity, for Von Karman is a remarkable character. Short, chunky, with bushy white hair and an air of sweet gentleness, he is a lively eccentric, with a streak of fatalism dipped in humor.

In Von Karman's lecturing days, a former student recalls, the professor sometimes nervously twisted and chewed a handkerchief. Listening, he used to cock his head and cup his hand to ear in a gesture so characteristic that he himself delights in recalling that one student earned part of his college tuition imitating this and other Von Karman gestures at fraternity parties. Today, Von Karman wears an ornate silver hearing aid which he turns off whenever he gets bored with the conversation.

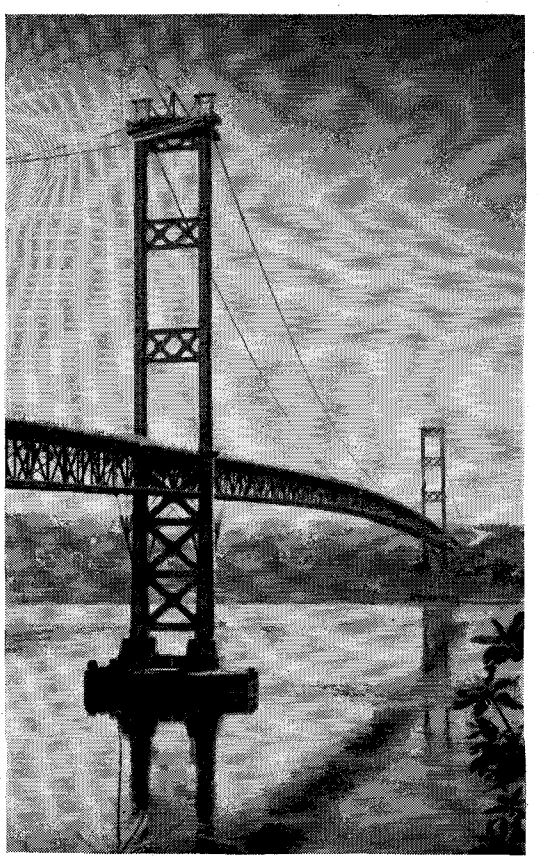
He is occasionally forgetful. During World War II he astounded the Russians by attending a Moscow military parade in an American Army uniform and a soft felt hat. Legend also has it that Von Karman, who speaks six languages, once lectured at Cal. Tech. for half an hour before he realized that he was talking in German.

When he isn't popping up in odd corners of the globe on United States military missions, Von Karman conducts his aeronautical business from his home, an old California-style villa set on two and a half acres overlooking a valley in Pasadena. He arises at six A.M., and by eight o'clock he is ready to greet the first of a stream of visitors who arrive with aeronautical problems. The visitor may be anyone, from a Pentagon general to a distraught student clutching his homework. Von Karman appears at the door in a gold and blue Japanese robe, and greets everyone with a warm handshake.

The day's activity begins in the living room, a pleasant chamber in which Orien-



"Galloping Gertie," mammoth suspension bridge over the Tacoma (Wash.) Narrows, collapsed under a 42-mph wind in 1940. Because of faulty design, even slight breezes made the structure sway.



New bridge incorporates air scientist Von Karman's principles for reducing dangerous wind pressure.

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"I've asked you not to fish off our dock!"

tal furnishings, 400-year-old Chinese scrolls, temple bells, an Arabian spear, prayer wheels, opium pipes and an abacus provide an exotic backdrop to pictures of primitive balloons, plastic models of rockets, and a handsome Wright Brothers Memorial Trophy, which Von Karman received in 1954. In this scientific *smörgåsbord*, a half dozen languages are soon going at once; slivovitz, a Hungarian plum brandy, which aviatrix Jacqueline Cochran supplies from time to time, appears on the table; and amid the hubbub the telephone rings constantly, with calls from Washington, Rome, Paris.

When privacy is required, Von Karman pads into a small den off the foyer, or disappears through the garden into one of the two cottages back of the house. One cottage, which serves as an office, is lined with shelves containing reprints of his 135 scientific papers and copies of his four books on aerodynamics and engineering. The other cottage contains a long conference table at which Von Karman presides like a jolly Buddha over lively top-level aeronautical discussions. His conversation at these sessions usually consists of witty observations and colorful stories mixed with mathematical talk.

Some of his favorite stories involve the military. There was the time, for instance, when he and his co-workers discovered some principles that cast a new light on certain aspects of airplane design. But the Army refused to pay his salary because his contract didn't call for the discovery of new principles.

"I reminded them of Columbus," Von Karman chuckles. "He was commissioned by Queen Isabella to find a new seaway to the Indies. Instead, he discovered America, so he was put in jail. The Army thought this over, and they decided to pay me."

Von Karman has a reputation for doing his work at odd times and in seemingly odd places. A classic story which is often repeated by his followers involves the time in Europe when he and his assistant, Frank Wattendorf, now director of the secretariat of NATO's aeronautical advisory group, fell into lively discussion over a flight problem. Such terms as "lift," "drag" and "Mach number" were tossed about as the two men walked to the trolley waiting at the corner near Von Karman's home. Suddenly, Von Karman felt the urge to write. Not having a napkin or tablecloth to write on, he pulled a piece of chalk from his pocket and started scribbling equations on the side of the trolley car.

At first, the conductor watched in amusement. But as time wore on he grew impatient, and soon he was pleading to be allowed to start and make his schedule. Von Karman shushed him and continued writing intricate formulas while Wattendorf watched intently. Finally the unhappy conductor jumped aboard and started the motor, just as Von Karman finished the equation. Waving good-by to Von Karman, Wattendorf clambered aboard. At each stop, according to the tale, Wattendorf hopped off to copy part of the complex equation. He finished just in time, too, for a storm was coming, and rain would have obliterated the work. What was on the trolley? "Nobody seems to know," a scientist says, "but it must have been important."

Von Karman has always amazed people. One of four sons of a distinguished Hungarian educator, young Theodore was a prodigy who at the age of six could multiply five-digit numbers in his head. Maurice von Karman was so afraid his son might grow into a side-show freak that he forbade him to study mathematics. As a result, Theodore lost his unusual prowess. He now takes a long time in working out problems in ordinary arithmetic. "I still multiply in Hungarian," he says.

Nevertheless, Theodore's boyhood curiosity in science was strong. In 1902 he took a degree with highest honors in mechanical engineering at the Royal Hungarian Technical University of Budapest. Later, he went on to advanced studies at the University of Göttingen in Germany and at the University of Paris. At Göttingen, then the mecca of mathematicians, he studied under Ludwig Prandtl, leading exponent of the new science of aerodynamics, and his star soon began to shine. As early as 1906, he set down basic principles that led to the design of light and efficient aircraft structures. Five years later, while an assistant professor at Göttingen, he brought forth what is still regarded as one of the most important contributions to the science of fluid flow—an explanation of the eddies in the wake of a moving object. It is this eddy formation, known technically as the Karman Vortex Street, which was intimately associated with the collapse of the Tacoma bridge. The knowledge of how this type of turbulence affects flight permitted airplane designers to take a tremendous step forward. The man who made this possible was then thirty years old.

In 1912, Germany recognized his talents by making him director of the newly created Aeronautical Institute of the University of Aachen, but World War I interrupted further work. Called back to Hungary, he was commissioned into the fledgling Austro-Hungarian Air Corps and given the problem of preventing balloons used in artillery spotting from being

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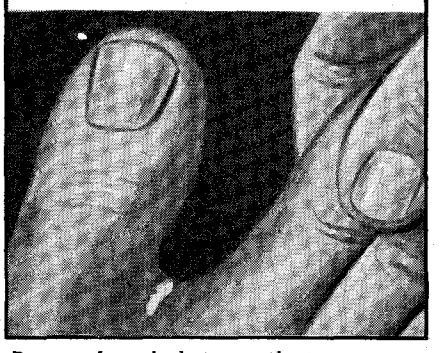

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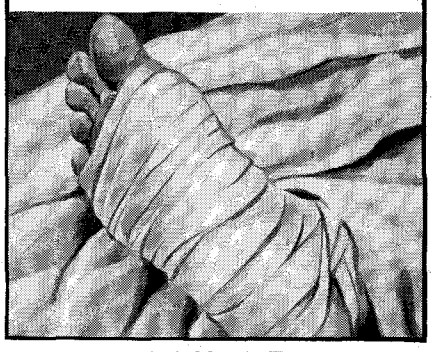

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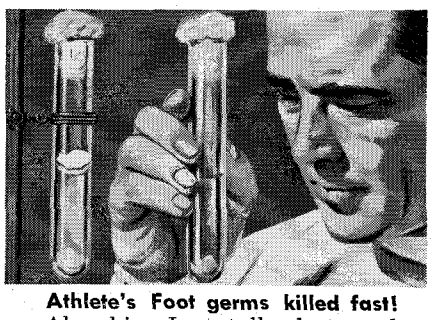

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shot down. Von Karman emerged from his lab one day with an entirely new device—a set of counterrotating propellers attached to an observation basket and guided by three cables held on the ground. It was a captive helicopter—the world's first helicopter to use counterrotating props, a design, incidentally, that Von Karman believes may be coming back in favor.

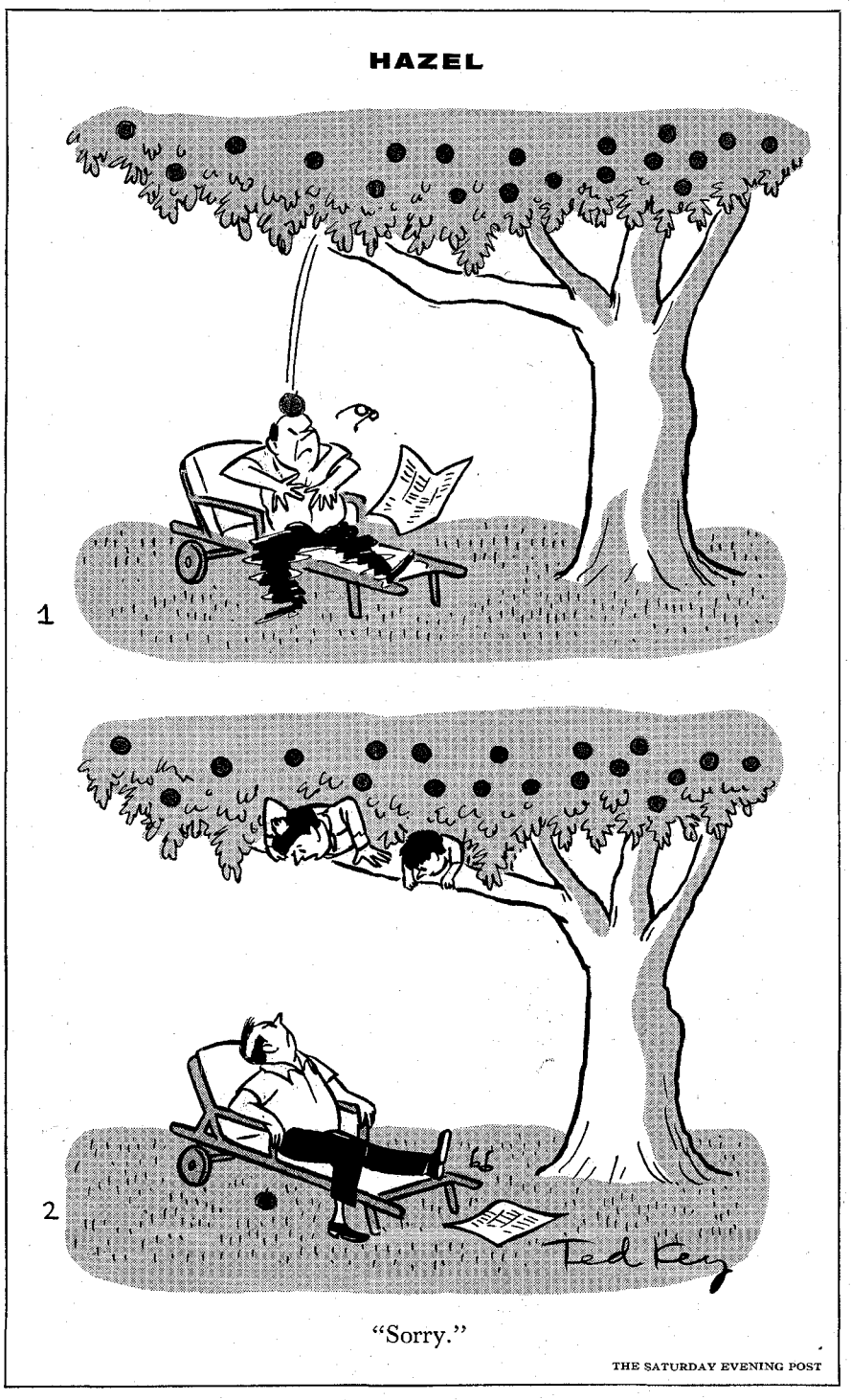
After the war, Von Karman returned to Aachen, which he turned into one of Europe's most celebrated research centers. His research contributions continued to be immense and varied, but his heart was in teaching. Students were infused with his passion for aerodynamics. Today, many of these students, proudly calling themselves the "Karman Circus," are numbered among the experts of the nation's 25,000 aerodynamicists in industry, in universities and in government.

While students flocked to Aachen, Von Karman himself soon looked beyond the borders of Germany. In 1924, he became one of the founders of the International Congress of Applied Mechanics, which attracted many renowned scientists, including the late Robert Millikan, Nobel Prize-winning head of Cal. Tech. The two men began what was to be a lifelong association. In 1926, when philanthropist Daniel Guggenheim provided funds for a new aeronautical laboratory at Cal. Tech., Millikan invited Von Karman to advise on the design and to be the lab's first important lecturer. For the next few years Von Karman shuttled between Aachen and Cal. Tech. In his spare time he lectured in India, the Soviet Union, Great Britain and in the Orient, becoming in effect an international missionary for air research.

In 1927, the year Lindbergh spanned the Atlantic, Von Karman started building the research tools which made it possible for aviation to look toward new horizons. The most important tool was the wind tunnel, but the first tunnels were small and of limited utility. In contrast, there is today a wind tunnel which is eighty feet wide by forty feet high, able to hold a full-size plane; and there are supersonic tunnels and so-called "shock tubes" that can create winds traveling at 15,000 miles an hour.

Von Karman supervised the building of tunnels in Japan, China, Italy and the United States, but these tunnels were designed for low speeds. When it came to high speed, the situation was different. Although it is reported that he warned Washington of the Nazis' work with high-speed craft, neither the United States Army Air Corps nor the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics would at first recognize the urgency of such research. It wasn't until 1939 that the United States Army Ordnance Department, at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland, commissioned Von Karman and his assistant, Dr. Allen Puckett, to build America's first major supersonic tunnel, which found its first use in the ballistics laboratory. At the same time, he built for Wright-Patterson Air Force Base a twenty-foot subsonic tunnel that played an important part in developing the B-36 bomber. Turning again to high speed, he and Prof. John Markham, of M.I.T., provided the basic design of a large supersonic tunnel which was built at the Boeing airplane plant in Seattle. "This tunnel," reports top Boeing engineer George Schairer, "made possible the development of such jet planes as the B-47 Stratojet, the 707 Stratoliner and the B-52."

In the meanwhile, Von Karman had accepted the directorship of Cal. Tech.'s Guggenheim Laboratory, and in 1930 he settled permanently in Pasadena. He became a United States citizen in 1936, incidentally turning down an offer from Nazi Air Minister Göring to return to Germany. A bachelor, he dedicated his personal life to his mother and his sister, Josephine, whom he affectionately called Pipö. A remarkable woman in her own right, Josephine von Karman was a lecturer in the French department of the University of Southern California, author of a book on early Christian art, and a collector of art works. She provided a gay salonlike atmosphere at home, and through her contacts Von Karman became friendly with such nonscientific members of the Magyar community as the actor Paul Lukas, author Emil Lengyel, and Jolie Gabor. Josephine's death in 1951 was a severe blow to Von Karman. Marie Roddenbery, a motherly Bostonian who was Von Karman's former secretary, now runs the household.



With Pasadena as his base, Von Karman went on to new heights of achievement. He guided the setting up of an airship institute at Akron, Ohio, and helped engineer the Grand Coulee Dam, in Washington. His name was soon linked to so many important studies in pump shafts, water pipes, turbines, windmills, wing shapes, and almost everything else having to do with the flow of fluids that one scientist dubbed him "the scientific Kilroy." Mysteries of flight continued to fascinate him, of course, and he became, in effect, an aerial Sherlock Holmes for such aircraft firms as Douglas, Lockheed, and Northrop.

During the early '30's, for instance, airplane designers were harassed by a puzzling phenomenon. Under certain conditions the tails of their planes would vibrate so violently that controlled flight was impossible. Fascinated by this mystery, Von Karman and his co-workers conducted a number of experiments in the wind tunnel at Cal. Tech. The result was a small aerodynamic surface called a fillet, to be placed between the wing and the fuselage, where the disturbance was generated. Fillets smoothed out the air flow and the tail no longer shook in flight. So successful was this device that in France delighted engineers showed their appreciation by adding a new word to their language. They call the fillets "Karmans."

During the late '30's, Von Karman turned his talents more and more toward the military applications of air research, especially with regard to rockets. Not everybody saw the possibilities. In one heated moment, recalls a Cal. Tech. professor, Robert Millikan himself threatened to throw Von Karman out of the college for tinkering with dangerous rocket fuels in the laboratory. But the picture brightened when Gen. H. H. (Hap) Arnold, then chief of the Army Air Force, felt that rockets might be what he needed to help America's big bombers in taking off from short runways. With Arnold's support, Von Karman and his rocket "suicide club"—now Cal. Tech.'s respected Jet Propulsion Laboratory—came up with Jet-Assisted Take-Off (JATO), a technique much used by the United States Navy in World War II. In 1942, Von Karman and a few friends pooled $1500 apiece to start a company for the manufacture of JATO rockets. Today, this company is the Aerojet-General Corporation, a subsidiary of The General Tire and Rubber Company, and one of the largest manufacturers of rockets in the world.

Von Karman again met General Arnold in 1944 to consider the aerial warfare of the future. Out of this meeting came the A.A.F. Scientific Advisory Board, a group of three dozen top-drawer scientists, headed by Von Karman for ten years. Their first important postwar contribution was a book called Where We Stand, which with a series of thirty follow-up volumes still serves as the underlying master plan of Air Force development. In these volumes Von Karman and his associates predicted with uncanny accuracy a great many things that have since come to pass, or are in progress, notably the intercontinental ballistic missile, guided missiles like the Regulus and the Snark, huge troop-transport planes such as the Lockheed C-130 and the Douglas C-133, and atomic war-heads small and light enough to be used in rockets.

Since 1951, having retired from Cal. Tech., Von Karman has devoted about nine months of the year to the NATO Advisory Group for Aeronautical Research and Development. Recently, he set up traveling seminars in which professors, students and soldiers of the North Atlantic Treaty nations share the latest ideas on supersonic flight. But this effort doesn't prevent Von Karman from working on such problems as improved jet combustion and nuclear-powered flight. "My latest project," he says happily, "is a sailboat. I am making it aerodynamically sound. It vill not have sails."

Now and again the father of high-speed aviation wonders why people want to fly so fast. His own favorite means of transport is a hackney coach with two horses, but in Pasadena he drives a 1939 sedan. Yet he gets annoyed when planes do not land on time. Not long ago, he booked flight to Dallas. The flight, scheduled to take off at six A.M., was two hours late. Von Karman promptly filled in the airline's Suggestions form, and mailed it to the airline president. "I think we have reached a time when airplanes should keep to their timetable, like a railroad," he wrote. "And if a plane is more than an hour late, the passenger ought to be eligible for a refund."

A week later, he received an answer from the public-relations department of the airline. "We are always happy to receive suggestions from passengers," Von Karman read in part, "but in this case we feel that perhaps you are not familiar with certain basic principles of aviation."

The man who wrote the letter should have attended a dinner held last year at the Hotel Biltmore in Los Angeles to celebrate Von Karman's seventy-fifth birthday.

The 1200 guests included most of the leading figures of American aviation. Von Karman received the U.S.A.F.'s Medal for Freedom, along with the accolades of leading scientific organizations. The white-haired maestro was deeply touched, but before the evening was over his mind was racing ahead. As he left the dining hall, he was overheard discussing with a colleague the problems of flying to the moon. THE END

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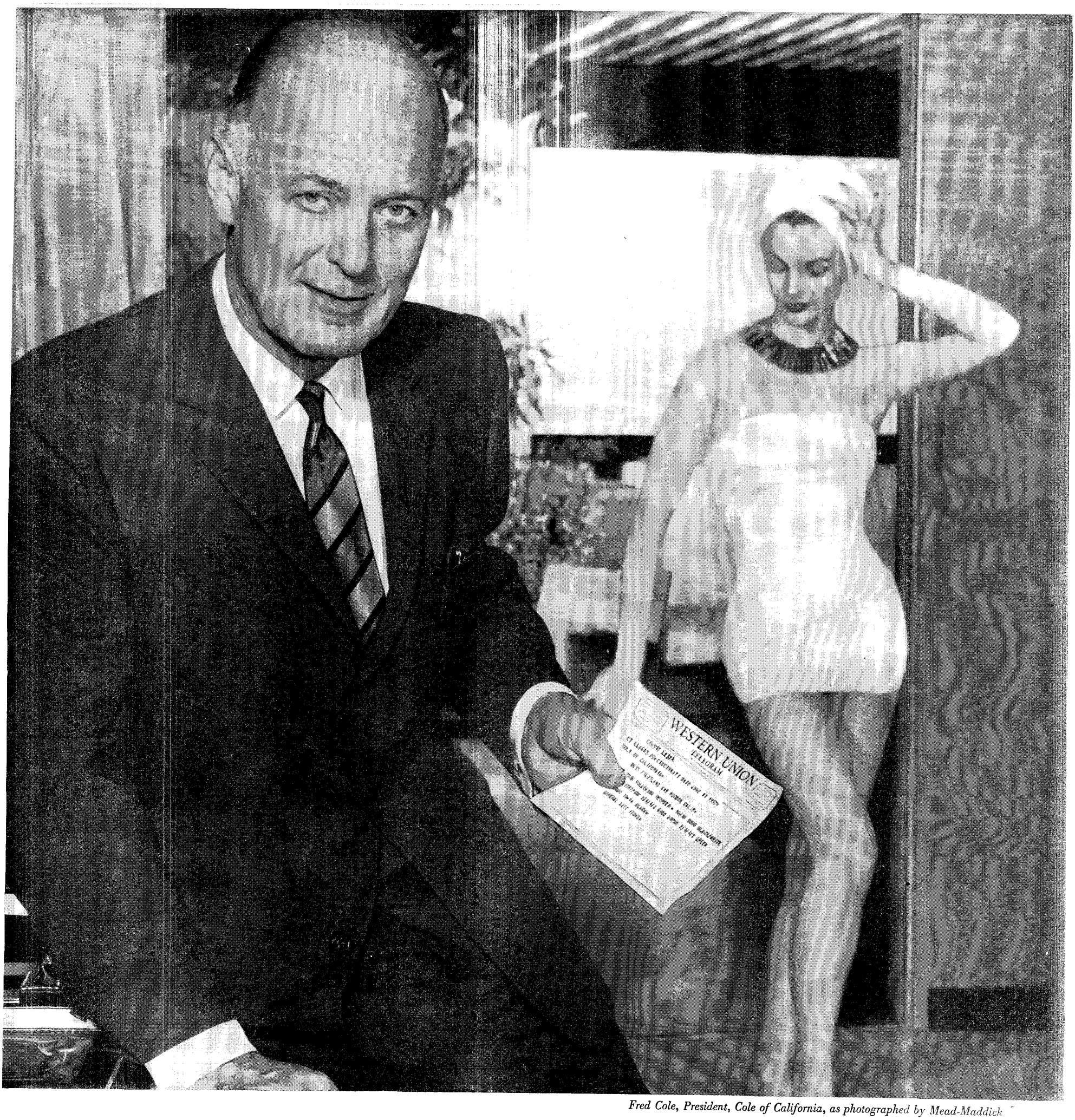

Fred Cole, President, Cole of California, as photographed by Mead-Maddick

Fred Cole shows beautiful figures with telegrams

"Reorders are the profitable part of our business," says Fred Cole, President of Cole of California, "and they could not exist without Western Union! Here's why: swimsuit sales are as sensitive as a barometer to changes in weather. Last summer, for instance, a hot spell in Cleveland brought a run on suits. Store buyers there reordered 101 dozen by wire; we acknowledged by return wire, giving shipping times as well. You just can't beat the telegram for getting business done fast —and in writing!"

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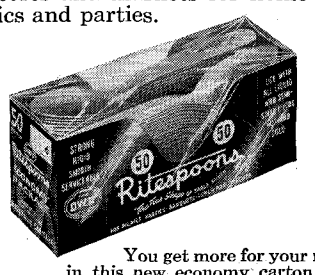

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* *William T. Ingram—Investigation of sanitary aspects of single-service spoons 1955-56.*

Keeping Posted

Dorothy Cottrell

Dorothy Cottrell, whose Post writing always was received with special warmth, died on June thirtieth in Homestead, Florida, and a poignant experience brought her both joy and stress during her last illness. Before speaking of that, let's recall that in a Post article—How to Wear a Wheelchair, June 10, 1950—this remarkable woman wrote, "I have been unable to walk since an infantile-paralysis attack when I was five years old. I have had a radiantly happy life." Her own radiance of personality, her indomitable spirit, and the deep love which united Dorothy and her husband, Mackenzie (also a Post author), could generate only happiness. Dorothy's writing, especially her Post novels and stories, always reached beyond mere entertainment; it had a quality of understanding and compassion that this world needs.

Wayne Cottrell.

In 1954 the Cottrells (they were naturalized American citizens) flew to Australia to be near Dorothy's mother, who was very ill. There Dorothy suffered a serious back injury. While she was under medical treatment, she and Mac invited some lads from an orphanage to spend Christmas with them; between one of the boys and the Cottrells there was a swift falling in love, and soon the boy, named Wayne, was adopted.

Later, when Dorothy's injury necessitated immediate return to her doctors in America, the Cottrells learned with horror that there was no American law allowing them to take Wayne with them; he must await his immigration-quota turn—approximately fifteen years. So the heartsick boy was put in a private school, and the shattered Cottrells came home. To skip over months of agonizing struggle with immigration complexities, last year Wayne was allowed to fly to Nassau—the Bahamas being a British colony—and then he was granted a visitor's permit to go home to Homestead. Meanwhile, in Washington, Sen. George A. Smathers and Rep. Dante Fascell, of Florida, energetically supported by Post editor Ben Hibbs and Washington editor Beverly Smith, Jr., introduced in Congress a resolution granting Wayne permanent U. S. residence, opening the way for the boy, who is now twelve, to become a citizen two years after adoption of the resolution. It was passed three days before Wayne's mother died.

Editor Makes Good Among Furriners

British Prime Minister Macmillan enjoys a joke, even on himself; and when he was being interviewed by Associate Editor Jim O'Donnell (page 21), he was showing around a newspaper cartoon sent him from Spencer, home town of the former Helen Belles, Macmillan's mother, in the Hoosier state of Indiana. The cartoon had a "townie" remarking, "Looks like Nellie Belles' boy Harold has made good in one of them furrin countries." Well, one day a secretary of Macmillan's came to O'Donnell with a vexing problem in international relations: "Could you explain the origin of that word 'Hoosier'?" O'Donnell now reflects, "Ahem. When in doubt on such matters, I usually say, 'Indian, of course.' But this time I just said the origin was uncertain, and took off for a public library to be sure *that* problem didn't happen to me again." He felt very proud when he found in H. L. Mencken's book, The American Language, that the origin of "Hoosier" is uncertain.

Bear Hunt Bears Fruit

That photo of David Walker and his charming family circle was made a while ago just after they took residence in a new home (old farmhouse made new) outside St. Andrews, New Brunswick. A noteworthy point about Walker is that he abhors cold weather, yet in the interest of the printed word, and aided by such people as the dog-sled patrol of the Canadian Mounties, he takes trips to the arctic. Once he went northward on a bear hunt and didn't bring back a bear. But he had lots of time to think and his mind brought back the serial on page 32.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Are We Driving Japan Into Red China's Arms?"

A forthright report from Tokyo on the policy that may cost us our bulwark in the Pacific.

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